TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1834.

GEORGE FOX AND HIS FIRST DISCIPLES:

OR, THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

ONE assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if, in the whole huge volume, there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect, as bursts forth in many a simple page of George Fox.—COLERIDGE'S *Biographia Literaria*.

THE character of George Fox—the Founder of the Society of Friends—and the principles he promulgated, are more deserving of particular notice and serious inquiry, than the world has ever given them credit for. They are especially worthy of them at the present moment. It has been the custom to regard Fox as a well-enough-meaning sort of person, but at the same time an incorrigible fanatic, a man of wild and ultra notions, of singular dress and manners; in short, a fit subject of ridicule—and little more. The Society that he founded has been looked upon pretty much in the same light. It has been seen to consist of persons very peculiarly old-fashioned in their dress, precise in their demeanour, reserved in their habits, devoted to trade, not devoted to public amusements, fond of the singular number in their language, but of the plural in their accounts; accumulating money, and loath to spend it upon parsons; having an equal horror of fashions, fiddles, and fencing masters; hating tithes, church-rates, and war-taxes; having a shrewd, dry mode of expression and of dealing; prone to ask sly questions, but difficult to drive into a direct answer—yet, withal, discovering many traits of benevolence; strongly addicted to prison discipline, Friendly and Dorcasian Societies, and making determined war on Negro Slavery. This is as they have appeared to the eye of the world, and George Fox has had the credit of it. People have concluded that he was just such a man himself, and impressed these strong and peculiar features indelibly upon them. Few have cared to inquire further; to learn whether these obvious peculiarities were all that constituted them a Society,—whether they had not some principles, religious, moral, and civil, of greater intrinsic value.

Now, I do not mean to assert that George Fox was free from the fanaticism of his age, or the eccentricities of a sanguine temperament, acted upon by the thousand excitements of one of the most stirring and remarkable periods of English history;—far from it—he had his share of them: but these did not constitute his real character,—they merely marked it. If we regard him only as a man riding on a white horse, and dressed in a suit of leather; if we fix our attention only on the facts of his having commanded a man at York to stretch forth a withered arm, and supposing that he had actually restored it; if we hear him declaring that a knowledge was given him of the medical qualities of all physical substances, and that he could cure all diseases, but did not feel himself called to it; or see him running with bare feet through the city of Lichfield, crying "Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!" and afterwards, when the wo did not arrive, wondering for what cause he should have been thus sent, and why the wo was denounced, and turning to the history of the place, and finding, as he might have found in others, *that some Christians had once been slain there*:—if, I say, we regard him only under these aspects, then he will appear ludicrous and fanatical enough. But these were not the bulk of his actions, nor illustrative of the main features of his mind. They were merely the spots on the sun, the foils

and exceptions—the occasional extravagances of a great man under excessive excitement. Boyle, the philosopher, had great faith in "the marrow of the thigh bone of a hanged man" for the cure of certain complaints; and left the recipe amongst his papers. Bacon, notwithstanding the wonderful advance of his mind beyond the mind of his own age, held some notions nearly as absurd: but who measures those great men by their foibles? It would be easy to bring a ludicrous list of extravagances, follies, and eccentricities, committed by three-fourths of our martyrs and reformers; but it would be an invidious task. We have better things to estimate them by:—and, in the same manner, stripping away the outer coat of trivial absurdities from George Fox, we shall behold him one of the greatest and most noble-minded of reformers. We shall find him one of those rare characters that have but a single object in existence, and are ready to sacrifice everything for it—the establishment of Truth as the rule and the good of man: and we shall find him not more quick-sighted to discover it, than bold to avow and maintain its cause. On almost all those great questions of civil and religious polity which the world is now coming to a late discussion of, he made up his mind at once, and as at one splendid leap across the broad morass of the errors and sophistries of ages. The grand discovery at which he arrived was the clear perception of the spirituality and all-sufficiency of Christianity,—that it is a law to which we must bend all our morals, manners, and institutions, and not seek in vain to make it conform to them. His system was therefore simply the system of the New Testament, not as it is interpreted by partial interests and preconcerted creeds, but by the broad, common-sense impressions of men—the fountain of all true knowledge in politics and morals, as well as in religion—the source whence all true philosophers and originators of systems do but draw their lights, and whence historians have yet much to learn and much to teach; eventually remoulding all society, by reviewing the human annals in its spirit, and meting all actions by its standard. The Christian system is that alone which recognises the great rights of humanity; civil and religious liberty, in its fullest extent; the casting down of all monopolies in religion, in trade, in education; the abrogation of every law, however ancient, however sanctioned by grave authorities or extended practice, which is not founded on the eternal principles of justice; and the erection of the divine law of Love in its stead. It holds in abhorrence customs, however deemed by ages and nations to be allowable,—the customs of national bloodshed, and national force, for determining questions of right. This was his system, a system certainly of most Radical Reform,—the system of abandoning the pernicious doctrine of expedience, the authority of names and precedents,—and substituting that of "doing to others, as you would be done by;" and so far was it carried beyond the notions of that age, and even of this, that it placed women on a footing of social equality with man; and gave them, in his society, meetings of civil discipline of their own, where they transacted their own affairs of association, and learned to rely on their own intellectual and moral resources.

But before going at large into his doctrines, let us take a rapid view of his career, and his disciples.

He was born in 1624, at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and apprenticed there to a small farmer and shoemaker. To the farming he voluntarily attached himself; and as he advanced to manhood, working alone in the solitary fields, his active and sensitive mind began powerfully to turn its inquiries upon itself—upon its own nature and destiny,—what it was, why here, and whither advancing,—questions that one would imagine must vividly affect every living spirit, but which appear little to visit the multitude, and sink deep only into minds of a certain temperament. Soon satisfying himself that Christianity was the best and only guide in this inquiry—the only philosophy which can solve the great mystery of human existence,—he next was anxious to possess himself of the best means of studying it. Taught, as the bulk of people are, and ever have been, not to depend upon their own inquiries, but to lean upon somebody in the shape of a priest, he immediately went to those who had the greatest reputation in his neighbourhood. How well qualified they were to instruct such a mind as his, may be sufficiently understood from this:—the first advised him, in order to settle his spirit, "*to chew tobacco, and sing psalms.*" He went afterwards to a Dr. Cradock of Coventry, who began to condole very sympathetically with him, till George happened to set his foot on the edge of a flower-bed, as they walked in the garden, which put the priest into a passion, "as if his house was on fire,"—and all was over. He went therefore to the right source at once,—the New Testament,—and studying it night and day with the deepest earnestness, often standing with it whole days in his hand in a hollow tree,—at length he saw the whole Christian system in so clear and beautiful a light, that he was not only filled with happiness for himself, but felt it his bounden duty to go forth and proclaim it to the world. To him the gospel appeared a free gift—that every one might literally come, and receive it without money and without price,—the Bible, a book that every one might study for himself,—and that, to every such sincere student, would be vouchsafed free teaching of the Eternal Spirit, and that he would be led to a perfect knowledge of the divine will; that the great essence of Christianity was Love, and that all true Christians must, in reality, become a band of brothers. Against mercenary preaching, the vanity and pride of life, against all oppression and systematized wrong,—war, slavery, the plunder of wrecks,—he wrote to the authorities, and preached to the people, with a fiery and impetuous eloquence. How far he was qualified

for this great undertaking, we may learn from a very competent judge, William Penn, who had seen human life from the palace to the cottage, and whose own honourable and capacious mind made him a fitting evidence. Penn says, George Fox was above the ordinary size, of a graceful countenance, and having an eye so piercing that many who contended with him were unable to bear it; that he had great majesty of presence and that his addresses to the people possessed a strange and stirring power, so that whole multitudes—collected in market-places, in the open fields, under the shade of large trees, on wild heaths, sea-shores, or amongst the mountains of Wales, Scotland, and Westmoreland, and amid the forests of America, or the plantations of the West Indies—were wonderfully moved, and melted, subdued, or exalted, by his grave and burning eloquence, and by the bold, simple dignity of the doctrines he taught. His system of a free gospel, and renouncement of the vanities of the world, was sure to bring upon him all the vengeance of the proud and interested; yet, in spite of this, not only the common people, but clergy, magistrates, and officers of the army, came over to his opinions, and enrolled themselves in his new Society. No idea can be formed from the numbers or character of the Society of Friends of the present day, of the number and character of those who mustered to its formation from every quarter. Vast numbers, during the hot persecution which fell upon them, went with Penn to his settlement in America, especially from the neighbourhood of Kidsley Park, in Derbyshire, a favourite resort of Fox's. Fox himself appears to have been in prison not less than a dozen times, and frequently for a long period at once, as in Lancaster and Scarborough gaols, where he lay for two years—prisons of the most filthy and dreadful description, and so open to the weather, that he is said scarcely to have been dry all that time.

It is not possible, in an article of this kind, to follow his career at length. It is enough to say, that a host of able and zealous coadjutors gathered about him, whose names, labours, and singular adventures, may be found in Sewell's history of this people. For the propagation of his sentiments, George Fox, as I have already hinted, visited all parts of the kingdom, some of them many times,—and extended his travels into the West Indies, America, Germany, and Holland. He had interviews with Cromwell, in which that great and wily adventurer used all that cant slang, and dealt in those double *entendres* which he adopted towards the Puritans. "George,"—he would say, shaking him cordially by the hand at parting,—"come often, for I feel if thou and I were often together, we should be nearer to each other."

In the presence of Protector or King, he never for a moment lost that simple dignity which distinguished him,—a Christian dignity of mind, so opposite to pride, that, while it made him feel no abjectness in the presence of human greatness, never inspired him towards the low and the poor with anything but the most thorough courteousness, kindness, and compassion. For these he always expressed the greatest sympathy, and so organized his own Society, as to restore them to the rights and consideration of men. In the meeting-houses there was to be no place of distinction, except a railed gallery or platform in front for the ministers, and a seat under it for the elders and overseers, that they might face the people, and preserve order. Besides this, there were to be no separate seats, —no squire's pew with its superior splendour,— no aristocratic elevations or seclusions in the house of God. All the seats were of the plainest description, and free to every one alike. The poor were to have a good English education given to their children;—and they themselves were not expected to wait till their necessities compelled them to come and receive a niggard allowance,— their needs were to be kindly, privately, and delicately inquired into by proper persons, and as unostentatiously relieved. So it was, and so it is to this day.

Penn says,—and his life shows it,—that Fox possessed, on all occasions, the most undaunted courage. Though of an ardent temperament, yet he possessed such self-command as rarely, if ever, to be thrown off his guard, by insult and outrage, and he manifested the most forgiving disposition. He was simple, dignified, and manly in behaviour; grave, yet affable and pleasant in conversation; and so ready in reply, as to continually baffle his most subtle antagonists. One instance may be given:—He was imprisoned in Launceston Jail, and brought up for trial before Judge Glyn. He was ordered to take off his hat. Fox inquired what authority there was in law or scripture for this compulsion; at which the Judge fell into a passion, and cried, "Take him away jailer; I'll ferk him!" Soon after he sent for him again; and on seeing him, exclaimed, "Come! where had they hats from Moses to Daniel? Come, answer me, —I have you fast now!" Fox immediately replied,—"The three children were ordered to be thrown into the furnace with their coats, hose, and hats on." The judge instantly shouted,— "Take him away, jailer!"

He married the widow of a Welsh Judge, (Fell,) at Swarthmore, in Westmoreland; and, on this occasion, set the example of that justice to all parties which he had made the law to his own Society. He called the children of the widow together, and ascertained from themselves, that they were not only satisfied with the marriage, but that it would be no detriment to their inheritance. He died at the age of sixty-seven, having seen a large community established on his principles, and that, too, through a career of the most violent persecution,—through the imprisonment of thousands at a time, and the destruction and seizure of their property, to the amount of more than a million sterling in value.

Of his disciples, the most illustrious were Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and Barclay, the author of the famous "Apology" for Quakerism,

a gentleman of the house of Gordon, and whose patrimonial estate of Ury in Scotland, is now in the hands of his descendant, the well-known Captain Barclay. These are all I have now room to mention, except Thomas Ellwood, the friend of Milton, whose autobiography may be said to be one of the most picturesque of books, full of the character and scenes of those singular times. Let us take one scene from Newgate, in 1662:—"When we came there, we found that side of the prison very full of Friends, as indeed were, at that time, all the other parts of that prison and most of the prisons about town; and our addition caused a great throng on that side; notwithstanding which, we were kindly welcomed by our Friends whom we found there, and entertained by them as well as their condition would admit. We had the liberty of the hall, which is on the first story over the gate, and which, in the day time, is common to all prisoners on that side, felons as well as others, to walk in, and beg out of; and we had also the liberty of some other rooms in the daytime; but in the night, we all lodged in one room, which was large and round, having in the middle of it a great pillar of oaken timber, which bore up the chapel. To this pillar we fastened our hammocks at one end, quite round the room, and in three degrees, or three stories high, one over the other; so that they who lay in the upper and middle rows of hammocks, were obliged to go to bed first, because they were to climb up to the higher by getting into the lower. The sick and weakly persons lay in beds on the floor; and, though the room was large, and pretty airy, yet the breath and steam that came from so many bodies of different ages, conditions, and constitutions, packed up so close together, was enough to cause sickness amongst us, as I believe it did. Many were sick, and one soon died.

"This caused some bustle in the house. The body was put into a coffin, and carried down into the lodge, in order that the Coroner might inquire into the manner of his death; and the manner of their doing this is thus:—As soon as the Coroner is come, the turnkeys run out into the street under the gate, and seize upon every man that passes by, till they have got enough to make up the Coroner's Inquest; and so resolute these rude fellows are, that, if any man resist or dispute it with them, they drag him in by main force, not regarding what condition he is of; nay, I have been told, they will not stick to stop a coach, and pluck the men out of it.

"It so happened that at this time, they lighted on an ancient man, a grave citizen, who was trudging through the gate in great haste; and him they laid hold on, telling him he must come in, and serve upon the Coroner's Inquest. He pleaded hard, begged and besought them to let him go, assuring them he was going on very urgent business, and that the stopping him would be greatly to his prejudice. But they were deaf to all entreaties, and hurried him in, the poor man chafing without remedy.

"When they had got their complement, and were shut in together, the rest of them said to this ancient man,—'Come, father, you are the oldest man among us; you shall be our foreman.' And when the Coroner had sworn them on the jury, the coffin was uncovered, that they might look upon the body. But the old man, disturbed in his mind at the interruption they had given him, was grown somewhat fretful upon it, and said to them,—'To what purpose do you show us a dead body here? You would not have us think, sure, that this man died in this room. How then shall we be able to judge how this man came by his death, unless we see the place wherein he died, and wherein he hath been kept prisoner before he died? How know we but the incommodiousness of the place wherein he was kept may have occasioned his death? Therefore show us the place wherein this man died.'

"This much displeased the keepers, and they began to banter the man, thinking to have beaten him off it; but he stood tightly to them. 'Come, come,' said he, 'though you have made a fool of me in bringing me in hither, ye shall not find a child of me now I am here. Mistake not yourselves. I understand my place, and your duty; and I require you to conduct me and my brethren to the place where this man died. Refuse it at your peril!'

"They now wished they had let the old man go about his business, rather than by troubling him, have brought this trouble on themselves. But when they saw he was peremptory, the Coroner told them they must show him the place.

"It was evening when they began this work, and by this time it was grown bed-time with us, so that we had taken down our hammocks, which, in the day, were hung up by the walls, and had made them ready to go into; and were undressing ourselves in readiness to go into them, when, on a sudden we heard a great noise of tongues, and of tramplings of feet coming up towards us; and, by and by, one of the turnkeys opening our door, said,—'Hold, hold, don't undress yourselves: here's the Coroner's Inquest coming to see you.'

"As soon as they were come to the door,—for within door there was scarce room for them to come,—the foreman, who led them, lifting up his hands, said,—'Lord bless me, what a sight is here! I did not think there had been so much cruelty in hearts of Englishmen, to use Englishmen in this manner!' 'We need not now question,' said he to the rest of the jury, 'how this man came by his death; we may rather wonder that they are not all dead, for this place is enough to breed an infection among them.' 'Well,' added he, 'if it please God to lengthen my life till to-morrow, I will find means to let the King know how his subjects are dealt with.'" Which it appears he did, for the next day they were removed to Bridewell. The rest of the prison scenes and characters are equally curious. Honeypot, the noviciate pickpocket, the man who slily slipped into prison amongst the crowd of Quakers, hoping for good living out of the general mess, and always thrust in his knife and

fork first, though he paid nothing,—and the general condition and contents of Newgate at that period, furnish a grand picture for the student of man under all aspects. But I must here close this sketch.

Such were Fox and his first disciples,—such was their early career. And what were the doctrines they proposed to the world? They were principally these.

1st, The influence of the Divine Spirit on the spirits of his creatures.

2d, The Spirituality of Christianity; consequently the non-essentiality of ceremonies.

3d, The civil and religious freedom of all men; consequently an abhorrence of tyranny, political or ecclesiastical, in the shape of the despot or the priest.

4th, The Anti-Christianity of War.

5th, The free gift of the Gospel; consequently a dislike of hirelings.

6th, The Anti-Christianity of Oaths.

7th, The contempt of fawning and flatteries, and foolish titles given to men, as inconsistent with our self-respect, our respect for truth, and as repugnant to the meek and brotherly spirit of Christianity, and degrading to our immortal and intellectual nature.

8th, The equality of the sexes,—no sex in souls, all one in Christ Jesus;—consequently elevating the female world to the highest pitch of honour, usefulness, and felicity.

9th, Simplicity and purity in language, in manners, and in dress.

I do not mean to say that these comprised all their doctrines. They held others with the Christian world in general; but these they held in contra-distinction to most of their own times. The influence of the Divine Spirit, now in some shape or other received by all denominations, was then held by some as little short of madness, and ridiculed without measure by others. The spirituality of Christianity was then as little comprehended. All reformers before them, and the Puritans, their cotemporaries, were so little illuminated on the subject, that, though they were determined not to conform to the ceremonial set up, they were all busy in framing ceremonies for themselves. Fox at once pronounced ceremonies and externals to be the beggarly elements of Christianity,—its essence, a renewed vitality of mind. So far, indeed, did he outgo the ordinary grasp of public opinion, that at this day the Christian world has much to learn before it can comprehend the full nature of that system which shall go on till "they shall no more teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know him, from the least of them to the greatest."

The great doctrine of civil and religious freedom,—a doctrine of the most superlative importance,—a doctrine on which depends not merely the present happiness, but the spiritual destinies of men, inasmuch as tyranny and ignorance go hand in hand, and ignorance and crime:—this great doctrine his cotemporaries had glimpses of; but it can only be said of Fox, that he fully comprehended it. The Puritans and Covenanters fought for their liberties and their altars:—they resisted the aggressions of ecclesiastical establishments; but they did not deny their right to exist:—the Republicans fought for their own freedom with one hand, and held with the other their fellow men in bondage:—but Fox claimed freedom for all,—one right for all,—one law for all,—for man in every situation, character, and aspect—for white and for black. It did not square with his notions of Christianity that we should be free ourselves, and hold others in slavery; that we should settle in the lands of the pagans, and drive them out of their ancestral possessions, as the nominal Christians of those and these times did and do in America, in the Indies, and at the Cape of Good Hope. The non-conformists resisted the compulsory demands of uniformity of creed and ceremony of the Establishment; but Fox resisted and denounced establishments themselves. However all other reformers, biassed by the force of education, might overlook the absolutely free nature of Christianity,—given to be the charter of liberty, the birthright of Hope in Earth and in Heaven, to all men—given to be the solace of all partaking the form, the affections, and the sufferings of men throughout the world—given "to break the bonds of the captive and to let the oppressed go free,"—to be enjoyed without permission from Pope or Patriarch, conclave or convocation, fully and fearlessly, wherever two or three are met in Christ's name;—its freedom, and freedom-giving spirit did not escape the single-eye of Fox. In the declaration, that "God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth"—in the avowal of Christ, that "the heathen lorded it over one another, but it should not be so with his disciples"—their bond and their distinction should be Love,—he saw the law of brotherhood and not of subjection. The same recognised independence of the Christian code which leads to the abjuration of political and ecclesiastical despotism led him to resist, despise, and expose those assumptions of absurd titles, those demands of servile obeisance and empty flatteries by mere wealth and factitious rank, which degrade both givers and receivers, and fill the world with so much misery from the reckless and vindictive rancour of over-fed pride. *Civility to all, servility to none*, was his rule and principle of action, and brought upon him and his friends unbounded insult and outrage; but they and the whole community have reaped and will reap the benefit of it. In that day there was a different style of address to the rich and the poor—a practice still common on the continent—*you* to a *gentleman, thou* to a *man*; and so odious and opposed to the whole spirit of the gospel did it appear to Fox, that he adopted the singular number in speaking to every individual; and his followers have retained the practice to the present day, though the cause has ceased. The language has firmly settled into the other form, and the

world is not, in this particular, likely to conform to a very small minority.

It has been said that a great change has taken place in the Society of Friends. That they have abandoned the bold and innovating spirit, and many of the eccentricities of their ancestors, and have silently let fall, or greatly modified, many of their opinions. They have changed exactly as every religious, and almost every other human community does. The effervescence of their first zeal has evaporated with time; and as the spirit has escaped, they have clung more closely to the letter. They have changed, too, with the silent change of the spirit and character of general society. Who does not see the wide difference between this age and the puritanic age in which they arose? Then all the elements of political and religious unrest were in a state of chaotic turbulence. The common people were only beginning to be imbued with, and to feel the full influence of, that scriptural knowledge, language, and imagery, which the diffusion of the Bible in the vernacular tongue had produced. They were in the orgasm of intellectual intoxication. The Puritans in England, and the Covenanters in Scotland, were full of that Bible light which had burst on them in such a novel torrent, that it had half illumined and half bewildered them. Their speech was a tissue of prophetic and apostolic phrases,—they were ready to fight and to die for their principles. The despotism of the Stuarts, pressing upon the patience of the nation till it snapped, concurred with this religious enthusiasm to rouse the whole realm into one scene of confusion and strife. The different sects had not learned their own nature, and the real goal of their endeavours; the Presbyterians and Independents wrestled not only for liberty, but for power. All these circumstances have changed; the boundaries of religious liberty have been better defined by the continual labours of great and good men of all parties; no contrast can be greater than the one between the Baptists, Independents, and Presbyterians of that day and of this. The Friends have only partaken, in common with all other denominations, in the changes wrought by the same spirit passing over them. They have become a more orderly, quiet, less-excited people; but they have not dropped one tenet, or abandoned one principle that I am aware of. It is true, they have abated their public testimony to their principles in some particulars, and heightened it in others; and herein, I think, they have most mistaken or forsaken their real duty, and have failed to conform to the advance of knowledge both political and religious.

The cessation of persecution must haye produced a strong effect upon them. From a state of perpetual harassing and outrage,—from having their meetings broken up by drunken squires and rancorous parsons, by mobs and soldiery,—their meeting-houses pulled down by order of government,—themselves shut up by thousands in most filthy and miserable dungeons,—their property plundered, their families insulted and abused;—from such a state of things to one of sudden political rest and security under the Toleration Act, the transition must have been of a most sedative nature. Like the sudden ceasing of physical torture, it must have left upon them a most exquisite sense of ease. They would be sufficiently inclined to repose themselves, and in that repose to look round and consider what they had lost, and what remained. They would see a government no longer in hostility to them, and would be disposed to a grateful abstinence from irritation. From being regarded by their fellow-citizens with hatred, and pursued by them with outrage, as they were, for renouncing what were called the courtesies, but what they deemed the flatteries of the time,—the use of such appellatives, as your Honour, your Grace, your Excellency,—because they saw the men so addressed possessing neither honour, grace, nor excellence; for refusing to bow, take off the hat, and so on,—they had now won respect by their firmness, and confidence by their integrity in all their transactions, and would, therefore, be disposed to enjoy a position of social kindness from which they had, for a time, been thrown. From their renouncement of public amusements and the dissipations of society, they were compelled to seek happiness in the bosom of their own families, and hence became a peculiarly domestic people: and, besides this, seeing the havoc which had been made in their estates, during the rage of persecution, they would now set about, as good citizens and fathers of families, to repair them by sedulous habits of commercial industry. All these causes operating together, and with them their consequences,—the satisfaction they came to feel in the full and free exercise of their own mode of religious worship—in their domestic relations—in the growth of their fortunes,—it was natural they should become a quiet people, a people submissive to good government, a people unworldly in their appearance, but worldly in their substance. This they have become: and the error has been that they have become too much so. They are aware of the purity of their Christian faith,—but they have not been zealously enough affected to its diffusion; they are sensible of the nobility and moral grandeur of their great principles,—but they have not laboured enough to make the world sensible of this too, and to invite its assistance to their propagation. In all instances they have held fast by their principles; but, perhaps, in only one have they stood forward as became their high moment, and made common cause with the public for their success. This brilliant exception has been in their resistance to Negro slavery:—the consequence has been a triumph so splendid and so beneficent, that it ought not merely to stimulate, but to pledge them to similar experiments.

The high scriptural doctrine of human right, which they had adopted, compelled them, from the first, to denounce this detestable invasion of it. Fox, on his visit to the West Indies, publicly exhorted those who listened to him to use

their slaves kindly, and as soon as possible to give them their liberty. Clarkson, in his "Portraiture of Quakerism," says, that probably this was the first public denunciation of this infamous traffic. This is not correct, as his own history of its abolition sufficiently shows. Fox's honour is this; that he not only declared against it on the first possible opportunity, but organized a religious body on such principles that it must necessarily take up the cause of Negro freedom systematically. And this was the case. The Friends in America were the first to liberate their slaves, and advocate their freedom generally,—especially those pure and tender-hearted men, John Woolman and Anthony Benezet; and in England the Friends were the first to form an association for this object—an association which became the nucleus of that which finally achieved this magnificent object. From first to last the Friends were uniform and strenuous in their exertions to abolish slavery:—would to Heaven they had borne some of their other main doctrines as boldly into the public presence! What similar triumphs might we not have witnessed! Fox and his noble band of disciples were as actively hostile to the slavery of religion, under the name of Establishments. They cried aloud in streets and market-places against it; they denounced it from the press and the prison; they called the people to the enjoyment of a free gospel; and thousands answered their call,—ay, even priests, decending from pulpits dishonoured by a state dictation. And have their decendants abandoned their principle? No! but they have slept over its exercise. They have been content to be distrained upon for tithes and poor's-rates, to the annual amount of about L.14,000,—and to be silent: to put these robberies in a book, and shut the book up in a closet. What a blaze of Christian zeal would they have kindled against a State Religion had they, like the first brave Friends, made the nation ring from side to side with the iniquity of the principle of these exactions. But that time has passed by; and now that the nation itself is awake to the enormity, they still stand fearful and inoperative. They persuade themselves it is right, it is religious, it is savouring of the meekness of Christ, to avoid all vehemence of zeal, everything that looks political. In this they may possess the private piety of their ancestors, but they possess not their public spirit,—they were quite another sort of men. In this we behold the prevalence of the latter habits of the Society over its original principle and power. Here they may continue to hold the splendid doctrine of Fox and Penn: but they hold it in nullity and barrenness. They have a testimony on the subject of forced payments for religion: but their forerunners had the testimony glorious in its indignant grandeur. The testimony of Fox on this subject was like the Law of Moses, received on Mount Sinai, amid its thunders and its lightnings,—theirs is like the same Law laid in the latter ages of Judea, in the dusty and untrodden silence of the Sanctuary. In this respect they certainly come far short,—yet there is a faint evidence that the principle still lives, in the petitions against tithes from the last two yearly meetings. May it yet kindle into its ancient glow!

The same cause has made them stand aloof from all political activity:—as if religion were a thing to be thought of and dreamed of merely; to be shut up in your own heart, your own house, or, at most, to regulate your own conduct between man and man in ordinary affairs,—not to extend to those great human movements in the mass, on which the happiness of the mass depends. They have interpreted the command to be subject to the powers that be, in too abject a spirit; as if the indignant enunciation of "Whether it is right we shall hearken unto God rather than you, judge ye!" is not as good gospel, clearly setting the bound to political submissiveness; and as if it were possible "to do to others as we would be done by," if we use not all legitimate means to rescue our fellows from the immoderate pressure of unholy governments, which entail all miseries upon nations, by quenching nobility of sentiment, and darkening all intellects with crime. Obedience to good government is a shining virtue: but zealous endeavours to amend a bad one is not the less so. On this head there is room to return to that popular spirit of the first Friends which led them to address Kings and Parliaments in the highest style of remonstrance.

Their doctrine respecting oaths is one which they have held with commendable firmness against the whole Christian world. The world is now prepared to admit the justice of their views. It is seen that oaths do not bind the unprincipled, and the just do not need them,—they are, therefore, at best, a needless taking of God's name in vain. Now, therefore, is the time for Friends to emulate the conduct of their fathers, by making their views on this head more known, and showing that oaths, useless in themselves, are a palpable violation of the command of Christ.

If being at ease in their possessions has tended to dim their views of duty, or enfeeble their practice in these particulars, on the other hand they have carried to the highest point of scrupulosity their maintenance of what they call "their outward testimonies,"—that is, their peculiar mode of speech, behaviour, and apparel.

Their use of peculiar names for the days and months proceeds from a laudable desire carried to excess,—a desire to keep clear of names once belonging to idolatry,—into which there is now little danger of falling. Their rejection of fulsome titles, as his Grace, his Excellency, his Honour, must have the approbation of every honest man. Their adoption of *Thou* to a single person, *You* only to more than one, was at the time, for a reason given, noble and most admirable; but now, that the cause is removed, is a violation of modern grammar, without an adequate use,—and having an air of awkward formality rather than of reason. Their dress may be plain, but cannot be said to be comely, or even commodious. In most of these particulars they have

clung to the form rather than the principle, which is the gospel one of plainness and simplicity—an excellent principle, that may be carried into the fullest practice without a dogged adhesion to a peculiar fashion; and with a rational conformity to the genius of the national costume. The first Friends made no change in their dress, if we except Fox's suit of leather, which no one imitates.* William Penn was dressed as became a gentleman of the time. Christ knows nothing of the fashions of Oliver Cromwell's day: they form no part of His religion—which is not a religion of caps and coats of a certain cut, but of high and ennobling sentiments, and of the practice of everything which tends to bind man to man, and prepare the heart for Heaven. An orthodox Quaker, dressing not, therefore, simply and rationally on the principle of plainness, but clinging anxiously, and perhaps proudly, to a traditionary form, stands an object of the most ludicrous inconsistency. In everything beside he has followed the spirit and improvement of the times. His house is built, his furniture is made, his carpets are woven, his carriage is constructed, his very horse-harness cut, according to the increased lights, facilities, and extended means of progressive society. His bed is heaped with the softest materials, his table spread with the various luxuries which the full-grown spirit of art and science has taught our manufacturers, or the mighty winds of a boundless commerce have wafted from every region. The very fabric which he wears, and the hat which shades his brow, combine in them a hun-

* We are tempted to give a singular enough *pendant* to Mr. Howitt's picture of the Founder of his enlightened and beneficent sect; less, however, as a corroboration of the truth of his resemblance, than from its original and *unique* style of execution. It is taken from a series of papers which, strange to tell, appeared lately in *Fraser's Magazine*. We say, strange to tell, as, with the deepest Reverence, they combine the most decided elementary Radicalism; while profound and subtle philosophical speculations mingle, grotesquely enough, with the thousand wild and playful extravagances, the quips and cranks of a quaint and wanton humour, very unlike, however, to the somewhat Hibernian wit of our sprightly and reckless contemporary. This series of papers is entitled *Sartor Resartus*, and is, we believe, written by Mr. Carlyle. —*E. T. M.*

"Perhaps the most remarkable incident in modern history," says Teufelsdröckh, "is not the Diet of Worms, still less the battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others—namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a shoemaker, was one of those to whom, under ruder or purer form, the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of ignorance and earthly degradation, shine through, in unspeakable awfulness, unspeakable beauty, on their souls; who therefore are rightly accounted prophets, God-possessed; or even gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall,—working on tanned hides, amid pinchers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish,—this youth had nevertheless a living spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards and discern its celestial home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled with even some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long, faithful sewing, was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind; but ever amid the boring and hammering, came tones from that far country, came splendours and terrors; for this poor cordwainer, as we said, was a man; and the temple of immensity, wherein as man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

"The clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained watchers and interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the solution of such doubts, to 'drink beer, and dance with the girls.' Blind leaders of the blind! For what end were their tithes levied and eaten; for what were their shovel hats scooped out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt on; and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing, and other racketing, held over that spot of God's earth,—if man were but a patent digester, and the belly with its adjuncts the grand reality? Fox turned from them, with tears and a sacred scorn, back to his leather-parings and his bible. Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped over that spirit: but it was a spirit, and would not lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be free: how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of Heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine.—'So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in,' groaned he, 'with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the world's; and time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of thought! Why not; what binds me here! Want! want!—Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the moon ferry me across into that far land of light? Only meditation can, and devout prayer to God. I will to the woods; the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit of leather!'

"Historical oil-painting," continues Teufelsdröckh, "is one of the arts I never practised; therefore, shall I not decide whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvass. Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of man's freewill, to lighten more and more into day, the chaotic night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in history. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning when he spreads out his cutting-board for the last time, and cuts cow-hides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them together into one continuous all-including case, the farewell service of his awl! Stitch away, thou noble Fox! every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of slavery, and world-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the prison-ditch, within which vanity holds her workhouse and rag-fair, into lands of true liberty. Were the work done, there is in broad Europe one free man, and thou art he!

"Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height; and for the poor also a gospel has been published. Surely, if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Diogenes, was the greatest man of antiquity, only that he wanted decency, then, by stronger reason, is George Fox the greatest of the moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself; for he too stands on the adamantine basis of his manhood, casting aside all props and shoars; yet not, in half-savage pride, undervaluing the earth; valuing it rather as a place to yield him warmth and food, he looks Heaven-ward from his earth, and dwells in an element of mercy and worship, with a still strength, such as the Cynic's tub did nowise witness. Great, truly, was that tub; a temple from which man's dignity and divinity was scornfully preached abroad; but greater is the leather hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and not in scorn but in love."

dred improvements made since the days of Penn and Barclay,—yet in the form alone he clings to the fashion of a far ruder age, and with it to inconvenience and deformity. He says he will not flatter the pride of the creature by ostentatious raiment;—he is right: but he should not disfigure that which God has created beautiful. The human figure, in its grace and dignity, is the perfection of the mechanism of the Divine Creator; and what God has taken so much pains to adorn, it becomes us not to deface.

Friends think that there is safety to their youth in this barbarous raiment. It is a mark, they say, upon them, by which the world knows them, and by which they feel themselves observed: as if clothes were not things that could be taken off. A Highlander asked an English traveller what was the use of the lock on his portmanteau; and being told it was to prevent its being robbed, he drew his dirk, and, laughing, cut the portmanteau open. Outward marks are no safeguards; the only real safeguards are sound moral principles within.

But if this shibboleth of language,and this barbarism of dress, do no good, they certainly do much evil. They have affected us as the long raiment and the broad phylacteries did the Pharasees of old—they have induced much spiritual pride. It was easier to attribute undue importance to these, than to come up to the high standard of the living zeal of the ancient Friends. "The outward testimonies" have therefore become almost everything—the very ark and palladium of the Society—the mark and measure of its orthodoxy. They have cast into the shade its really great principles.

For these reasons I have no testimony to these Cromwellian fashions, but a decided testimony against them, as having done immeasurable injury to our cause. It is now high time that we become known by nobler tokens. It is time that, still despising all temporary and *outré* fashions, we conform to the general character of our national costume; that, loathing all fulsome flatteries, we speak the established English of the age; and, instead of being ambitious of being known by our singularity of dress or speech, we seek to avail ourselves of the great heritage of noble sentiments and principles bequeathed to us by George Fox. There is higher work for us to do than dressing or speaking oddly:—to assist our fellow-citizens to cast down the established enormity of priestcraft. Our ancestors set a brilliant example to their own times, and left a mighty lesson to this. They claimed for themselves a complete freedom from the national church; a freedom to marry and bury as they pleased; a freedom even from oaths; a freedom from those very things that the other Dissenters are at this late period seeking; and they obtained it,—shewing that subjects have only to determine on the attainment of their rights, and they cannot long be resisted. It becomes our bounden duty, being come of such a stock, to rouse our fellow-countrymen to this assertion of their due. To spread abroad better views of war and oaths; to inspire more elevated and just views of the character, offices, and duties of women,—the mothers and teachers of our children—the companions and friends of men; to awaken as many as we can to more spiritual conceptions of Christianity—of its freedom, its sufficiency, its beauty and beneficence:—these are our legitimate duties, and to these let us betake ourselves.

For my part, born and educated in this Society, I have seen enough to induce me to confess, that for its peculiarities I have little respect; for its great leading principles, the highest veneration. Amongst all the various society I have mingled in, I have nowhere seen a greater purity of life and sentiment; a more enviable preservation of a youth-like tenderness of conscience; a deeper sense of the obligations of justice; of the beauty of punctuality; or so sweet a maintenance of the domesticities of life. A thousand memories of youth, and youthful actions now past—a thousand happy and tender associations—bind me in affection to it. I look with a grateful complacency on the luminous views of truth which George Fox drew from the great archives of Christianity, as a glorious legacy to the world; which has already received mighty benefits therefrom, and is now prepared to reap still greater. A day is certainly coming upon us when many old prejudices shall be thrown down; when we shall work with purer hands and simpler views; when we shall feel it necessary to regard all men as brothers, really made of one flesh, and ordained to one salvation,—not as mere machines for us to grow rich upon; when we shall look on the poorest of them, not as creatures living here only, but to live on through thousands of ages, and therefore demanding from us a higher estimate, a better tuition, a more human fellowship; and, if this be so, it will be an everlasting reproach to that community which has called itself a *Society of Friends*, if it be not found amongst the foremost of those who are labouring, and will labour, to lay the foundation of an *illimitable Christian Friendship*, in the mighty and pregnant principles of Knowledge, Virtue, and Love.

PANURGE IN ENGLAND.

CHAP. I.—HOW PANURGE IS PUZZLED.

And Panurge sat down for a while to consider:—first, he sat down on an exceeding large and cold stone, which had been dug out of a quarry of hard rock, and kept ever after in a dark chamber, to which no light could penetrate, —and had been chiselled by very unskilful hands into a chair for a learned Professor of Political Economy; but whether that the frigi dity of the stone ascended through his body, and settled at last upon the brain, or that the pre-

vious uses to which it had been applied, had filled it with hebetative, and instupifying qualities, he found that his thoughts could come to no final issue, and his ratiocinations all determined in a fog. "Curse the stone, oh, all ye deities of lime and mortar, of whin, quartz, and schistus!" said Panurge; "for it has in no wise benefited my contemplations, but rather, as I fear me, has afflicted me with an affection of rheumatic pains in the nethermost extremity." Then he sat him down in a soft, velvet cushion, which had served for many years as the pulpit-cushion of a venerable Dean; but whether by some inherent virtue of the cushion itself, or by means of the narcotic effluvia of the good man's eloquence, who had slumbered over it for a long succession of Sundays, Panurge could in no ways keep his eyes open, though he bit his lips, pinched his fingers, tried to think of his sweetheart, took snuff, and heartily cursed his enemies. In spite of all these expedients, besides pulling his nose, shifting his legs one over the other, drumming with his feet, counting his money, and setting his periwig in fifty different fashions, he found nature too strong for him, and his head nid-nodding on his breast, before he had time to turn the subject of his meditations into a syllogism. "Infernal devils, Morpheus, Somnus, and all the leaden-eyed crew of dull-brained demons, seize on the cushion!" quoth Panurge; "for confound me if it is not by fifty degrees worse than the stone. But wise men always yield to the fortune they cannot resist:—So, Ho! page—bring me in two hundred and fifty gallons of the wine of Bourdeaux, and the devil take me if I think any more of the matter."

Now, the matter which troubled Panurge so much, was a question propounded unto him by by the sage Pantagruel, namely, how it came to pass, in the great and mighty kingdom of the Angles, that a certain class of the inhabitants, young or old, dark or fair, tall or short, yea, even from the hour of their birth, were filled with a certain divine wisdom, which made all other learning or study useless and unnecessary, but were endowed with a surpassing knowledge of laws and sciences, and even mechanical arts. Nay, more, that there was in that island a certain House, into which, whoever was admitted, was instantaneously blessed with the possession of the same infallible perfection; and, strangest of all, how it happened that the persons who ordinarily sat in that house, heard speeches that were spoken, and formed judgments on matters debated in it, though many hundred miles away from it themselves. Poor Panurge was miserably puzzled; but in this agony, and, as it were, inquisitorial torture of his wits, he resolved,—firstly, to have recourse to the flagon, which, in many cases, is the best chamber-counsel a man can resort to; secondly, to the wise books, notes, lectures, theories, and annotations of the political economists; and, thirdly, to the expounders of Holy Writ, to ascertain if any miracle of the sort might be expected in these latter days, when we are told the age of miracles has ceased. Alas! the flagon gave Panurge no light on the subject; but he was so persevering in his inquiries, lest perchance any wise saw should be written on the bottom of the pitcher, (as the heathen Mahomedans imprint lessons from the Alcoran on the blades of their simitars,) that all that he acquired by his search after knowledge was a headache the next morning, and a feeling as if the whole Arabian desert had emptied its sands into his throat. "God's blessing," quoth Panurge, "rest on the pitcher, stoop, bottle, bladder, vial, or whatever containeth the divine ichor of the grape! If I had known my throat would have been so parched this morning, I would have swilled four hundred times the quantity last night. But blessed be our lady of the glasses! there is more wine in the cellar—so drink, my boys! drink! as if your throats were paved with salt!"

Now, it occurred to Panurge, since his researches under the cork had been so unsuccessful, that he would apply for a solution of the mystery to the inhabitants of the many-angled island themselves: so taking a dutiful leave of Pantagruel, and also of his father, the redoubtable Gargantua of Epistemon, Triboulet, and all his friends, he conveyed himself into the happy island of the Angles; and took up his abode, the first night of his landing, in the great town of D'Ouvres.

Saith Panurge to mine host,—"Blessings on thy red and jocund proboscis! it beareth good testimonials of thy cellar;—pray oblige a stranger with a little of thy delectable company."

"I will," saith mine host,—"John bring up the half dozen hamper of the vintage of the year of the Comet; for this gentleman seems as thirsty a companion as the blessed Abbot of the Gules, who is now drinking in Heaven!"

"This cauponic is one of the right sort," saith Panurge; "but, by my certes, I'll tame the potatory pride of this proud islander."

With that they sat down and made right merry together.

CHAPTER II.

How they chirped over their cups, and who came into their company.

"Sa, sa," saith Panurge, "you have main good wine in Angle-land."

"Yea, truly," quoth mine host, "I should like to know what it is that we have not good in Angle-land. Have not we the finest women, the bravest men, the loveliest lands——"

"And honestest innkeepers," saith Panurge, as he looked at the small size of the bottle.

"Ay, I'll warrant me," continued mine host, "there is nothing good or beautiful under the sun, that is not to be found in perfection in Angle-land. Is not the law open to rich and poor;—have not we liberty to do or say what we like;—haven't we Mungo Carter,—and, above all, have not we Hobby Copus? Answer me that, sir!"

"May the devil fetch me if I answer thee at

all, man, unless by drinking your health in a three-gallon goblet. What do I care about your laws and your liberties?"

"No," quoth mine host, "you gentlemen from foreign parts seldom like to hear the real truth spoken of the superiority of old Angle-land to your own beggarly countries beyond seas——"

"Especially in politeness," interrupted Panurge; "and a certain modest humility, which makes all her other virtues so much more beautiful."

"Yea; and, touching our laws, was there not, no longer agone than last Candlemas sixteen years, a suit entered into between me and the richest man in our parish, one Master Cræso, a goldsmith, of and concerning four perches and a quarter of an ell of the barren part of my paddock? I'll show thee a cart load of our law proceedings, an' thou wilt."

"May Rhadamanthus, the Cretan judge, stap my vitals, and transform a Fury, nay Tisiphone herself, into a Ganymede, to fill my bowl with brimstone, if I look for an instant on a single barrowful of such dusty parchment!" quoth Panurge.

"That is as thou shalt please," said mine host; "but this rich curmudgeon, this Master Cræso, when he had sold unto me, for a specified sum, all the land, grass, soil, subsoil, trees, woods, houses, rivers, ditches, drains, and other properties contained in my said paddock, did thereafter make a demand of fourteen shillings and eightpence farthing, for the aforesaid four perches and a quarter of an ell, maintaining that they were not included in the bargain, as, some twenty years before that, they had been divaricated and subdivided from the aforesaid paddock by a quickset hedge. But the law—thanks to St. Thomas of Canterbury and other saints!—is open unto all; and I hied me to Counsellor Crimson, and engaged him to conduct the case. Then were there replies and counter-replies, measurements, statements, arguments, and quotations; but at last, when it had occupied the attention of the deepest sages of the law for a matter of sixteen years, lo! you know, it was decided in my favour, though such a poor man, and against Master Cræso, though he is the richest goldsmith in the great city of Lunders."

"I wish thee joy of thy victory, my friend. I drink success to the law, which is almost as speedy as it is just. Did Counsellor Crimson take in his bill of charges to Master Cræso?"

"No, by my certes," quoth mine host; "for the case was not certificated with costs."

"And it cost thee," quoth Panurge, "almost the value of the disputed ground?"

"*Almost* the value! Nay, by St. Cleptes, the patron of innkeepers, it cost me more than the value of the soil if it had been all good wheat-growing land down to the antipodes."

"And didst thou pay all this to retain possession of what thou mightest have purchased for fourteen shillings and eightpence farthing! Oh, brave law!" continued Panurge in an ecstacy; "Glorious Counsellor Crimson! wise litigants! excellent judges! and happy, thrice happy, country, where the party who gains a suit is ruined by the expenses!"

"Ay! sir," said mine host; "but consider the satisfaction of having the cause decided in your favour."

"I *do* consider it," quoth Panurge. "But, in the meantime, let us have in some more wine; for truly the very mention of the Law Courts maketh one immoderately thirsty."

While mine host was absent in procuring a replenishment of the half-dozen hamper, two strangers came into the room, and were courteously welcomed by Panurge. "Rest ye merrily, gentlemen," quoth Panurge. "I crave your company for a short space. The landlord is this moment gone in search of some heavenly nectar, and will be here immediately with a supply."

The strangers upon this returned him great thanks for his civility, and drew in their chairs to the table.

"I guess," continued Panurge, "from your dresses, that you are a priest and a lawyer; but you will pardon me, being a stranger, if I do not know your rank,—whether *you*, reverend sir be curate, monk, or abbot; or *you*, learned sir, be a counsellor of ten years' standing, or a sergeant, or a judge."

"We excuse your ignorance of us on the plea you mention," replied the lawyer; "My friend here is the pious, learned, estimable, and consistent Lord Bishop Lovejugs; and I myself am Sergeant Neddybug, of whom doubtless you have heard amongst the jurisconsults of foreign climes."

"A couple of jolly fellows," quoth Panurge; "your names please me well. How say you, my Lord Lovejugs,—shall we order in an extra hamper? How say you, Sergeant Neddybug,—shall we shew ourselves true Pantagruelians?"

It was agreed, *nemine contradicente;* and, after a fervent benediction from him of the mitre, they set soberly in for a night of hard drinking.

"Gentlemen," said Panurge, "perhaps, being so learned in law and in divinity, you will be able to resolve unto me the marvellous difficulty which I came over hither, from my good master, Pantagruel, to explore. There is, as I understand, in your kingdom a certain class or body who are wise in the law and the gospel without any study whatsoever. May the gods make them happy! for the only drawback to the pleasure of learning is the whacks on the bottom it costs one in his youth. Are there such happy mortals in this land of yours? And if so, resolve unto me, I pray you, what can be the reason of so unheard of an occurrence."

"The reason is very plain," answered Neddybug, without hesitation,—"it results from the wisdom of our ancestors."

"Ay, beyond all doubt," added Lord Lovejugs, "it results from the wisdom of our ancestors."

"Then, gentlemen, Here's to the health and happiness of our ancestors; for curse me with the curse of a barrel of Burgundy with neither spigot

nor bung-hole, if I can see what our ancestors can have to do with the matter."

"Your reading, my friend, has been but scanty," said Neddybug, in a huff; "it has been decided over and over again."

"Your humility is not great," said Lord Lovejugs,—"you should receive everything we tell you with a complete prostration of the understanding."

"Go on, o' Heaven's name," quoth Panurge,—"tell me the reason of the occurrence, an' it so please you; for I have other questions to ask of you, after you have satisfied me on this."

"The wisdom of our ancestors," said the Sergeant, "was shown in many ways,—and a particular manner they had of showing it was by always taking care to have descendants to whom to bequeath it. This wisdom, then, accumulating through a great many ages, was always left, by our ancestors, along with their estates, to their eldest sons,—so you will see that nothing can be clearer than that a person who inherits his ancestors' estates must inherit the wisdom of his ancestors also. Now, unless you doubt that our ancestors had wisdom, you cannot doubt that they who have inherited that wisdom, are actually in possession of all the wisdom which has at any time been possessed by the deceased generations in this island."

"And what becomes," quoth Panurge, "of the younger children?"

"Oh, they also are provided for, by the wisdom of our ancestors! Our ancestors, foreseeing how hard would be their conditions, invented snug little places for the younger branches of their families; quiet, easy situations, in which not much wisdom was required;—and, for a long period of years, you will find that almost all the brothers and sisters of those who have inherited the wisdom of their ancestors had not much cause to complain."

"Your logic is most close and convincing," said Panurge; "it is impossible to doubt the truth of what you say. But my master, Pantagruel, was if possible, more troubled in mind upon another point, namely, what magical property there was in a certain House in your island, which enabled those same possessors of the wisdom of their ancestors, to hear debates, and form judgments, and give decisions on the most intricate subjects mentioned in that House, though they themselves were far away, yea, even in their yachts, on the farthest coast of Bohemia, or hunting wild birds on the huge mountains of the barbarian Picts?"

"'Tis by a divine ordinance and appointment," replied Lord Lovejugs; "and, therefore, you may tell your master, Pantagruel, that if he presumes to doubt it, he will certainly be damned. Many things are given for the exercise of faith and obedience; and this is one."

"But still," added Neddybug, "it is possible to see the reason even of this. There are in that miraculous House, certain individuals who act as what is called "Proxies," upon whom any member of that House, before going away from it, can shed all the agglomerated wisdom of his ancestors. This proxy is, then, to all intents and purposes, the same as the person who is ordinarily in possession of the wisdom; and thinks, and speaks, and determines, with a double, or triple, or quadruple share of knowledge and weight, according to the number of persons who have placed their wisdom in his charge."

"Then, by the Apostle of Tours," exclaimed Panurge, "why not appoint a few of those wonderful men to be *permanently proxies for the whole?* If they speak with double weight and authority from being deputed, as it were, to be the depositories of the general wisdom, why not let certain of them hold the wisdom of the rest for a limited time? 'Twere a good plan,—were it not?"

"'Tis against all law and precedent," said Neddybug——

"Contrary to the divine and human institutions of this country!" exclaimed Lovejugs——

"Unsafe to attempt it," said the Sergeant——

"Blasphemous, damnable, and heretical!" added the Lord Bishop.

"Well, be it so, gentlemen," quoth Panurge," "Sa, sa,—we sat here to drink, and neither to be heretical nor damnable. Tapster, ho! where the devil art thou lurking all this time in thy cellar, and leaving three gentlemen to perish of thirst and starvation! By Paul, I shall go back to the good Pantagruel, and amaze his huge heart with the news I bring. Don't you drink, Neddybug? Don't you drink, Lord Lovejugs? Aha! I see neither of you will appoint any one your proxy in bibulation!"

So Panurge made the bottle fly round the table as if it had wings; and returned into the Court of Gargantua after many days, and related unto him all the adventures he had encountered in the Island of the Angles.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

Continued from our last Number.

About the latter end of the century, Coleridge visited North Germany again, in company with Mr. and Miss Wordsworth. Their tour was chiefly confined to the Hartz forest and its neighbourhood. But the incident most worthy of remembrance in their excursion, was a visit made to Klopstock; whom they found either at Hamburgh or, perhaps, at the Danish town (as then it was) of Altona; for Klopstock was a pensioner of the Danish king. An anonymous writer, who attacked Coleridge most truculently in an early number of Blackwood, and with an *acharnement* that must astonish those who knew its object, has made the mistake of supposing Coleridge to have been the chief speaker, who did not speak at all. The case was this: Klopstock

could not speak English, though every body remembers the pretty broken English of his second wife. Neither Coleridge nor Wordsworth, on the other hand, spoke German with any fluency. French, therefore, was the only medium of free communication; that being pretty equally familiar to Wordsworth and to Klopstock. But Coleridge found so much difficulty even in *reading* French, that, wherever (as in the case of *Leibnitz's Theodicée*) there was a choice between an original written in French and a translation, though it might be a very faulty one, in German, he always preferred the latter. Hence, it happened that Wordsworth, on behalf of the English party, was the sole supporter of the dialogue. The anonymous critic says another thing, which certainly has an air of truth, viz., that Klopstock plays a very secondary *role* in the interview (or words to that effect.) But how was that to be avoided in reporting the case, supposing the fact to have been such? Now the plain truth is, that Wordsworth, upon his own ground, is an incomparable talker; whereas, Klubstick (as Coleridge used to call him) was always a feeble and careless one Besides, he was now old and decaying. Nor at any time, nor in any accomplishment, could Klopstock have shone, unless in the noble art of skating. Wordsworth did the very opposite of that with which he was taxed; for, happening to look down at Klopstock's swollen legs, and recollecting his age, he felt touched by a sort of filial pity for his helplessness. And upon another principle, which, in my judgment, Wordsworth is disposed to carry too far, viz., the forbearance, and the ceremonious caution which he habitually concedes to an established reputation, even where he believes it to have been built on a hollow foundation,—he came to the conclusion, that it would not seem becoming in a young, and as yet obscure author, to report faithfully the real superiority he too easily maintained in such a colloquy. But neither had Klopstock the pretensions as a poet, which the Blackwood writer seems to take for granted. Germany, the truth is, wanted a great Epic poet. Not having produced one in that early condition of her literary soil when such a growth is natural and favoured by circumstances, the next thing was to manufacture a substitute. The force of Coleridge's well-known repartee—when, in reply to a foreigner asserting that Klopstock was the German Milton, he said, "True, sir; a *very* German Milton,"—cannot be fully appreciated but by one who is familiar with the German poetry, and the small proportion in which it is a natural and spontaneous product. It has been often noticed, as the misfortune of the Roman literature, that it grew up too much under the oppression of Grecian models, and of Grecian models depraved by Alexandrian art; a fact, so far as it was a fact, which crippled the *genial* and characteristic spirit of the national mind. But this evil, after all, did not take effect except in a partial sense. Rome had cast much of her literature in her own moulds before these exotic models had begun to domineer. Not so with Germany. Her literature, since its revival in the last century (and the revival upon the impulse of what cattle! —Bodmer on the one hand, and Gottsched on the other!) has hardly moved a step in the freedom of natural grace. England for nineteen and France for the twentieth of all her capital works, has given the too servile law: and with regard to Klopstock, if ever there was a good exemplification of the spurious and the counterfeit in literature, seek it in the "Messiah." He is verily and indeed the *Birmingham* Milton. This Klopstockian dialogue, by the way, was first printed (hardly *published*) in the original, or Lake edition of "The Friend." In the recast of that work it was omitted: nor has it been printed any where else that I am aware of.

About the close of the first revolutionary war it must have been, or in the brief interval of peace, that Coleridge resorted to the English Lakes as a place of residence. Wordsworth had a natural connexion with that region by birth, breeding, and family alliances. Wordsworth attracted Coleridge to the Lakes; and Coleridge, through his affinity to Southey, eventually attracted *him*. Southey, as is known to all who take an interest in the Lake colony, married a sister of Mrs. Coleridge's: and, as a singular eccentricity in the circumstances of that marriage, I may mention, that, on his wedding day, (at the very portico of the church, I have been told,) Southey left his bride, to embark for Lisbon. His uncle, Dr. Herbert, was chaplain to the English factory in that city; and it was to benefit by the facilities in that way opened to him for seeing Portugal that Southey now went abroad. He extended his tour to Spain; and the result of his notices was communicated to the world in a volume of travels. By such accidents of personal or family connexion as I have mentioned, was the Lake colony gathered; and the critics of the day, unaware of the real facts, supposed them to have assembled under common views in literature—particularly with regard to the true functions of poetry, and the true theory of poetic diction. Under this original blunder, laughable it is to mention, that they went on to *find* in their writings all the agreements and common characteristics which their blunder had presumed; and they incorporated the whole community under the name of the *Lake School*. Yet Wordsworth and Southey never had one principle in common. Indeed, Southey troubled himself little about abstract principles in any thing; and so far from agreeing with Wordsworth to the extent of setting up a separate school in poetry, he told me himself (August 1812) that he highly disapproved both of Mr. Wordsworth's theories and of his practice. It is very true, that one man may sympathize with another, or even follow his leading, unconscious that he does so; or he may go so far as, in the very act of virtual imitation, to deem himself in opposition; but this sort of blind agreement could hardly be supposed of two men, as discerning and as self-examining as

Wordsworth and Southey. And, in fact, a philosophic investigation of the difficult questions connected with this whole slang about schools, Lake schools, &c., would shew that Southey has not, nor ever had, any *peculiarities* in common with Wordsworth, beyond that of exchanging the old prescriptive diction of poetry, introduced between the periods of Milton and Cowper, for the simpler and profounder forms of daily life in some instances, and of the Bible in others. The bold and uniform practice of Wordsworth was here adopted timidly by Southey. In this respect, however, Cowper had already begun the reform; and his influence, concurring with the now larger influence of Wordsworth, has operated so extensively, as to make their own original differences at this day less perceptible.

By the way, the word *colony*, reminds me that I have omitted to mention in its proper place, some scheme for migrating to America, which had been entertained by Coleridge and Southey about the year 1794-5, under the learned name of *Pantisocracy*. So far as I ever heard, it differed little, except in its Grecian name, from any other scheme for mitigating the privations of a wilderness, by settling in a cluster of families bound together by congenial tastes and uniform principles, rather than in self-depending, insulated households. Steadily pursued, it might, after all, have been a fortunate plan for Coleridge. "Soliciting my food from daily toil," a line in which Coleridge alludes to the scheme, implies a condition that would have upheld Coleridge's health and happiness, somewhat better than the habits of luxurious city life as now constituted in Europe. To return to the Lakes, and to the Lake colony of poets:—So little were Southey and Wordsworth connected by any personal intercourse in those days, and so little disposed to be connected, that, whilst the latter had a cottage in Grasmere, Southey pitched his tent at Greta Hall, on a little eminence rising immediately from the romantic river Greta and the town of Keswick. Grasmere is in Westmoreland; Keswick in Cumberland; and they are thirteen good miles apart. Coleridge and his family were domiciliated in Greta Hall, sharing that house, a tolerably large one, on some principle of amicable division, with Mr. Southey. But Coleridge personally was more often to be found at Grasmere—which presented the threefold attractions of loveliness so complete, as to eclipse even the scenery of Derwentwater; a pastoral state of society, free from the deformities of a little town like Keswick; and, finally, the society of Wordsworth. Not before 1815, or 1816, could it be said that Southey and Wordsworth were even upon friendly terms; so entirely is it untrue that they combined to frame a school of poetry. Up to that time, they viewed each other with mutual respect, but also with mutual dislike; almost, I might say, with mutual disgust. Wordsworth disliked in Southey the want of depth, as regards the power of philosophic abstraction, of comprehensive views, and of severe principles of thought. Southey disliked in Wordsworth, the air of dogmatism, and the unaffable haughtiness of his manner. Other more trivial reasons combined with these.

At this time, when Coleridge first settled at the lakes, or not long after, a romantic and somewhat tragical affair drew the eyes of all England, and, for many years, continued to draw the steps of tourists, to one of the most secluded Cumberland valleys, so little visited previously, that it might be described almost as an undiscovered chamber of that romantic district. Coleridge was brought into a closer connexion with this affair than merely by the general relation of neighbourhood; for an article of his in a morning paper, I believe, unintentionally furnished the original clew for unmasking the base impostor who figured as the foremost actor in this tale. Other generations have arisen since that time, who must naturally be unacquainted with the circumstances; and, on their account, I shall here recal them. One day in the Lake season, there drove up to the Royal Oak, the principal inn at Keswick, a handsome and well-appointed travelling carriage, containing one gentleman of somewhat dashing exterior. The stranger was a picturesque-hunter, but not of that order who fly round the ordinary tour with the velocity of lovers posting to Gretna, or of criminals running from the police; his purpose was to domiciliate himself in this beautiful scenery, and to see it at his leisure. From Keswick, as his headquarters, he made excursions in every direction amongst the neighbouring valleys; meeting generally a good deal of respect and attention, partly on account of his handsome equipage, and still more from his visiting cards, which designated him as "The Hon. Augustus Hope." Under this name, he gave himself out for a brother of Lord Hopetoun's, whose great income was well known, and, perhaps, exaggerated amongst the dalesmen of northern England. Some persons had discernment enough to doubt of this; for the man's breeding and deportment, though showy, had a tang of vulgarity about it; and Coleridge assured me, that he was grossly ungrammatical in his ordinary conversation. However, one fact, soon dispersed by the people of a little rustic post office, laid asleep all demurs; he not only received letters addressed to him under this assumed name,—*that* might be through collision with accomplices,—but he himself continually *franked* letters by that name. Now, *that* being a capital offence, being not only a forgery, but, (as a forgery on the Post Office,) sure to be prosecuted, nobody presumed to question his pretensions any longer; and, henceforward, he went to all places with the consideration attached to an Earl's brother. All doors flew open at his approach: boats, boatmen, nets, and the most unlimited sporting privileges, were placed at the disposal of the "Honourable" gentleman: and the hospitality of the whole country taxed itself to offer a suitable reception to the patrician Scotsman. It could be no blame to a shepherd girl, bred in the sternest solitude which England has to shew, that she should fall into a

snare which hardly any of her betters had escaped. Nine miles from Keswick, by the nearest bridle road, but fourteen or fifteen by any route which the honourable gentleman's travelling carriage could have traversed, lies the Lake of Buttermere. Its margin, which is overhung by some of the loftiest and steepest of the Cumbrian mountain, exhibits on either side few traces of human neighbourhood; the level area, where the hills recede enough to allow of any, is of a wild, pastoral character, or almost savage; the waters of the lake are deep and sullen; and the barrier mountains, by excluding the sun for much of his daily course, strengthen the gloomy impressions. At the foot of this lake (that is at the end where its waters issue) lie a few unornamented fields, through which rolls a little brook-like river connecting it with the larger Lake of Crummock; and at the edge of this miniature domain, upon the road side, stands a cluster of cottages, so small and few that, in the richer tracts of the islands, they would scarcely be complimented with the name of hamlet. One of these, and I believe the principal, belonged to an independent proprietor, called, in the local dialect, a *'Statesman;'* and more, perhaps, for the sake of gathering any little local news, than with much view to pecuniary profit at that era, this cottage offered the accommodations of an inn to the traveller and his horse. Rare, however, must have been the mounted traveller in those days, unless visiting Buttermere for itself, and as a *terminus ad quem;* for the road led to no further habitations of man, with the exception of some four or five pastoral cabins, equally humble, in Gatesgarth dale. Hither, however, in an evil hour for the peace of this little brotherhood of shepherds, came the cruel spoiler from Keswick. His errand was, to witness or to share in the char-fishing; for in Derwentwater (the Lake of Keswick) no char is found, which breeds only in the deeper waters, such as Windermere, Crummock, Buttermere, &c. But whatever had been his first object, *that* was speedily forgotten in one more deeply interesting. The daughter of the house, a fine young woman of eighteen, acted as waiter. In a situation so solitary, the stranger had unlimited facilities for enjoying her company, and recommending himself to her favour. Doubts about his pretensions never arose in so simple a place as this; they were overruled before they *could* well have arisen, by the opinion now general in Keswick that he really was what he pretended to be: and thus, with little demur, except in the shape of a few natural words of parting anger from a defeated or rejected rustic admirer, the young woman gave her hand in marriage to the showy and unprincipled stranger. I know not whether the marriage was, or could have been, celebrated in the little mountain chapel of Buttermere. If it were, I persuade myself that the most hardened villain must have felt a momentary pang on violating the altar of such a chapel, so touchingly does it express, by its miniature dimensions, the almost helpless humility of that little pastoral community to whose spiritual wants it has from generation to generation administered. It is not only the very smallest chapel by many degrees in all England, but is so mere a toy in outward appearance, that, were it not for its antiquity, its wild mountain exposure, and its consecrated connexion with the final hopes and fears of the adjacent pastoral hamlet,—but for these considerations, the first movement of a stranger's feelings would be towards loud laughter; for the little chapel looks not so much a mimic chapel in a drop scene from the Opera House, as a miniature copy from such a scene; and evidently could not receive within its walls more than a half dozen of households. From this sanctuary it was—from beneath the maternal shadow, if not from the altar of this lonely chapel,—that the heartless villain carried off the flower of the mountains. Between this place and Keswick they continued to move backwards and forwards, until at length, with the startling of a thunderclap to the affrighted mountaineers, the bubble burst: officers of justice appeared: the stranger was easily intercepted from flight; and, upon a capital charge, was borne away to Carlisle. At the ensuing assizes he was tried for forgery, on the prosecution of the Post-office; found guilty, left for execution, and executed accordingly. On the day of his condemnation, Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, and endeavoured to obtain an interview with him. Wordsworth succeeded; but, for some unknown reason, the prisoner steadily refused to see Coleridge; a caprice which could not be penetrated. It is true that he had, during his whole residence at Keswick, avoided Coleridge with a solicitude which had revived the original suspicions against him in some quarters, after they had generally subsided. But for this, his motive had then been sufficient: he was of a Devonshire family, and naturally feared the eye or the inquisitive examination, of one who bore a name immemorially associated with the southern part of that county. Coleridge, however, had been transplanted so immaturely from his native region, that few people in England knew less of its family connexions. That, perhaps, was unknown to this malefactor; but at any rate he knew that all motive was now at an end for disguise of any sort; so that his reserve, in this particular, was unintelligible. However, if not him, Coleridge saw and examined his very interesting papers. These were chiefly letters from women whom he had injured, pretty much in the same way and by the same impostures as he had so recently practised in Cumberland; and, as Coleridge assured me, were in part the most agonizing appeals that he had ever read to human justice and pity. The man's real name was, I think, Hatfield. And amongst the papers were two separate correspondences, of some length, from two young women, apparently of superior condition in life, (one the daughter of an English clergyman,) whom this villain had deluded by marriage, and, after some cohabitation, abandoned,—one of them with a family of young children. Great was the emotion of Coleridge

when he recurred to his remembrance of these letters, and bitter—almost vindictive—was the indignation with which he spoke of Hatfield. One set of letters appeared to have been written under too certain a knowledge of *his* villany to whom they were addressed; though still relying on some possible remains of humanity, or perhaps, (the poor writer might think,) on some lingering relics of affection for herself. The other set was even more distressing; they were written under the first conflicts of suspicions, alternately repelling with warmth the gloomy doubts which were fast arising, and then yielding to their afflicting evidence; raving in one page under the misery of alarm, in another courting the delusions of hope, and luring back the perfidious deserter,—here resigning herself to despair, and there again labouring to show that all might yet be well. Coleridge said often, in looking back upon that frightful exposure of human guilt and misery,—and I also echoed his feeling,—that the man who, when pursued by these heart-rending apostrophes, and with this litany of anguish sounding in his ears, from despairing women, and from famishing children, could yet find it possible to enjoy the calm pleasures of a Lake tourist, and deliberately to hunt for the picturesque, must have been a fiend of that order which fortunately does not often emerge amongst men. It is painful to remember that, in those days, amongst the multitudes who ended their career in the same ignominious way, and the majority for offences connected with the forgery of Bank notes, there must have been a considerable number who perished from the very opposite cause, —viz. because they felt, too passionately and profoundly for prudence, the claims of those who looked up to them for support. One common scaffold confounds the most flinty hearts and the tenderest. However, in this instance, it was in some measure the heartless part of Hatfield's conduct, which drew upon him his ruin: for the Cumberland Jury, as I have been told, declared their unwillingness to hang him for having forged a frank; and both they, and those who refused to aid his escape, when first apprehended, were reconciled to this harshness entirely by what they heard of his conduct to their injured, young fellow-countrywoman.

She, meantime, under the name of *the Beauty of Buttermere*, became an object of interest to all England: dramas and melo-dramas were produced in the London theatres upon her story; and for many a year afterwards, shoals of tourists crowded to the secluded lake, and the little homely cabaret, which had been the scene of her brief romance. It was fortunate for a person in her distressing situation, that her home was not in a town: the few, and simple neighbours, who had witnessed her imaginary elevation, having little knowledge of worldly feelings, never for an instant connected with her disappointment any sense of the ludicrous, or spoke of it as a calamity to which her vanity might have co-operated. They treated it as unmixed injury, reflecting shame upon nobody but the wicked perpetrator. Hence, without much trial to her womanly sensibilities, she found herself able to resume her situation in the little inn; and this she continued to hold for many years. In that place, and that capacity, I saw her repeatedly, and shall here say a word upon her personal apperance, because the Lake poets all admired her greatly. Her figure was, in my eyes, good; but I doubt whether most of my readers would have thought it such. She was none of your evanescent, wasp-waisted beauties; on the contrary, she was rather large every way; tallish, and proportionably broad. Her face was fair, and her features feminine; and unquestionably she was what all the world have agreed to call "good-looking." But, except in her arms, which had something of a statuesque beauty, and in her carriage, which expressed a womanly grace, together with some slight dignity and self-possession, I confess that I looked in vain for any *positive* qualities of any sort or degree. *Beautiful*, in any emphatic sense, she was not. Everything about her face and bust was negative; simply without offence. Even this, however, was more than could be said at all times: for the expression of her countenance was often disagreeable. This arose out of her situation; connected as it was with defective sensibility, and a misdirected pride. Nothing operates so differently upon different minds, and different styles of beauty, as the inquisitive gaze of strangers, whether in the spirit of respectful admiration, or of insolence. Some I have seen, upon whose angelic beauty this sort of confusion settled advantageously, and like a softening veil; others, in whom it meets with proud resentment, are sometimes disfigured by it. In Mary of Buttermere, it roused mere anger and disdain; which, meeting with the sense of her humble and dependent situation, gave birth to a most unhappy aspect of countenance. Men, who had no touch of a gentleman's nature in their composition, sometimes insulted her by looks and by words: and she too readily attributed the same spirit of impertinent curiosity to every man whose eyes happened to settle steadily upon her face. Yet, once at least, I must have seen her under the most favourable circumstances: for on my first visit to Buttermere, I had the pleasure of Mr. Southey's company, who was incapable of wounding anybody's feelings, and to Mary, in particular, was well known by kind attentions, and I believe by some services. Then at least I saw her to advantage, and perhaps for a figure of her build, at the best age; for it was about nine or ten years after her misfortune, when she might be twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. We were alone, a solitary pair of tourists: nothing arose to confuse or distress her. She waited upon us at dinner, and talked to us freely. "This is a respectable young woman," I said to myself; but nothing of that enthusiasm could I feel, which beauty, such as I *have* beheld at the lakes, would have been apt to raise under a similar misfortune. One lady, not very scrupulous in her embellishments of facts, used to tell an anecdote of her, which I

hope was exaggerated. Some friend of hers, (as she affirmed,) in company with a large party, visited Buttermere, within a day or two after that upon which Hatfield suffered; and she protested that Mary threw upon the table, with an emphatic gesture, the Carlisle paper, containing an elaborate account of his execution.

It is an instance of Coleridge's carelessness—that he, who had as little ill-nature in his temper as any person whom I have ever known, managed, in reporting this story at the time of its occurrence, to get himself hooked into a personal quarrel, which hung over his head unsettled for nine or ten years. A Liverpool merchant, who was then meditating a house in the vale of Grasmere, and perhaps might have incurred Coleridge's anger, by thus disturbing, with inappropriate intrusions, this loveliest of all English landscapes, had connected himself a good deal with Hatfield during his Keswick masquerade: and was said even to have carried his regard to that villain so far as to have christened one of his own children by the names of "Augustus Hope." With these and other circumstances, expressing the extent of the infatuation amongst the swindler's dupes, Coleridge made the public merry. Naturally the Liverpool merchant was not amongst those who admired the facetiousness of Coleridge on this occasion, but swore vengeance whenever they should meet. They never *did* meet, until ten years had gone by, and then, oddly enough, it was in the Liverpool man's own house—that very nuisance of a house which had, I suppose, first armed Coleridge's wrath against him. This house, by time and accident, in no very wonderful way, had passed into the hands of Wordsworth as tenant. Coleridge, as was still less wonderful, had become the visiter of Wordsworth on returning from Malta; and the Liverpool merchant, as was also natural, either seeking his rent, or for what other purpose I know not, calling upon Wordsworth, met Coleridge in the hall. Now came the hour for settling old accounts. I was present, and can report the case. Both looked grave, and coloured a little. But Coleridge requesting his enemy's company in the garden, entered upon a long metaphysical dissertation, which was rather puzzling to answer. It seemed to be an expansion, by Thomas Aquinas, of that parody upon a well known passage in Shenstone, where the writer says—

> "He kicked me down stairs with such a sweet grace,
> That I thought he was handing me up."

And in the upshot it clearly made it appear that, purely on principles of good neighbourhood, and universal philanthrophy, could Coleridge have meditated or executed the insult offered in the *Morning Post*. The Liverpool merchant rubbed his forehead, and seemed a little perplexed; but at length, considering, perhaps, how very like Duns Scotus, or Albertus Magnus, Coleridge had shown himself in this luminous explanation, he began to reflect, that had any one of those distinguished men offered a similar affront, it would have been impossible to resent it; for who could think of caning the Seraphic doctor? or would it tell to any man's advantage in history that he had kicked Thomas Aquinas? On these principles, therefore, without saying one word, he held out his hand, and a lasting reconciliation followed.

Not very long, I believe, after this affair of Hatfield, Coleridge went to Malta. His inducement to such a step must have been merely a desire to see the most interesting regions of the Mediterranean, under the shelter and advantageous introduction of an official station. It was, however, an unfortunate chapter of his life: for being necessarily thrown a good deal upon his own resources in the narrow society of a garrison, he there confirmed and cherished, if he did not there form, his habit of taking opium in large quantities. I am the last person in the world to press conclusions harshly or uncandidly against Coleridge; but I believe it to be notorious that he first began the use of opium, not as a relief from any bodily pains or nervous irritations—for his constitution was strong and excellent—but as a source of luxurious sensations. It is a great misfortune, at least it is a great peril, to have tasted the enchanted cup of youthful rapture incident to the poetic temperament. That standard of high-wrought sensibility once made known experimentally, it is rare to see a submission afterwards to the sobrieties of daily life. Coleridge, to speak in the words of Cervantes, wanted better bread than was made of wheat; and when youthful blood no longer sustained the riot of his animal spirits, he endeavoured to excite them by artificial stimulants.

At Malta he became acquainted with Commodore Decatur and other Americans of distinction; and this brought him afterwards into connexion with Alston the American artist. Of Sir Alexander Ball, one of Lord Nelson's captains in the battle of the Nile, and now Governor of Malta, he spoke and wrote uniformly in a lavish style of panegyric, for which plainer men found it difficult to see the slightest ground. It was, indeed, Coleridge's amiable infirmity to project his own mind, and his own very peculiar ideas, nay, even his own expressions and illustrative metaphors, upon other men, and to contemplate these reflex images from himself, as so many characters having an absolute ground in some separate object. Ball and Bell were two of these pet subjects; he had a "craze" about each of them; and to each he ascribed thoughts and words, to which, had they been put upon the rack, they never would have confessed.

From Malta, on his return homewards, he went to Rome and Naples. One of the Cardinals, he tells us, warned him, by the Pope's wish, of some plot, set on foot by Bonaparte, for seizing him as an anti-Gallican writer. This statement was ridiculed, by the anonymous assailant in *Blackwood*, as the very consummation of moon-struck vanity; and it is there compared to John Dennis's frenzy in retreating from the sea-coast, under the belief that Louis XIV. had commissioned emissaries to land on the English shore and make a dash at his person. But, after

all, the thing is not so entirely improbable. For it is certain that some orator of the Opposition (Charles Fox, as Coleridge asserts,) had pointed out all the principal writers in the *Morning Post*, to Napoleon's vengeance, by describing the war as a war "of that journal's creation." And, as to the insinuation that Napoleon was above throwing his regards upon a simple writer of political essays, *that* is not only abundantly confuted by many scores of analogous cases, but also is specially put down by a case circumstantially recorded in the second tour to Paris, by the celebrated John Scott. It there appears, that, on no other ground whatever, than that of his connexion with the London newspaper press, some friend of Mr. Scott's had been courted most assiduously by Napoleon during the *hundred days*. Assuredly, Coleridge deserved, beyond all other men that ever were connected with the daily press, to be regarded with distinction. Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss, never to be disentombed or restored to human admiration. Like the sea it has swallowed treasures without end, that no diving bell will bring up again. But nowhere throughout its shoreless magazines of wealth, does there lie such a bed of pearls confounded with the rubbish and "purgamenta" of ages, as in the political papers of Coleridge. No more *appreciable* monument could be raised to the memory of Coleridge, than a republication of his essays in the *Morning Post*, but still more of those afterwards published in the *Courier*. And here, by the way, it may be mentioned, that the sagacity of Coleridge, as applied to the signs of the times, is illustrated by the fact, that, distinctly and solemnly he foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, at a period when most people viewed such an event as the most romantic of visions, and not less chimerical than that "march upon Paris," of Lord Hawkesbury's, which for so many years supplied a theme of laughter to the Whigs.

Why Coleridge left Malta, is as difficult to explain upon any principles of ordinary business, as why he had ever gone thither. The post of secretary, if it imposed any official attendance of a regular kind, or any official correspondence, must have been but poorly filled by *him;* and Sir Alexander Ball, if I have collected his character justly, was not likely to accept the gorgeous philosophy of Coleridge, as an indemnification for irregular performance of his public duties. Perhaps, therefore, though on the best terms of mutual regard, they might be mutually pleased to part. At any rate they *did* part; and poor Coleridge was sea-sick the whole of his homeward (as he had been through the whole of his outward) voyage.

It was not long after this event that my own introduction to Coleridge occurred. At that time some negotiation was pending between him and the Royal Institution, which ended in their engaging him to deliver a course of lectures on Poetry and the Fine Arts, during the ensuing winter. For this series (twelve or sixteen, I think,) he received a sum of 100 guineas. And considering the slightness of the pains which he bestowed upon them, he was well remunerated. I fear that they did not increase his reputation; for never did any man treat his audience with less respect, or his task with less careful attention. I was in London for part of the time, and can report the circumstances, having made a point of attending duly at the appointed hours. Coleridge was at that time living uncomfortably enough at the *Courier* Office, in the Strand. In such a situation, annoyed by the sound of feet passing his chamber-door continually to the printing rooms of this great establishment, and with no gentle ministrations of female hands to sustain his cheerfulness, naturally enough his spirits flagged; and he took more than ordinary doses of opium. I called upon him daily, and pitied his forlorn condition. There was no bell in the room, which for many months answered the double purpose of bed-room and sitting-room. Consequently, I often saw him, picturesquely enveloped in night caps, surmounted by handkerchiefs endorsed upon handkerchiefs, shouting from the attics of the *Courier* Office, down three or four flights of stairs, to a certain "Mrs. Brainbridge," his sole attendant, whose dwelling was in the subterranean regions of the house. There did I often see the philosopher, with a most lugubrious face, invoking with all his might this uncouth name of "Brainbridge," each syllable of which he intonated with long-drawn emphasis, in order to overpower the hostile hubbub coming downwards from the press, and the roar from the Strand, which entered at all the front windows. "Mrs. Brainbridge! I say, Mrs. Brainbridge!" was the perpetual cry, until I expected to hear the Strand, and distant Fleet Street, take up the echo of "Brainbridge!" Thus unhappily situated, he sank more than ever under the dominion of opium; so that, at two o'clock, when he should have been in attendance at the Royal Institution, he was too often unable to rise from bed. Then came dismissals of audience after audience with pleas of illness; and on many of his lecture days, I have seen all Albemarle Street closed by a "lock" of carriages filled with women of distinction, until the servants of the Institution or their own footmen advanced to the carriage doors with the intelligence that Mr. Coleridge had been suddenly taken ill. This plea, which at first had been received with expressions of concern, repeated too often, began to rouse disgust. Some in anger, and some in real uncertainty whether it would not be trouble thrown away, ceased to attend. And we that were more constant, too often found reason to be disappointed with the quality of his lecture. His appearance was generally that of a person struggling with pain and overmastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in colour; and in spite of the water which he continued drinking through the whole course of his lecture, he often seemed to labour under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower. In such a state it is

clear that nothing could save the lecture itself from reflecting his own feebleness and exhaustion, except the advantage of having been precomposed in some happier mood. But that never happened: most unfortunately he relied upon his extempore ability to carry him through. Now, had he been in spirits, or had he gathered animation and kindled by his own motion, no written lecture could have been more effectual than one of his unpremeditated colloquial harangues. But either he was depressed originally below the point from which any re-ascent was possible, or else this re-action was intercepted by continual disgust, from looking back upon his own ill success; for assuredly he never once recovered that free and eloquent movement of thought which he could command at any time in a private company. The passages he read, moreover, in illustrating his doctrines, were generally unhappily chosen, because chosen at hap-hazard, from the difficulty of finding, at a moment's summons, those passages which he had in his eye. Nor do I remember any that produced much effect, except two or three, which I myself put ready marked into his hands, among the Metrical Romances edited by Ritson.

Generally speaking, the selections were as injudicious and as inappropriate, as they were ill delivered; for amongst Coleridge's accomplishments good reading was not one; he had neither voice, nor management of voice. This defect is unfortunate in a public lecturer; for it is inconceivable how much weight and effectual pathos can be communicated by sonorous depth, and melodious cadences of the human voice, to sentiments the most trivial; nor, on the other hand, how the grandest are emasculated by a style of reading, which fails in distributing the lights and shadows of a musical intonation. However, this defect chiefly concerned the immediate impression; the most afflicting to a friend of Coleridge's was the entire absence of his own peculiar and majestic intellect; no heart, no soul, was in anything he said; no strength of feeling in recalling universal truths; no power of originality or compass of moral relations in his novelties—all was a poor faint reflection from jewels once scattered in the highway by himself, in the prodigality of his early opulence—a mendicant dependance on the alms dropped from his own overflowing treasury of happier times. Such a collapse, such a quenching of the eagle's talons, never was seen before. And as I returned from one of the most afflicting of these disappointments, I could not but repeat to myself parts of that divine chorus,—

> "Oh! dark, dark, dark!
> Amid the blaze of noon
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse," &c. &c.

The next opportunity I had of seeing Coleridge was at the lakes, in the winter of 1809, and up to the autumn of the following year. During this period, it was that he carried on the original publication of "*The Friend;*" and for much the greater part of the time I saw him daily. He lived as a visiter in the house occupied by Mr. Wordsworth; this house was in Grasmere; and in another part of the same vale, at a distance of barely one mile, I myself had a cottage and a considerable library. Many of my books being German, Coleridge borrowed them in great numbers. Having a general licence from me to use them as he would, he was in the habit of accumulating them so largely at Allan Bank, (the name of Mr. Wordsworth's house,) that sometimes as many as five hundred were absent at once; which I mention, in order to notice a practice of Coleridge's, indicating his very scrupulous honour, in what regarded the rights of ownership. Literary people are not always so strict in respecting property of this description; and I know more than one celebrated man, who professes as a maxim, that he holds it no duty of honour to restore a borrowed book; not to speak of many less celebrated persons who, without openly professing such a principle, do however, in fact, exhibit a lax morality in such cases. The more honourable it was to poor Coleridge, who had means so trifling of buying books for himself—that, to prevent my flocks from mixing, and being confounded with the flocks already folded at Allan Bank, (his own and Wordsworth's,) or rather that they *might* mix without danger, he duly inscribed my name in the blank leaves of every volume; a fact which became rather painfully made known to me; for, as he had chosen to dub me *Esquire*, many years after this, it cost myself and a female friend some weeks of labour to hunt out these multitudinous memorials, and to erase this heraldic addition—which else had the appearance to a stranger of having been conferred by myself.

The Friend, in its original publication, was, as a pecuniary speculation, the least judicious, both in its objects and its means, I have ever known. It was printed at Penrith, a town in Cumberland, on the outer verge of the lake district, and precisely twenty-eight miles removed from Coleridge's abode. This distance, enough of itself in all conscience, was at least trebled in effect by the interposition of Kirkstone, a mountain which is scaled by a carriage ascent of three miles long, and so steep in parts, that, without four horses, no solitary traveller can persuade the neighbouring innkeepers to carry him. Another road, by way of Keswick, is subject to its own separate difficulties. And thus in any practical sense, for ease, for certainty, and for despatch, Liverpool, ninety-five miles distant, was virtually nearer. Dublin even, or Cork, was more eligible. Yet, in this town, so situated as I have stated, by way of purchasing such intolerable difficulties at the highest price, Coleridge was advised, and actually persuaded to set up a printer, by buying types, &c., instead of resorting to some printer already established in Kendal, a large and opulent town, not more than eighteen miles distant, and connected by a daily post; whereas, between himself and Penrith there was no post at all. Building his mechanical arrangements, upon this utter "upside-down"

inversion of all common sense, it is not surprising (as "madness ruled the hour") that in all other circumstances of plan or execution, the work moved by principles of downright crazy disregard to all that a judicious counsel would have suggested. The subjects were generally chosen, obstinately in defiance of the popular taste; they were treated in a style which avowed contempt for the popular models; and the plans adopted for obtaining payment were of a nature to ensure a speedy bankruptcy to the concern. Coleridge had a list, nobody could ever say upon whose authority gathered together, of subscribers. He tells us himself that many of these renounced the work from an early period; and some (as Lord Corke) rebuked him for his presumption in sending it unordered, but (as Coleridge asserts) neither returned the copies, nor remitted the price. And even those who were conscientious enough to do this, could not remit four or five shillings for as many numbers without putting Coleridge to an expense of treble postage at the least. This he complains of bitterly in his *Biographia Literaria*, forgetting evidently that the evil was due exclusively to his own defective arrangements. People necessarily sent their subscriptions through such channels as were open to them, or such as were pointed out by Coleridge himself. It is also utterly unworthy of Coleridge to have taxed, as he does, many (or all, for any thing that appears,) of his subscribers with neglecting to pay at all. Probably nobody neglected. And, on the other hand, some, perhaps, did, as a most conscientious and venerable female relation of my own, who had subscribed merely to oblige me, and out of a general respect for Coleridge's powers, though finding nothing to suit her own taste: she, I happen to know, paid three times over, sending the money through three different channels according to the shifting directions which reached her. Managed as the reader will collect from these indications, the work was going down hill from the first. It never gained any accessions of new subscribers: from what source, then, was the continual dropping off of names to be supplied? The printer became a bankrupt: Coleridge was as much in arrear with his articles, as with his lectures at the Royal Institution. That he was from the very first; but now he was disgusted and desponding; and with No. 28 the work came to a final stop. Some years after, it was recast, as the phrase was, and republished. But, in fact, this recast was pretty nearly a new work. The sole contributor to the original work had been Wordsworth, who gave a very valuable paper on the principles concerned in the composition of Epitaphs; and Professor Wilson, who, in conjunction with Mr. Blair, an early friend, then visiting at his place on Windermere, wrote the letter signed *Mathetes*, the reply to which came from Mr. Wordsworth.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN OF BUSINESS.

We adore the sex! It is to be hoped that the readers of our gallant miscellany have been made fully conscious that we neglect no occasion of ministering to the triumphs of the petticoat! Harriet Martineau, the sublime,—Mrs. Norton, the beautiful,—Mesdames Hemans, Hall, Gore, Austin, Fry, Somerville, Marcet,—have received in turn sufficient honours at our hands, sufficient homage at our knees! but, for the lives of us, we cannot help abhorring what is called a capital Woman of Business! We allude not to the mere Widow Blackacre, who haunts Westminster Hall, with twelve suits and a bill in chancery on her hands; still less to the squire in petticoats, who gets in her jointure and her harvest together, trotting round her farms every morning on a broken-winded grey pony. We can even forgive the manufacturer's wife, of whom the foreman of the factory sneeringly asserts, that "Missus knows twice as much about the mill as Master;" or the comely Mrs. Brown, who stretches you your ell of broadcloth till the woollen cracks again, while measuring off a suit during "poor dear B.'s absence at the assessment meeting;"—for *these* are labouring in their vocation; these are fulfilling the purposes of their existence. It is the woman who goes out of her way to buy and sell, and plot and counterplot, whom we utterly abominate.

It was *this* feeling which disposed us against the Trollope! The upstart affectation of her fine-ladyism was fulsome enough; but when we found that, being an English barrister's wife, she had made her way to America to set up a Bazaar, to elbow her way, and push, and strive, and haggle, and bargain, and speculate,—a sort of Grant Thorburn in petticoats,—we felt at once, that we had caught a Tartar! As little, however, are we disposed in favour of Tory Duchesses who set up market-farms, supply the kitchen of their husband's castles at prime cost, keep their own books, kill their own beef, exhibit prize-oxen, and receive medals for agricultural experiments from the Society of Arts. To all such women we are inclined to say, as King Harry to the Abbess of Wilton,—"Go spin, you jade,—go spin!"

Yet even these, unsatisfactory as they are, are by no means the worst order of Women of Business. There are the money-spinners,—the women who were excluded the other day, in Paris, from the galleries of the *Bourse*, their vociferous rapacity having been found a serious obstacle to the progress of public business; and there are the political *intrigantes*,—the party-women, who fancy themselves as expert in hashing up the destinies of nations as Mrs. Glasse in jugging a hare—as qualified to whip up an administration, as Mrs. Rundell or Meg Dods to froth a syllabub;—women who squabble in the

Ventilator, look unutterable things in the gallery of the Lords,—or utter them when, "with Champagne and a chicken, at last," they meet the Duke of their idolatry, and give tongue to the vehemence of their political spleen:—*Intrigantes*, from the Queen to the chambermaid, we utterly despise!

Women, are in fact, capable of almost any act of heroism, any act of virtue, any degree of forbearance, any sacrifice, any exertion. But they are not capable of that self-abstraction,—that concentration of the powers of the mind,—that calm deliberate sobriety of contemplativeness, indispensable to statesmanship. With *them* the passions and the faculties are inextricably mingled in mutual reaction. Their moral, no less than their physical organization, interdicts their interference in the mighty strife of political warfare.

Yet the more absolute the commandment, the more eager their hankerings after the forbidden thing. Like a child watching for an occasion to pilfer the sugared confections, which, once swallowed, produce nausea and disease, they lose no opportunity of seizing an undue share of the sweets of power. Some devote themselves to political intrigue, in the first instance, as they do to the pleasures of the turf, for the mere excitement of the race,—some for the sordid advantages realized by success,—all ultimately resign themselves to the power of habit; but none,—not one whom we ever heard of,—has laboured in the cause of a party in pure zeal for the welfare of her fellow creatures. From the time when Louisa of Savoy, and Margaret of Angouleme, scribbled over together the preliminaries of a degrading peace, to those when Princess L. and the Countess of G. joined forces to defeat the Reform Bill, there never was a female politician but looked to the loaves and fishes, while she seemed to exert herself for the propagation of her favourite gospel.

And then, under what seductive forms do they veil the pounce and parchment propensities of their nature! Like Sathanas, when he tempted Tam O'Shanter in a *cutty sark*, and St. Anthony in a still more circumscript garment,—they smile, and smile, till the most iron-breasted *diplomât* under the canopy of Heaven might be deluded into removing the padlock from his thoughts! They penetrate the mysteries of a cabinet council, while seemingly engrossed in sugaring their pine-apple at dessert; or wrest the watchword of a party-plot out of the inmost soul of its chief, while pausing heedless and breathless between the fyttes of a waltz.

Who would believe, for instance, that the most artful woman of business, the most stirring diplomatist of modern times, effected the greater parts of her manœuvres within the walls of that exquisite Panfrivolium—the ball-room at Willis's!—Almacks was her throne; and Kings came, and bowed to it. Kings?—Emperors!—the Autocrat, himself, when folded in the larva of his incipient absolutism, a mere crysalline Grand Duke Nicholas, would have produced no effect in the necromantic circles of London fashion, had he not made his appearance there under the patronage of the exclusive ambassadress,—the *Doyenne de la Diplomatie!* From the moment of her arrival in London, indeed, with her red nose and suit of sables, George IV. foresaw, and proclaimed, that a mistress-spirit was come amongst us,—he did *not*, however, prognosticate that she would live to boast of having set up permanent landmarks to the limits of society in his capital, or of having given a Prime Minister to his Cabinet! Constituting for a time the fulcrum of our political movements—putting down factions by a tap of her fan, and setting up Toryism, as Nebuchadnezzar the Gramniverous did his golden image, to the tune of sackbut, lute, harp, psaltery, and all kinds of music,—she was the Talleyrand of the hour, as well as the Cynthia of the minute. But Madame L. is gone, with her bracelets on her arm,—her thirty pieces of silver in her écarté-purse,—and joy go with her!

The Princess has left, however, an abundant *caste* behind her;—the brilliant success of one intriguing ambassadress having peopled this whole isle with Lievens! More than one ungentle dame, whose abilities are barely enough to qualify her for the instruction of a dame school, has set up a sort of *Bureau d'Intrigue* within the boundaries of the great world, where "Artemesia talks by fits" of the prospects of Holland, and the faction prevalent at Cairo,—tells over the standing army of the Pacha of Egypt,—receives weekly letters from a junior *attaché* at the court of King Otho,—knows better than George Villiers or Caradoc the skiey influences which govern the humour of Christina,—has a secret list of the carbonari of Piedmont,—a tariff of the consciences of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and a cipher of communication with Pozzo di Borgo and Metternich. The Carlton Club could tell of manœuvres, and Lord Durham of *manigances*, which convince us that certain illustrious persons would rather be considered women of business than women of fashion.

But have they deliberately considered the case? Have they duly reflected on the rebukes of St. Paul, and the rebuffs of wordlier men? Do they remember how determinedly the great ones of their own time—Napoleon, Byron, Talleyrand—have declared their preference of the guilelessness of the dove, to the wisdom of the serpent? Do they know that the thorough-going woman of business has a sharp and shrewish look, a restless gait, a peevish voice; that her eyes are hollow, her lips compressed; that her nose is ardent as her task is arduous? If not, let them believe and tremble.

WEST COUNTRY EXCLUSIVES.

With Prince Muskwa Puckler, and other travellers of like note, we hold it a mistake to imagine that *Exclusivism*,—or the principle of keeping others without a certain pale, and boasting of being within ourselves, while we scramble for it,—is to be found only in what is termed Fashionable Life, and among persons of high station. The *Exclusives*, properly so called,—those who enjoy the privilege of dancing in Willis's Rooms, and dining and gaming at Crockford's, or the more select clubs,—form, after all, but the inner circle of a concentric series, which, somewhat like chain-mail, link within or approaching link, covers the entire surface of British society, save the few dark depths unpenetrated by the feeblest ray of the sun of Fashion. The proper order of Metropolitan Exclusives we accordingly hold to be merely the sun of a system continually revolving with and around that central sphere. "Human nature is every where the same," say the sages. It is but a difference in mode which exists between the Countess of G——, snatching a crow-quill from a golden standish, and, by concurrence of the patroness, remorselessly dashing off the sentence of exclusion which dooms to disappointment and despair the Honourable Mrs. H—— and her fair *debutante* of the season, and Maggy Mucklebacket, who, having attained the respectability of dealing in haddocks and flounders, in the amplitude of her yellow petticoats looks disdain on draggle-tailed Nanse Prawns, who, she contemptuously observes, in passing, "will never get aboon the mussel line." *Property* is, as in the latter case, one element of Exclusivism, though it is often the least essential one.

The aristocratic Exclusives certainly possess some advantages over the less prominent species of the Order. They have a better marked line of demarcation, and a narrower frontier to defend, guarded, too, by many artificial bulwarks, unknown in the open champaign or great levels of society. In provincial situations, and even in such towns as Bath, York, and Edinburgh, the defences are, from natural and obvious causes, far less impregnable than in London. Again, in these localities where there is a class of gentry and another of professional people, the danger of the caste immediately below breaking through the out-works, and either sapping and mining or forcing their way forward, is not nearly so great as in such places as Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow, where the professional section is closely dependent upon the commercial division; and where there are few or no gentry. But this is again counterbalanced by the great traffickers and manufacturers of the trading towns, *keeping out* the smaller fry of dealers and tradesmen.

The Central Exclusives,—those whose headquarters is in the metropolis, possess another immense advantage over all provincialists, from acting in combination and as one compact alert body, whose decision is law, and whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians. The Central Exclusives—those of Almacks and the Clubs—form, in fact, the best organized Union in the three kingdoms.

But if it be a mistake to believe that Exclusivism is confined to a small section among the higher ranks, it is equally so to imagine that the *Exclusives* are a new sect, though, we confess, they have of late become more active and prominent, from having been compelled to stand to their guns by the incessant inroads of the *millionaires*, and other poachers and unqualified persons. We have no doubt that the body may be traced to the Conquest, when the Norman *Exclusives* banished the Saxon pretenders. We see them distinctly acting in concert ever after the Restoration; and in the reign of George II., we find from the letters of Horace Walpole, (a choice member of the society,) and other great authorities, that they were formally incorporated. Then was laid the foundations of Almack's Society, and then we first perceive the origin of high play in the private apartments of the fair leaders of the *Exclusives*.

Of the Exclusives of the higher caste, we have heard quite enough for some years, in their oracles, the fashionable novels. The minor *Exclusives*,—those of the infinite gradations of the middle rank, who occupy the smaller towns, and the genteel villages, are a more fertile and amusing, as well as a more novel subject of study.

Into the high central class there is clearly no forcing way, though the entrance may sometimes be yielded to immense wealth, and to brilliant talent, if found in foreign artists capable of adroit flattery; but in such small places as Bath, military and professional Exclusives, and those of the inferior gentry, will often be seen to approach and amalgamate; though even there the "monied interest" is not permitted to intrude too far, at least not *en masse*, upon the military and aristocratic order. Exceptions which may be noted every day, rather confirm than disprove the general rule. Temporary vogue will carry a man forward, and in some localities a blue or red ribbon, and in others an alderman's chain, will at once invest the fortunate wearer with the Brahminical string, and entitle him to the privileges of the highest caste in his immediate neighbourhood.

Many minor considerations affect the principle of Exclusivism. Space is an important element. A man who has made his fortune by sugar and rum in Jamaica has many fewer obstacles to contend with than an equally rich distiller or sugar-refiner at home. The reason is obvious. Numbers in this, as in every other condition of human affairs, modify the principle of *Exclusivism*. It can act with force and entire independence only where people are congregated in considerable masses. Hence the London barristers, as a

body, *exclude* the inferior order of attorneys; while in Dublin and Edinburgh, the counsellors and solicitors, the advocates and W.S.s, take their toddy together on pretty familiar and equal terms, agreeing only to keep out, to *exclude*, the tradesmen and shopkeepers. Professional Exclusivism admits of some few exceptions in favour of commerce. A man who deals in bank notes and bills—who keeps a money shop, in short—however considered by the higher aristocracy, is always held as an equal by the gentlemen of the learned professions, though the military order may frequently question his claims. There are two remarkable exceptions allowed among traffickers. Those who deal in wines and in books, if not quite equal in rank, come next in order to the professional Exclusives of the learned faculties, and are freely admitted into their society, particularly if they game and give dinners. Gentlemen farmers formed another exception during the era of war-prices and yeomanry cavalry; while bakers, butchers, shoemakers, haberdashers, &c., &c., &c., cannot rise even by the aid of great wealth and Esquireship, or absolute retirement from business. They may purchase estates, and become squires, and marry women "of condition;" but the way in which their money was acquired must exclude at least that generation. Their gold smells of the shop.

The whist-table and reading-room Exclusives of such small places as Lichfield or Huntingdon, Dumfries or Inverness, are often compelled to give way, on account of their limited numbers, though no Exclusives whatever are more zealous and clamorous in defending the barriers, than those of small towns blessed with a "genteel society." In such localities, the fantastic tricks of this Proteus principle, become most amusing,—the admission of the curate, and the exclusion of the schoolmaster; the welcome to the poor surgeon, and the denial to the rich apothecary; the all-hail to the gay half-pay officer, and the rebuff to the smart haberdasher,—beget exquisite scenes; especially when the interest is complicated by the apothecary having married the niece of the rector, and the haberdasher being betrothed to the sister of the surgeon.

In brief, we hold that this country is as thickly studded with Exclusive circles, as is the sky with stars in a frosty night; and that the only difference between them—magnitude and lustre—is frequently delusive.

It would be an endless task to examine how the circumfluent, and converging bodies of Exclusives affect each other. Their broad distinctions we have pointed out. But thousands of minute ramifications are to be traced. Thus the pretensions to Exclusivism are locally affected by the town, street, dwelling, and the floor thereof, occupied by an aspirant. The pew in church, in which a fair Exclusive in a small town may sit, becomes relatively as important as the box of an Exclusive duchess in the Opera-House. Good birth, added to the wealth of Crœsus, would not, at this day, sustain for one season the pretensions of a fashionable family who lived in the Canongate or Cowgate, though here resided the court, the nobility, and gentry of Scotland—and though the mansions are the same, and the breath of Heaven smells as wooingly as ever. The Exclusives of Russell Square are, in their rule, quite as rigid against the denizens of Thames Street, as are the more brilliant society of Grosvenor Square.*

Exclusiveness, though not a more firmly established principle among women than men, is certainly more active in its demonstrations among the sex. The *status* of the wife is, as in all other cases, fixed by the rank of the husband; but there are many peculiarities influenced by the present condition of women in Britain. Thus, the daughter of the poor professional man or military officer, starving in gentility, looks with scorn, not only upon the child of the wealthy tradesman, but upon every young woman of her own rank, who, in similar circumstances with herself, ventures to turn her acquirements to any useful purpose. The son of a poor gentleman may, without degradation, become a tutor, or physcian, or clergyman; but if his daughter should condescend to become a governess or music teacher, she inevitably forfeits caste. She may, with impunity, sink into a dependent or a toad-eater, or exhibit her beauty and talents upon the public stage; but, as a teacher of her own sex, she may be respec-

* No one can have lived long in this world, without seeing many amusing, and even ludicrous instances of the working of this mischievous spirit. To pass minor ones, we have seen a whole splendid quarter in a city consigned for a time to desertion, and ultimately to degradation, because a rich dealer in gin had bought a palace there. The gin was an objectionable article certainly, but there would, we fear, have been no exception even for mild, innocent milk, or useful shoes. Some years back, one of those many abortive attempts at establishing sociality on equal terms in a proud, provincial city, had an amusing result. Card, and dancing assemblies were projected, upon the *footing* of the society of Almacks!—the admissions to be granted, in the same manner, by a tribunal of patronesses. The wife of an attorney or W.S. of "no family," had, of course, no pretensions, in her own person, to act as one of the Lady patronesses; but it was alleged, that through her influence with her daughter, whose claim from marriage with a small highland laird conferred a qualification for office, she interfered with all claims, and settled them as she pleased, one dissentient lady being sufficient to exclude any claimant from so very select and fashionable a society. Among the black-balled were the wife, and, consequently, the daughters of a medical practitioner, who was, at the same time, a man of good family, and a Professor in the University of the town. The misfortune of the excluded family was, that their head practised that branch of his profession cultivated by Dr. Slop; and no Howdie's wife, as his lady was politely designated, could be admitted into the Northern Almacks! —that was poz. The case naturally created a great sensation, particularly in the female and fashionable world. Each lady had her partisans; and the rejected candidate was so far successful as, to carry her cause to the appellate jurisdiction of Almacks Proper—which ought to be the place of final resort. The memorials were, no doubt, properly weighed and considered by that august tribunal, though the decision was got rid of by a blistering side-wind—a sheer south-easter;—the decree being, that all the parties concerned—the wives and daughters of Writers to the Signet, Scotch Professors, and small Highland lairds—would be held equally alike inadmissable to Almacks! The decision, we believe, gave general satisfaction.

ted, but yet she is degraded. To earn her bread by other modes of female industry is yet worse. It is a cause of reproach to Southey and Coleridge, which one generation will not wash away, that their wives were milliners,—young women who, instead of remaining idle, useless, and helpless creatures, burdens upon their relatives and society, actually exercised their organs of constructiveness upon gauze and ribbons, to maintain their personal independence and dignity. The biographers of Mrs. Siddons think it necessary to vindicate her memory from the alarming charge of having been, for a short time, a servant in a quiet gentleman's family,—the disgrace of smoothing linen or scrubbing tables being, to a lovely young female, so much greater, it would appear, than the danger and degradation of the exposed condition of a strolling player,—it being, no doubt, so much more difficult to preserve the innate delicacy and propriety of the female character in the kitchen than upon the village stage, where her airs and graces, her doublet and hose, and bare bosom, may be exposed with impunity to every bumpkin who can muster a shilling.

These caprices and anomalies of the principle of *Exclusivism* have led us far away from the article which suggested the above observations —a sketch, before us, namely, of Exclusivism as it exists among the minor orders of the middle class, and as it is modified by their peculiar social condition. Many of our readers will be better able to judge of the truth of the portraiture than ourselves, though we consider it faithful resemblance, even where the likeness is but faintly expressed.

About the year of trade, 1806, Mr. Mark Luke was considered one of the most thriving grocers in all Glasgow. He had been many years in business, and was all but set down by the ladies of his neighbourhood as a confirmed bachelor, when the rumour was suddenly revived, that he only waited the expiration of a six months of mourning, to obtain the hand of Miss Barbara Peaston, who had rejected him some ten years before, as neither genteel, nor yet *improvable* in manners or calling. The mourning was in honour of an aunt by whom the young lady had been brought up, and whose heiress she was declared. Her fortune of £700 would have been "a good something" to Mr. Mark Luke in former years; now his might almost be called a love-match, though the lady, besides her actual *tocher*, had considerable expectations from a brother, who, like many of his compatriots, had gone to the West Indies to make a fortune, and that done, to die as fast as possible, and leave it to his weeping relatives. True he was young, and might marry, which his sister was indeed continually hoping he would, though she never seriously doubted the other conclusion of his history; a course so common, that in looking around upon her female acquaintance with legacies, it seemed only the ordinary and proper course of nature. Thus she possessed both fortune and expectations; and the Trongate had at last the satisfaction of witnessing the consummation of the felicity of Miss Barbara Peaston and Mr. Mark Luke.

So early as nine o'clock, one fine June morning, Miss Penny Parlane, a particular friend of the bride's, arrived at the apartments of Miss Betty Bogle, another intimate friend, to watch, from the window, the chaise roll off towards the Falls of Clyde, with the thrice-blest pair, on their wedding jaunt.

"Wedding-jaunt, indeed! as wise-like Mark had staid at home and looked after the shop," said the former lady. "He'll need all his orra pennies to maintain the state of Miss Baby, or I'm far mistaken."

"Ye are not far wrang there, Mem; but as Mrs. Duncan Smith had a marriage-jaunt, how could Baby Peaston put ower with less? But the chaise is long of making its appearance. It's a Tontine chaise—black and green. It went first up the street for the minister, and its a strucken hour since then, by my watch. What if there should have been another blow-up!"

"So ye heard of the stramash about Mark wanting to have the power of her tocher?—the swine had near run through it. It was like to be dead split upon settlements—he! he! he! However, Baby had wit in her anger. Seeing better could not be, she came o' will, and took simple Mark in her own hand; and I doubt not she'll make her jointure out just as well that way as by contract."

"Ay, a bride come to the years of discretion may be expected to act discreetly,—but surely something has hindered the ceremony."

"I can't think Baby is so much older than Mark, as they say," rejoined Miss Bogle; (Baby was only ten years younger;) "though when I was not the height of that stool, I remember her a great flirt at Mr. Skreecham's singing school, in the Abbey Kirk, with my oldest sister, and as big and woman-like as she is this day."

"And that will be above thirty years ago," returned the other in a dry marked tone, dropping her eyes. "I warrant Baby a Dumbarton youth, any way, and that is well known to be six-and-thirty good,—however, that's Mark's business, not ours,—and, no doubt, she will have the more sense to manage him and his family:—but I cannot get over my surprise that so old a friend as you, Miss Bogle, were not invited to witness the ceremony. Ye have heard, no doubt, that the great Mrs. Duncan Smith—though there was some kind of curtshying acquaintance—refused to let her eldest lassie be best maiden at the bridal:—Mean and pitiful as it was of Baby Peaston to ask that small favour at her hand, it was as insolent of Madam Smith to refuse what never is refused. What does that woman think herself, I wonder, that nothing in Glasgow is good enough for her? I had it from a sure hand that her remark was, 'If I let my daughter be bride's-maid to a grocer's wife, I suppose I must next visit and be visited by the grocer. I will do no such thing; that sort of people must

be kept off from the first,—give them an inch, they'll take an ell.'—But surely that's the chaise now!"

Both ladies once more started to their feet. It was undeniably the Tontine chaise, which whirled past as if conscious of the high destinies it contained.

"Mr. Luke! Mr. Luke!" cried the bride; "do not, I beseech you, look the way of Miss Bogle's, there's Penny Parlane's grey eyne, I'm sure, glowering ower the blind to spy ferlies."

And she jerked forward her head that the unseen ladies might have a satisfactory view of her white satin hat and its snowy "swaling" plumes; and then passed rapidly away to that memorable examination of the Hamilton House Picture Gallery, which enabled Mrs. Mark Luke to descant on the Fine Arts for fifteen years afterwards, and her husband to wonder at her astonishing memory.

"A white satin hat and ostrich feathers!" exclaimed Miss Parlane,—throwing herself back on her chair,—"useful, sensible head-dress, for Mark Luke's wife!—will she go behind the counter wi' them? or have the face to put her foot within the Kirk of St. John's decked out in that style, not eight months' after her aunty's burial?"

The ladies now proceeded *seriatim* to the discussion of the extravagant *trousseau*, or, as they called it, the *Wedding Sou** of Mrs. Mark Luke. Some half dozen laced night-caps, in particular, made by a pattern furtively obtained from the laundress of Mrs. Duncan Smith, were enough of themselves to bring down a visible judgment upon the Trongate, and ruin upon the shop and trade of Mr. Mark Luke.

The fair friends were among the very first to pay their compliments to the bride upon her return from Cora Lynn, and afterwards to drink tea with her. Their joint report was, that he was a wonderful kind brother that Bob Peaston in Demerara. Many a ring and silk gown he sent his sister of which the very moral had been seen in Mr. Trinkum's window in Argyle Street, the day before. However, they daresaid, Mark could stand it; he had a capital business, and he would need it. "Baby had aye boded a silk gown, and she was likely to get a sleeve."

And here our history, limited in space, may leave Mrs. Mark Luke for the next ten years, during which, she continued to live and to dress as like the Smiths as possible,—that is to say, as expensively and finely as "circumstances," and Mark's "peculiar temper," and her own good sense permitted for; she was only relatively, not positively, either a fool or extravagant. In the meanwhile, Mr. Mark Luke had so extended his trade and prospered in all his shares, and stocks, and speculations, that he was considered a very wealthy man, not only for one in his way, but in any way. One of his wife's miseries was, that she never could ascertain the amount of his fortune.

* One of the many terms the Scotch derive from the French.

Philosophers have said that human beings change completely in seven years; but in eight, though Mrs. Mark Luke was considerably a different woman, she was not become wholly new. In nine cases out of ten, wives are always *genteeler* than their husbands. Where the reverse holds, we have generally remarked, that that is an uncomfortable household. Mr. Luke's family followed the general rule. His lady always more ambitious, more refined, more everything, was at the end of ten years, become prodigiously more genteel, though neither quite so good-looking, nor half so good-humoured. The gradual process of refinement had been carried on chiefly at the small watering-places which she frequented. The history of these summer lodgings, and the society into which they threw Mrs. Mark Luke, had we time to pursue it, would show the several stages of the progress and polishing of manners among Exclusives in the West. There was, first, the bed-room at Gourock, where the neighbourhood was vulgar; next the parlour, with the bed thrust out of sight into a dark closet, at Roseneath—decidedly the more genteel; next the airy lodging, of two or three apartments at Rothesay; and lastly—but we have not yet got to Largs.

The most remarkable incidents of these years, were the birth of Marjory Robina; a scandalous story about the purloining of a London-made baby's frock, by an English servant of Mrs. Duncan Smith's, the dismissal of the girl, and her reception in the family of Mrs. Luke; and the death of her brother in St. Kitts, of a second attack of the yellow fever, without a will, prodigiously rich, no doubt of it, and his sister his only heir. His affairs were, however, "in great confusion;" and Mr. Mark Luke thought within himself that Mrs. Mark Luke assumed fully more consequence from the St. Kitts fortune, than was needful, until the assets were forthcoming; but she was not the less Mrs. Mark Luke, and the mother of Mysie, who was become, at five years old, the very apple of Mark's eye. Her white cheeks powerfully enforced her mother's annual pleading for the air of Largs, instead of that of Glasgow, or even of Gourock, or Dunoon, or any other spot she had ever visited before, in quest of health.

The Smiths had already been two years at Largs, with several other genteel Glasgow families; and the old haunts were evidently falling into comparative neglect and disrepute. Mr. Luke, as we have intimated, dearly loved little Mysie; and the child being, as we have said, only five years old, and not having yet discovered how essentially vulgar her father and his calling were, loved him in return, without abatement of affection, either on account of groceries, china, or crockery,—a profitable new branch he had commenced, in spite of the angry pleading of his lady, for whom it had obtained the cognomen of the Pigwife among the Smiths, and all the lodgers and bathers in rank "above her." Mark, moreover, loved a quiet life—quiet, but busy—grudging even the few hours which his hebdo-

madal visit to the coast, kept him out of the shop on a Monday morning after the regular hour of opening. This state of things brings us to the spring and hot summer of 1816;—saw Mark a Bank Director in Ordinary, and Mrs. Mark Luke and her daughter, and confidential maid-servant —she who stole the frock—set down in a lodging at Largs, and in hourly view of the "beautiful, lately finished Marine Villa of Halcyon Bank." So it was described in the advertisements, with its "splendid sea-views, and well-stocked garden; fruit-trees and bushes in full-bearing; three stall-stable, and gig-house; fitted up with hot and cold baths—catacomb wine cellar, and a conservatory finished to the glazing." How often on rainy days did Mrs. Mark Luke sigh, and look,—peruse that advertisement, and sigh again!

The proprietor and late occupier of Halcyon Bank, was a West Indian planter, who had gone to Demerara at eighteen, as a book-keeper, without a groat, and returned, at forty-five, half *ruined* by the fall of colonial produce, to build Halcyon Bank. In his first fever of constructiveness, he had spared no pains to complete and accomplish the marine villa, at all points, as a permanent residence for a man of fortune; but he calculated without his hostess, a mistake as dangerous as reckoning without the host. His best excuse was, that at this time he had no such woman with whom to reckon. Next summer, she was found in the person of a young lady from Edinburgh, then on a visit in Ayrshire; and, in 1816, she had the pleasure of withdrawing him to a more "eligible neighbourhood." Halcyon Bank, though far from perfect as a residence,—for it had but one drawing-room, and that only twenty-four feet by nineteen,—would have been endurable to Mrs. Gengebre, though accustomed all her life to a suite, save for the society, the horrid society! She could not decide which class of the west country people was the worst:—the molasses and rum, or muslin and twist Magnificoes, who looked as if they despised Demarara fortunes of L.25,000, even when administered by the daughter of an Edinburgh advocate—or the Glasgow and Paisley *shopocracy*, and small-fry manufacturers, who, every season, rushed, in all their finery, down upon the sea coast and into the water, as if bit by mad dogs; jostling, elbowing, and galling the kibes of their betters. There was positively no enduring and no keeping them off.

In vain, indeed, had the *Exclusives* retreated, year after year, before the spreading shoals of the Huns, who, unlike the herrings which lead the bottle-nose whales and porpoises round the lochs and bays, are always led by the great fish. From Roseneath the *comme-il-faut* squadron had been beaten back to Helensburgh. Hence they retreated, in good order, to Rothesay; but the enemy advanced by steam. Largs was no sanctuary; Arran itself no refuge at last; and still the spring note following that of the cuckoo, was, "They come!" "Jura would prove no hiding-place,"—so prophesied Mrs. Gengebre; and, if respectable people fled to St. Kilda itself, thither the ambitious and restless *canaille* would bend their sails, she was morally certain.

"But what the worse are we?" said Mr. Gengebre, for the fiftieth time. Mrs. Gengebre had one unfailing argument, and but one, suited to her husband's understanding, in the present reduced state of colonial produce.

"The worse, Mr. Gengebre! Do you not see how these hordes enhance the price of every commodity requisite in a family. Butter is a penny a pound dearer than last year; poultry,—but there is, indeed, no buying it: to retain our plain, quiet style of living and dressing in this neighbourhood, is out of the question. In short, Mr. Gengebre, we cannot afford it."

Mr. Gengebre was much struck with the sudden prudence of his wife. "It was not," her female cousin who came from Edinburgh to assist in the removal, said—"it was not to be planted among such a set, that Anne Lennox had sacrificed her youth, beauty, and accomplishments to that yellow-brown elderly gentleman,—to be *planted* among off-sets of sugar canes and cotton stalks, far away from the refined and desirable society to which she had always been accustomed."

The summer of 1816 witnessed, accordingly, one of those connected changes perpetually going on in society. In that season Mr. and Mrs. Bethel set off from the Marine Parade, Brighton, for a tour and residence of some duration in Rhenish Germany; Mr. and Mrs. Winram, in the same week, left their villa at Inveresk, Musselburgh, and arrived in due time in the Marine Parade, Brighton; and the proprietors of Halcyon Bank were so fortunate as to obtain that "capital mansion," which the Winrams had deserted, in the face of ten other applicants. The changes did not stop here. James Howison, foreman to Walkinshaws and Walkinshaw, Glasgow, entered the small house lately inhabited by Mr. Robert Furnishins, tailor; who took possession, at Whitsunday, of "that comfortable, airy, roomy, first-flat, consisting of dining-room, parlour, three bed-rooms, cellar in the area, and right to the common green,—the whole as lately occupied by Mark Luke, *Esquire!*" Though Mrs. Mark Luke thought it was taking a great liberty to *hurl* their name through the papers in connexion with a *flat* in the Trongate, there was consolation in the *Esquire*. Meanwhile, our chain is not complete in all its links; for Mrs. Mark Luke had not yet attained the now tenantless terrestrial Paradise of Halcyon Bank, the ultimate point of her inhabitive ambition,—but she had taken up a position, sat down in front of it, and, in military phrase, masked it. Mr. Mark Luke had been contented, on his frugal wife's suggestion, of saving a half-year's rent, to pack away his furniture in his warehouse; and Mrs. Mark Luke vowed in her secret heart that she should never return to Glasgow to less than a square, or, at all events, a street-door and "a house within itself."

What were the motives and consequences of these connected movements? Mr. and Mrs.

Bethel saw that they *must* retrench ; but carrying London and Brighton habits along with them, they also found that retrenchment was not so easy of accomplishment, even in cheap Rhenish Germany,—and were discontented, as a matter of course. The Winrams had gone to Brighton, to be " more in the way of their friends,"—that is, of those who could help them to appointments for their sons, and establishments for their daughters,—and found themselves as much out of the way of such friends as ever. The mistress of Halcyon Bank was satisfied for a time, as she " had got back to the world." But the tailor was charmed with so capital a situation for business ; and the large small family of the Walkinshaws' foreman were really transported with the additional elbow-room, of one more closet for two more children and a wife's mother. They thoroughly enjoyed their removal and new situation.

For a time our heroine, Mrs. Mark Luke, was tolerably satisfied with looking at the ticket among the hollies of Halcyon Bank, and wondering when that St. Kitt's attorney would make such a remittance as might enable her to lay the subject before Mark with effect. The first Sunday he came down she led him that way, as they took their evening walk *en famille*. The peas they had at dinner were bought from the person who had charge of the house,—" Not a worm in them," Mrs. Mark Luke remarked ; " and the flowers were so fresh. How could that fine lady, Mrs. Gengebre, leave such a paradise !"

" There's a worm in every mortal thing, my doo," moralized Mark ; " Ye see Halcyon Bank and its beauties could not content the craving heart of Mrs. Gengebre, poor woman.

'Man never is, but always to be blest,'—Baby."

" Huts, tuts, that's true in a sense, Mr. Luke, and very proper Sabbath discourse it is ; but she who was not content with this gem for a summer-place must be an unreasonable woman."

June, July, and August passed, and still the ticket shone among the green hollies,—and still the Luke family, by tacit consent, directed their steps thitherward. Mr. Mark Luke would now affectionately lift up little Mysie to have a peep through the sweet-brier and privet hedges flourishing within the railings, while the exclamatory admiration of this the

Sole daughter of his house and heart,

enhanced every charm to her admiring parent.

" You would be a good girl and learn your *First Book* well, if papa would take you to live in that braw, bonny house, Mysie, dear?" said sly Mrs. Mark Luke, who, years afterwards, wont to remark that, from the first sight of the ticket, it was borne in on her mind that she was to live in Halcyon Bank. It was somehow—she could not tell how—but so it was. The presentiment, in our opinion, denoted, at least, the foregone conclusion of worrying or *concussing* Mr. Mark Luke into the purchase of the marine villa.

The nights of October now looked rousingly in the illuminated Trongate. The apothecary's windows flamed ruby, emerald, and sapphire ; Mr. Furnishin's work-shop, with three windows, looked like one huge gas-lamp, and Mrs. Mark Luke, in the early part of the month, obtained a town dwelling, with that great object of her ambition, a *main-door*—and which the remaining merits, nicely appreciated on the local scale of gentility, might be reckoned about two and a half degrees in better fashion than her abandoned " capital flat." Settled here, she selected some new carpets, and *cut* some old acquaintances ; and issued a household edict, that, from that day, Mysie was to be Miss Luke.

At the house-warming Mark saw none of the old familiar faces, nor were the new what his wife entirely approved,—but they were, at least, as much in advance of the old set, as was her house. Great ladies have an uncommon advantage over such votaries of fashion as Mrs. Mark Luke. All their *nobodies* were to her *somebodies*, in spite of herself ; and very troublesome *somebodies*, too. Kindred by blood and marriage it was impossible, with Scottish prejudices and customs, to get easily rid off ; and though she readily perceived, that not to be *excluded*, she must first become rigidly *exlusive* herself, that was not all at once so easily accomplished. Mrs. Mark Luke was, indeed, become a woman of many sorrows. There was no stopping the tongue of Penny Parlane and Betty Bogle, even when she admitted them to her tea-parties—and it was worse when they were excluded ; nor yet of deprecating the contempt of the Smiths. It was hard for her to tell her confidential maid " whether her own relations or Mark's were the most troublesome and intrusive upon her ; now that she, the mother of an only girl, of considerable expectations, found it necessary, in duty to her child, to move in a different sphere. It was so very impertinent and provoking in the Sprot girls, Mark's Saltcoat nieces, to come up to Glasgow, when, though obliged to ask them, they might have known she did not want them ; and then to be *aunty-auntying* at her at the Bairns' Ball, even while Mrs. Dr. Wilson was politely talking to her, and while Master James was waltzing with Miss Luke."

But the winter campaign was as yet scarce opened. It at first promised fair, though the demon of small ambitions,—he whose name, verily, is Legion, was about to play his scurvy tricks, as usual, to Mrs. Mark Luke. In the first years of her married life, the Rev. Dr. —— was at the height of his vogue as a preacher, and it was about as difficult to obtain a *good* pew in his church in Glasgow, as a *good* box at the Italian Opera House, in London, in a very full season ; and equally the subject of anxiety and ambition to *Exclusives*. Mrs. Mark Luke had sat for some years under a gallery where her well furbelowed pelisses, and, undeniably, Edinburgh bonnets, were seen to little advantage. From this eclipse she had, in three years, wriggled forward only two benches. She could not *hear*, she told Mr. Luke, where she sat,—she should have said she could not see, or be seen. The Luke name had been on the vacant seat list for all that time ; and it was exceedingly provoking not to get a proper

seat. It was so pleasant, too, to have a place for a stranger.

"You are lady of your wish at last, goodwife," said Mark, as he came into dinner one day, in a peculiarly bright humour.

"Ye have bought it!" exclaimed Mrs. Mark Luke, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. Mark understood this well.

"You have the seats, goodwife."

"In the Smith's pew?" Mr. Mark Luke nodded affirmatively. "The whole pew, Mr. Luke?" Now Mrs. Mark Luke did not wish for the whole—she wanted genteel companionship.

"Only two seats, near the pulpit, for my mother and you to hear. I can shift about or take the elders' seat when at the plate.

The arrangement did not exactly please. Mark himself, even with all her pains, was far from being so polished in manners as Mrs. Mark Luke would have wished; but his ill-dressed vulgar old mother, in her brown bombazeens, who spoke so broad Glasgow?——for the Smiths' sake she would not submit to putting such a pew-mate upon them; but it would not do to be rash on this point. Mark had his pride too.

The places in this most enviable pew had been those of a widow lady and her daughter, who had neglected to secure them in time; and "first come first served," was the free-trade maxim of Mark.

"Mrs. John Smith and Miss Bella should have taken their seats before they gaed to the Troon," said he.

"Went to Ardrossan, Mr. Luke, my dear. You know how anxious I am that Miss Luke acquire, from the first, a correct pronunciation, and that no improper word reach her ear,—for what do I give such wages to the English girl we obtained from Mrs. Smith's family?"

"Ardrossan be it, goodwife; and bid the English lass with the *burr*, bring ben the hotch-potch, for I'm in a hurry to-day."

"Hodge-podge, Mr. Luke!"

"Hocus-pocus if ye like, Mrs. Luke, only let us have dinner;—I'm in haste and pressed with a power of orders from Cumnock and Kilmarnock, and the shop standing to the door full of carriers."

So pleasant to the ears of Mrs. Mark Luke was it to hear of a *power* of orders, that *polished* as she always was, and *purist* as she was lately become, she constrained herself to overlook any vulgarity of language and pronunciation at this time, and to hasten dinner. She was also absorbed by the new seats. In the course of the summer she had frequently seen at Largs, her haughty and unconscious future pew-fellows, the Exclusive Smiths. "Mighty gentry to be sure they were, though Miss Penny Parlane's father remembered old Smith, a broken farmer in the parish of Delap, and it was still known to thousands in Glasgow, that Smith himself had been a clerk to the Watertwists for many a year, at £60; ay, and had *helped himself* well too." But all this previous knowledge did not now make Mrs. Mark Luke one whit less anxious about her first appearance in their pew. She resolved to be, and to look as unconscious as possible—to be neither too proud nor too humble in her bearing; and to shape her course by circumstances. She, moreover, reserved her new pelisse and bonnet, with those of Mysie, for the first Sunday on which the Smiths could be expected.

It must be understood that the Smiths were a family of the first distinction. Their mother was an east-country lady,—*i. e.* the daughter of an Edinburgh writer,—and their connexions were all either *East Country* people, or *West India* people. The son was training for the Scotch bar:—Was it in the Fates that the skirt of his black gown might yet be extended over the naked family-tree of Mark, and cover the defects of Miss Mysie Luke's birth? The daughters had been educated by their particular friend, the Madame Campan of the West, whose seminary for young ladies flourished somewhere about the Camlachie Road.

It is to us quite wonderful, how, by hook or by crook, Mrs. Mark Luke contrived to make herself so thoroughly acquainted with the proceedings, and whole internal economy of the Smith family, for as well as they kept her, as Miss Parlane said, at the staff's end. She knew that on the Saturday preceding the Sunday, on which she was to put on her new bonnet, they had a dinner party, and turtle! and that instead of sherry wine, as in other genteel families, Glasgow punch, or *punch* only, was used at table, as something infinitely more fashionable and *recherché*, and which, of course, she would have at her next dinner; but poor Mrs. Mark Luke, clever as she was, did not know that, *minus* the turtle, the punch was thoroughly vulgar. She had much to learn; and, indeed, in fashionable life, it is *live and learn*, so rapid are the shadowy transitions. Never, however, was there a more apt and willing scholar. Among the guests of the Smiths on that day, were, as Mrs. Mark Luke understood, a young advocate from Edinburgh, who, though he had not much to do at the assizes, might probably have still less to call him home; and a Liverpool merchant of the breed of the Medici, an Exquisite of the counting-house, equally a judge of dry goods and the Fine Arts. Both were desirable men enough in their respective places, though Miss Smith inclined to the cultivated merchant, and Miss Maria admired the literary barrister. Both were most flattered and most happy to be permitted to attend the ladies to church next morning; and on Saturday night at twelve precisely Maria closed her piano, while Miss Smith pledged her honour the gentlemen would receive one of the richest intellectual treats they had ever enjoyed, in hearing the Doctor. Seats were scarcely to be obtained; but there was always room, in papa's pew, for friends, who knew how to appreciate eloquence: "You know, Maria, aunt John and Bella can shift about among the Lukes for a day."

"O that Mrs. Mark Luke will be the death of me!" exclaimed Maria, laughing. "I met her this morning—coming from her marketing, I daresay, poor thing; and such a set-out!—a black

velvet mantle, for all the world like a saulie's cloak."

"These are the ugly things the fashionable women wear in London this season," said the travelled merchant, in his ignorance and wish to please. The young ladies exchanged looks—Maria coloured: was it possible that Mrs. Mark Luke had taken a leap beyond them, stolen a march, and forestalled them in fashionable costume?—So stood the melancholy fact. Money, talent, and activity, will do anything.

The Smiths were too genteel a family to be tied down by kirk-going bells. Independently of the little fuss and bustle which attended all their movements, it was impossible to get that rascal Bob up, or Maria dressed in time; but they generally took their places very soon after the service had commenced. The Lukes, from Mark's love of punctuality, were still an unfashionably early family. On this eventful morning, Miss Smith was conducted up the passage of the kirk by the Liverpool exquisite, and Miss Maria by the young barrister, while Mr. Smith followed his portly lady: Bob, the rascal, was probably still brushing his moustaches at home. Miss Smith, at the pew-door, first paused, to give place to her mother,—for at the Camlachie Road Establishment etiquette had been most rigidly taught—paused, we have said, and then first turned her eyes upon the family pew. O! ye gods, and goddesses, sylphs, gnomes, nixies, pixies, fays, nymphs, brownies, mermaidens, and water-kelpies! Spirits of earth, water, air, or of whatsoever element ye be, to whose charge is committed such mighty mortal distinctions as refining sugars by the hogshead, or selling it out by the cwt. or lb., imagine the confusion of this injured household, and judge and revenge their cause upon the audacious head of Mrs. Mark Luke!—that vulgar woman, that grocer's wife, squatted at the head of papa's pew—her flaming, fashionable silks spread out—her new gilt bible on the desk—her rings, and jewelled watch, and brooches, a-many glancing to the October sun:—And, O horror! her complacent simper of recognition and of lawful possession, confirmed by the polite start of Mr. Mark Luke, who rushed out to to do the honours of the seat to Mrs. Duncan Smith, and to all the Smith ladies, without perceiving, or seeming in the least conscious of the dilemma in which they were placed by his wife.

Here indeed was a shock for a Christian family to sustain upon a Sabbath morning—no warning given! Miss Smith vowed in her secret heart, that if her father had the spirit of a —flea,—(she was only thinking, you know—not for the world would she have uttered the shocking word,)—the whole family would next week become Episcopalians, and for ever abandon a community where they had been so monstrously used:—there was, besides, a much genteeler congregation in the Chapel. She had long wished for an opportunity to break off decently from the Kirk,—the English service was so sublime, and the organ so beautiful!

In the meanwhile, there was no help for the misadventure; and the Smith ladies condescended at last to sit down; Mr. Mark Luke, in the exuberance of his politeness, taking his place edge-ways upon four inches of sitting-room at the bottom of the seat. But this show of humility in nothing counterbalanced the insult and provocation of his wife, *flaring up!* andmaintaining her position with little Mysie at the top. She even had the effrontery, poor woman, in her simple ignorance, to point out to Miss Maria the psalm at which she was herself singing away unconsciously, during the time of the flurry, as if psalms or prayers could at this time have concerned the agitated Miss Smith. Haughtily reining her neck, and at the same ludicrously dropping her mouth and eyes, Maria exchanged looks with her indignant sister, while both at a glance seemed to make a rapid inventory and appraisement of Mrs. Mark Luke, and her entire set out. That lady, whatever they might think, was not without quickness of observation, where her self-love was interested, nor yet without pride and resentment. She now tingled with indignation,—but shame was the quickly-succeeding feeling: for she had been palpably detected in the vulgar practice of singing psalms! Habit had been too powerful for fashion; just as when she still sometimes mispronounced a word, or used an expression of a kind that neither the delicate substitute of the Lord Chamberlain, nor the matron of Camlachie House, could have sanctioned. On perceiving her blunder, her naturally good voice died away to a faint quaver—

"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;"

and her Paisley science was never again displayed within the walls of St. ———. It had been all very well to sing the psalm, while she sat with her old-fashioned mother-in-law, under the gallery. But now——

Upon the very same principle which Mrs. Mark Luke lost her voice, the Smiths ought to have recovered theirs,—for as she pushed forward they retreated. Mr. Smith would not that week consent to become an Episcopalian, ill as he allowed his wife and daughters had been used; and the Miss Smiths were consequently compelled to delay their conversion to the genteeler religion till they should marry; which Maria thought could not be very long now. He was, however, prevailed with to sanction the exchange of places then negociating between his wife and the family tailor. Here was diamond cut diamond for Mrs. Mark Luke! Even the oldest and the most sand blind, and high gravel blind of the crones early gathered on the pulpit stairs, (afterwards roosted out, by the way, as a vulgar feature,) noticed the new crimson-covered seat, next the door, on which a boy in the Smith livery had early mounted guard; and in ten minutes afterwards, while all the bells of Glasgow were ringing out, up the passage marched Furnishins, the tailor, and his wife, and Brown, the dyer, and his wife, following rank in file in the wake or trough of Mrs. Mark Luke's new pelisse, and of her streamers, regarded as the broad pennant of their

new pew! Composedly they took their places by her side,—first Mrs. Furnishins, then Mrs. Brown!

She saw, she felt, she was betrayed, insulted, lost! To make the matter worse, she could not pretend to deny but that Furnishins was a genteel tailor. Did he not make for the Smiths, her own husband, and the best in Glasgow,—occupy her late flat, and send his family to Helensburgh in summer? But the dyer!—he was merely one of old gowns and shawls, not of webs and whole pieces; a man who dipped his own self,—and who, accordingly, came to church on Sunday with fingers of all hues—blue, green, and purple—as if fresh out of the vat. Could the man not wear mittens?

The case of the Smiths had been sufficiently deplorable; but, was ever kirk-going Christian matron so afflicted about church matters as Mrs. Mark Luke? Even those of her sympathizing fellow-Christians who railed the loudest at the arrogance of the Smiths, openly displayed in the face of the whole congregation, could not wholly forbear a sly joke at the mortified appearance of the lady, who in her place of state, at the head of her new pew, looked as if placed on a seat of distinction, now generally, we believe, fallen into desuetude in lowland churches. There was not even her respectable old mother-in-law to keep her in countenance. She had manœuvred that the old lady should, of her own accord, express a desire to return to "sit under" worthy, drowsy, droning Dr. ——, whose "style of language" she said she comprehended better than the flory flights of that young Doctor, who had turned all the leddies' heads." Even the old lady resented the insult offered to her offspring, and the bile of Mark was for the first time fairly heated and stirred in his wife's quarrels. The insolent conduct of the Smiths would, indeed, every one assured him, have provoked an angel. Nothing else was talked of for that week in Glasgow,—or, at least, in the loquacious circle of Mrs. Mark Luke, and Miss Penny Parlane, who generously made up a feud with her friend of some months' standing, and gave tongue loudly against the Smiths, wherever she went.

How was Mrs. Mark Luke ever again to appear in church?—that was the question. If the Smiths meditated Lutheranism, she ruminated as deeply on becoming a Seceder. Some very genteel meeting-houses had been built in Glasgow, and were filled by well-dressed congregations. To this Mark steadily opposed his veto; and indeed Mrs. Mark Luke could not, on many accounts, have seriously thought of so retrograde a movement. The Seceders or Voluntaries were decidedly as much below par, as the English Chapel was above it. On the first Sunday it luckily rained "cats and dogs." No one could stir out that day, even in a *noddy*. On the next, Mrs. Mark Luke pleaded a gum-boil and swelled face; so the tailor and dyer and their ladies remained, for her, undisturbed in possession. Mrs. Mark Luke had never been three successive Sundays out of church in her life; so upon the third Sunday, some returning sense of duty, and partly, perhaps, some small longing to see what new faces, cloaks, and bonnets were abroad, prevailed over the still rankling feelings of wounded, irritated pride. It may be very easy for those ladies who have parties, and *soirees*, and concerts, and plays, and operas to attend, to avoid the church, but our Mrs. Mark Luke was none of those. There was not at that time so much as an occasional lecture upon Temperance or Negro Slavery to beguile the tedium of the week. So she went to church; and the dear, young Doctor happened to choose for his text those words, "*Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.*" Dr. Chalmers himself could not have handled the subject better. She saw it was meant for a palpable hit. The tail of Miss Betty Bogle's eye pointed as plainly at a certain crimson-covered seat as a lady's eye with a slight skelly could well do.

Mrs. Mark Luke vowed in her secret mind to call upon the Doctor's lady to-morrow, and sound her as to whether a new gown of best Prince's stuff, to cost L.25, or a silver tea-pot, as a present from the ladies of the congregation, would be the most acceptable tribute to his eloquence.

Even Mr. Mark Luke himself noticed the close *practical* application of the text; and at the close of the service, so deeply impressed was Mrs. Mark with the discourse, that she nodded condescendingly to Mrs. Brown, and whispered an inquiry about her baby and the measles; and of a pot of currant jelly to be sent to-morrow.

Ye gods and goddesses! we were but a few pages back invoking you to avenge the injury offered to the illustrious house of Smith, by what Mark Luke most vulgarly and profanely called two bottom-rooms being granted to him and his wife in the Smith's pew, in a Presbyterian Kirk! Is it of you, or of what other delicate, tricksy, humourous, laughing sprites, that we should now inquire,—how it rejoiced the reins—so to speak—of your incorporeal natures, to witness the kindly gracious humanity, the great humility, of Mrs. Mark Luke, when she thus condescended to address her neighbour the dyer's wife in open church?

If the dear Doctor had hitherto been considered the first of priests by the ladies, he soon became to Mrs. Mark Luke, the greatest of prophets. But that will appear in order.

Fairly set down in her new house and her new pew, and the first dreadful rebuff surmounted, Mrs. Mark Luke, during this winter, worked double tides in making up lost way in the difficult voyage of gentility. She laid her plans well; she gave excellent dinners, and did not turn her company out of doors before a second dinner appeared at her command, under the name of supper. This was an improvement upon the *Exclusive* or *East-Country* system, introduced by Mrs. Smith, and as such it propitiated convivial guests of the old school. To be sure few of the town's people, as the Smiths truly

said, visited the Pig-wife, and even some of the young super-refined Edinburghers, and Greenockians, and men of Liverpool, were deceitful enough to say in *Exclusive* circles, that they went merely for the fun of the thing, while those good easy souls, who liked good feeding and easy sociality, and did not care for Rossini's music or *Exclusivism*, asserted with more truth, that no dinners could be really better in themselves, or more perfectly appointed than those given by Mrs. Mark Luke; no house was better furnished than hers, no lady better dressed, nor hostess more attentive and obliging in her manners.

"A little *empressment* might be noted," said Mr. Ewins, a great authority in such matters, for he had travelled with a young nobleman, and had been at Hamburgh, Leipsic, and Paris, and he had dined at Hamilton Palace, and with the *Member*; "but that is almost a virtue or a grace in a Scotch landlady!" he added.

This was said in the hearing of a select *Exclusive* Smith party. He, or rather *she*, our poor Mrs. Mark Luke, and her entertainments were not to be so easily let off.

"Was it you, Mr. Ewins," cried Miss Maria, with her charming vivacity of manner; "that Mrs. Luke insisted upon tasting the soles she had brought *per coach*, from Aberdeen, at £1, 2s. cost, after she had gorged you with Highland mutton?"

"What we call her *sole*-cism," said Bob the wit. "And did she not insist upon you swallowing a raw glass of old rum instead of a little brandy,—raw rum,—as your dram after your fish," added he, laughing aloud.

Either the taste, or good-nature, or both, of Mrs. Luke's guest of yesterday were piqued by this impertinence. Besides, it in truth defied him, "a travelled gentleman," to perceive any shade of difference between the Luke and the Smith *style*, save, that with the former, there was really less pretension; and that the affectation of refinement was less troublesome and obtrusive.

"I am sorry, for the sake of the ladies," he replied, "that I cannot charge my memory with the exact order in which I ate my dinner yesterday. I rather think, however, Mrs. Luke observes the established order of Glasgow, in the the succession of her dishes. Soles, or any sort of fish in the second course, would, no doubt, be supreme *bon ton* in Paris, at Petersburg, or Vienna.—I do not know if Mrs. Luke has yet got so far a-head of her own city in the march of refinement. And as for rum, my friend Robert cannot surely have been so much in Paris without learning that *veritable Martinique* is as much more elegant at a French table, as, at our own, brandy is to Kilbagie."

This was a damper,—a wet blanket,—a slap in the face. The champion, however, did his lady no permanent good. If it were so that fish and rum were ordered thus in France, which they doubted, it was not the less a vulgar practice in Glasgow; and at best, Mrs. Mark Luke had but blundered upon the higher style.

Mrs. Mark Luke's increased activity in competition, and the affair of the pew, had now changed contempt into persecution. She might advance with the lovers of good dinners, but the *Exclusive* ladies, even of those who ate them, still held her aloof. Poor woman! often when meaning to confer a kindness she did incalculable mischief. A new pattern of a cap or shawl border which she might purchase, perhaps, only to encourage a young beginner, were immediately vulgarized, and the sale ruined by the adoption of the article by Mrs. Mark Luke. Any thing beautiful or novel which she, in her indefatigable activity, obtained and wore first, was forthwith christened a LUKE, and so proscribed. Her name liberally set down for six copies, ruined the hopes of a young poet of our acquaintance, then publishing by subscription. He believes to this day that he failed because we did not review him properly; but this was the true cause. No *Exclusive* lady would for a long time, send her daughter to the new drawing master, or music master, to which Mysie Luke had been sent, however eminent the stranger might be in his art. Her mother's name at the head of a list, or near it, almost knocked up, this winter, a charity concert and two balls. Tickets were certainly taken, but *nobody* went,—that is to say none but nobodies attended. It was enough, as Mrs. Smith said, "that they *paid* their money without *mixing* promiscuously with that set."

About the end of the season, Mrs. Mark Luke had been earnestly requested to patronize the benefit of a female player. Mrs. Mark Luke was a generous woman, as well as an ostentatious one. Her box, early taken, left half the others empty; and she was thus at the very last day, compelled to beat up for play-goers, and send out such scouts as Miss Penny Parlane and Miss Bogle, to aid in distributing tickets, for which she paid, and to promise teas, far and wide. This single transaction threw her months back, as the crisis compelled her to seek support, by renewing old cast-off intimacies, and yielding, of necessity, to improper new alliances. The Furnishins and Browns were not, to be sure, taken into her own box; but it was undeniable that they were in the boxes upon the only night that she had graced the theatre with her presence.

Sick with so many chagrins, Mrs. Mark Luke longed for summer and the Largs; and, in the first fine days of spring, she set off in search of genteel summer lodgings. Now, what lodgings could possibly be so genteel as those which had been rented for two years by the Smiths? Mark might fancy them too expensive; but there was the St. Kitts remittance certainly coming with the next fleet, and, upon the faith of this, inquiry was instituted.

Was ever professional landlady, with a lodging upon her hands, so cold and dry in manner, and so reluctant to admit inspectors, as this one? Mrs. Girvan drawled out that she was not quite sure yet, what she was to do about her *hoos*. She was not even sure if it was to let at all, or if she was not actually in terms about it already. She accordingly followed rather than led the

bold intruder into her dining-room. There stood the very sofa on which Madam Smith had sat in state last summer; there hung the muslin draperies from behind which Miss Maria had "cut her capers," and Miss Smith cast her haughty airs upon Mrs. Mark Luke and her little daughter, as they went to the evening promenade. She would at this moment have given triple rent for the lodging, of which the tenantless or tenantable condition appeared so dubious to the landlady. An idea suddenly struck the applicant,—the woman was afraid of her payment.

"You surely do not remember me, Ma'am," said Mrs. Mark Luke, with a simpering consciousness of being as *good* as the bank.

Mrs. Girvan could not plead ignorance.

"I know you well enough, Mem—ye wont to pass this way often enough last season:—ye are Mrs. Luke, the grocer's wife in the Trongate; —and I'm not just sure that I'm free to set my hoos."

"Mrs. Luke, the grocer's wife in the Trongate!"—it sounded harshly on the delicate auricular nerve of our Mrs. Mark Luke. Had she then no higher *status*—no independent existence, even with the St. Kitt's fortune? She evacuated the lodging in sulky silence, and strayed towards the still empty, unsold Halcyon Bank; while the landlady, now finding her tongue, lost as little time as possible in informing her gossip, how loath she had been to set off Mrs. Luke, for Mark Luke's siller was as sure as Johnny Carrick's; but she had no choice, as it would ruin the character of her house for ever, if she took in the Pig-wife. Her ignorance on such points had cost her enough before. In inadvertently receiving the Smiths themselves, she had for ever forfeited all hope of getting back the Dempsters, "who were a cut aboon the Smiths, in spite of all their airs and pride, and cousins of Mrs. Gengebre's of the Bank, (Halcyon Bank, to wit,) who was a *real* lady." False woman!—had she not given these same Smiths reason to believe she thought them the greatest people on Westland ground, and, to their faces, sneered at the pride and poverty of the East country gentles of the writer tribe.

When Mrs. Luke returned home without having secured any lodging, she found her husband in a humour which, for the first, fairly threw him into her sphere of sympathies. Nor did she neglect to improve the circumstance. A piece of ground had recently been enclosed in Glasgow, for a new burial ground, which was to be sold out in small portions, and Mark, among his many purchases, had ambitioned that of a decent family *lair*, to which his father's bones might be lifted, and in which might soon be laid, first his mother, next Mrs. Mark Luke, and then himself—Mysie and her posterity following, to the latest generations. Why Mark imagined that his wife, ten years younger than himself, was to tenant the Luke family *lair*, and have her virtues recorded on its marble head-stone before himself, we cannot tell, save that matrimonial longevity seems a privilege of our nobler sex.

The burying ground for sale was laid out and divided. Mark studied the ground-plan, which was submitted to him before any places were sold, or many bespoken, and he fixed upon his own, with the approbation of his wife. It was horribly dear he owned; but in a respectable *juste milieu*-situation among the illustrious dead of the Barony parish; dry—neither too large nor too small—too backward, nor too forward; and great was Mark's indignation when he was informed by one of the Trustees that, notwithstanding the earliness of his application, and the extent of his wealth and credit, there was no place for him and his among the defunct *Exclusives* of his native city. Smith himself, ay, and Dempster, had crushed his claim at once:—no lady had a hand in this. As trustees for the new ground, they had a strong interest in rejecting such applications as might hinder others. "The Walkinshaws are in terms," said Mr. Smith; "but if they hear that such people as Mark Luke are applying, the speculation is ruined:— no one *will* or *can* purchase after him."

Was ever so ill-starred a family as the Lukes! Excluded in church pews, excluded in summer-lodgings, excluded in a burial ground!

It was some slight atonement or consolation that, when Mrs. Mark Luke next read in the *Chronicle*, "*Upset price still farther reduced.* That charmingly situated and most desirable Marine Villa," &c., &c.,—there followed in the *Gazette*—lo! and behold!—it was no mistake:—"Meeting of the creditors of Duncan Smith, merchant, to be held in the Tontine, &c., &c., for the purpose of appointing an interim factor."

Mrs. Mark Luke ordered her clogs, to return a call from Miss Penny Parlane,—a visit long past due.

"Me never to hear a word of this!—but I hear nothing that goes on in Glasgow."

"And Mr. Luke is to be trustee on the sequestrated estate.—It's no possible, but ye must have heard?" said Penny.

"Well if I did, Miss Penny, it was but prudence,—seeing how Mr. Luke stood in relation to the unhappy case,—to say little.—Here is a downcome!"

"Ay, Mem!—You remember that great discourse of the Doctor's upon the words, 'Pride goeth before destruction.'"—

"The Doctor is great upon every subject," said Mrs. Mark Luke, somewhat statelily; and she took her leave, perceiving that she had a better clew for information than even that which Miss Penny was willing to afford. Mark, too, to cheat her so, and keep his thumb upon all this!

To do our heroine justice, she was not, considering the many provocations she had received, at all vindictive; and though Mark, besides being factor, was himself a large creditor, she did not press her belief, which she could indeed have established by the evidence of her confidential maid with the *burr*,—that the Smiths had a great many more silver spoons and forks, and napery, than appeared in the inventory. There was a silver tray and vase in particular. Mark

himself acted with humanity and fairness; nor did Mrs. Mark Luke next year canvass against the appointment of Mr. Smith as agent to some Insurance company, in which she could now certainly have baffled him. She did not even insult the fallen greatness of the family by pressing her services and society upon them. N.B.—While the first meetings of creditors were holding, a letter arrived by the carrier to Mark, ordering some tea and sugar; and announcing, that Mrs. Luke might now have Mrs. Girvan's lodgings; but Mrs. Luke was supplied!

Mr. Smith did not long hold his new situation. He died of what was called a broken heart; and the friends of the family, Mark Luke aiding and assisting, purchased for his widow and daughters the good-will of the Camlachie-Road Establishment, from which the presiding lady was opportunely retiring to the higher latitude of Portobello. While these arrangements were in progress, Mrs. Mark Luke's sympathies were deeply engaged for those "who had seen better days," and who were surely humble enough now. Humble they might be; but it now became a matter of calculation to be more rigidly and tenaciously exclusive than ever. This, Miss Smith said, was imperatively demanded by the first interests of the Establishment; which, as the sure way to success, opened with everything either new, distant, or foreign, and, at least, as anti-Glasgow as possible.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Luke had the great good fortune to procure the reversion of a very clever upper-servant, or under-governess, discharged on the bankruptcy. The English girl with the *burr*, engaged so long ago for the sake of the early purity of Miss Luke's accent, who was to lisp in English speech,

"And drink from the well of English undefiled"—

had been discharged as next thing to an impostor. She was only from Durham or thereabouts; and Robina, herself, had detected her mispronunciations, and bad grammar; but Miss Dedham was a quite different style of person, and, indeed, in every way, an immense acquisition to Mrs. Luke and her daughter. We have said that our heroine was an apt scholar; thus, she profited, though she was "too much the lady" to own that she either required or received any instruction in high-life and high-lived manners, from the adroit hints of her new companion, or from her descriptions of how such things were managed, by her direction, in her former family, and her former nursery and school-room.

Smollett pretends that in one month Peregrine Pickle qualified the gipsy girl he picked up under a hedge, to play her part as a young lady of breeding and education in polished society, which she accordingly performed, not only without detection, but with great *eclat*, till, in an evil hour, the force of original habit burst through conventional usage, not yet become habitual and confirmed. We have ever held this story as a scurvy satire upon modern refinement; but certain it is, that with her own good natural parts, the tacit lessons of the governess, and those ever-ready ministers to the improvement in fashionable taste of those who have plenty of money—the milliners, namely, and the perfumers, and jewellers, and confectioners, and toy-dealers, and elocutionists, and lecturers—Mrs. Mark Luke had *genteelified* and absolutely refined more in one season, than in some half-a-dozen former years of stinted appliances, and with no one of sufficient authority to instruct her in the use of such as were proper. Miss Ferrier, Captain Hamilton, and, above all, Mr. Theodore Hook, among the secondary novelists, have exhausted themselves in ridicule of the blundering, clumsy, and ludicrious attempts of the would-be-gentle folks to imitate their betters; the presumption of cits, *noveaux riches*, and *parvenus*, and cockneys, who presume to converse and give musical parties and dinners like the highly-polished privileged orders. Even Miss Edgeworth has given one ambitious dinner, remarkable for entire and ludicrous failure; but then she has the discrimination to shew, that the failure does not arise from any want of knowledge in the grocer's refined and ambitious lady, but solely from want of adequate means to accomplish her elegant hospitality. Lady Clonbrony has more vices of pronunciation, and is guilty of more breaches of conventional English manners, than the Dublin vulgarian; and while Lady Dashfort is as *brusque*, rude, and familiar as her high rank warrants, her maid is the very pink of formal, elaborate politeness. In this Miss Edgeworth shews her superiority to ordinary fictionists: she is aware that while Maria Louisa, the daughter of an Emperor, and the descendant of a line of princes, born to the manner, if such may be, was simple to awkwardness, Josephine, the poor Creole, possessed all the refinement and elegance of manners which accomplishes an Exclusive *petite maitresse*.

Our own wonder and amusement has never been excited by the blunders of such pretenders as Mrs. Mark Luke, but rather by the truth, the *vraisemblance* of their imitation; and the absolute identity with great folks, in all exterior shows which they were able to maintain and display after a very little experience. The ladies of the family of a rural esquire or laird, though of undisputable gentility of birth, will much oftener blunder in some part or other of costume, and in the last forms of etiquette, than the females of a respectable town tradesman. It has been remarked that the purest speakers of the English language in England, next to the highest class of nobility, are those shopkeepers and tradesmen in the west end of London, who associate with them daily in supplying their wants. The principle holds in many other points; and we think that the sketchers of *parvenu* manners should now rather direct their observation to how the proscribed castes pronounce their minds and accentuate their ideas, than to their *aa's* and *ee's*; and to how are *pronounced*, or exhibited, the few distinctions in their natural modes of thinking and feeling, between classes so far separated by external rank.

To return to our heroine. She tired of the

tacit teaching of the accomplished Miss Dedham, and was pleased to be rid of her; as, in the course of other two years, she formed quite another plan for Miss Luke than the original one of a home education. She no longer required instruction in speaking English herself; for though she still occasionally blurted out a broad *aw*, when a delicate *a* was prescribed, and dealt largely in false emphasis, she began to feel returning confidence in herself, from Kean or O'Neil—we really forget which—having sanctified some of her supposed blunders, freely attacked by Miss Dedham. Besides Mysie's English master, (the highest charger in Glasgow for private lessons,) had, in different words, decided against the governess; and, in short, she was civilly dismissed.

Miss Luke was now, in jockey phrase, rising eleven; and a plain, good-tempered, sensible child, who "took," it was said, after her father Her mother's friends, and Miss Dedham, in particular, long affirmed that she *promised* to be a beauty; and Miss Betsy Bogle, that *Lukie* would never keep her word. Even her own mother feared for her *beauty*, but she resolved that she should be highly *accomplished*, and never keep but the best company; in short—for it is nonsense to conceal it longer—that she should be *finished* off at the Camlachie-Road Boarding School.

Mr. Luke thought Mysie very pretty already, and to him her acquirements at eleven were quite wonderful—save in music. There Mark, who had a natural gift, felt that his heiress fell far short of her mamma; while Mrs. Luke herself, and Miss Dedham, affirmed just the contrary.—Miss Luke was wonderful in music, as in everything else, for her years. Often had Mark given up his eyes to satisfy them, but he would not yield his ears. If Mysie's attempts were music, then was the female world of the West advancing backwards. His own family afforded an apt illustration. Before going to his apprenticeship he had been charmed by the old ballads of the

"Free maids who wove their thread with bones,"

in Hamilton; and with his old mother's song of "Saw ye my father." Even the everlasting "Flower of Dumblane," and the "Whistle, and I'll come to ye," of his wife in their sprightly days of courtship, were, if not well sung, at least intelligible; and of Miss Peaston's five pieces on the piano, Mark could, at all events, recognize the "Legacy," and the "Woodpecker tapping;" but as to Mysie's melodious efforts upon the new Edinburgh instrument, and her peahen screechings!—mortifying as it was to Mark to own it, he fairly gave them up. Rossini's music—and as probationer for the Camlachie Establishment, Miss Luke was, at this time, allowed to look at nothing else,—sounded to Mark Luke, grocer, exactly as it did to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, poet,—*like nonsense verses;* and for the same reason, which was, that their fashionable friends decided they had no more ear than a post. Mark defied his wife's sentence, by proud reference to his own capitally sung Burns' songs, and Tannahill's to boot—as Coleridge might, by citing the exquisite harmony, the breathing music of his verses; but Mrs. Luke would have eluded this by the supplementary declaration,—"No ear for really good—that is for *fashionable* Italian music, Mr. Luke."

Meanwhile the Camlachie Establishment was rising in reputation every day. It had been conducted from the first, Mrs. Luke assured her husband, with the greatest *tact*:—all the governesses were Swiss, the domestics English,—and they were held at such at a distance! Miss Maria herself was just returned from France.

There was an impenetrable mystery in the management of the seminary, with "the strictest discipline, and the most rigid observance of etiquette." Mrs. Mark Luke was willing to forget all her early injuries and insults, for the sake of her daughter. "It was always allowed," she remarked, "that *Madame Mère*, which she understood was Mrs. Duncan Smith's style in the school, was quite the lady—too much so, poor woman! in former days—but now of great advantage in forming the minds, and moulding the manners of young ladies; the discipline, Mrs. Luke understood, was so admirable, that every time she entered the school-rooms, every pupil, however engaged, rose, and dropt a low curtsy; then the regimen was so well regulated, and the young ladies were, from the practice of *Calisthenics*, so remarkable for their fine carriage. True, the terms were high; but then the pupils were so select, and Miss Maria so accomplished, and Miss Smith so intellectual!"

All this was poured into the unmusical ears of Mr. Luke with a rapidity, which gave him no opportunity either for question or remark, much as he admired and wondered, and deeply as, on account of Mysie, he was interested. As for Mrs. Smith, or "Madame Mère," he knew her of old to have been a senseless, proud, extravagant woman, who had ruined her husband, and brought up her children too like herself. Miss Maria had been, whatever she now was, a saucy, satirical little cuttie, who had often laughed at his simple good wife, in face of the whole kirk,—and Miss Smith a vain, conceited fool. In this elementary way did Mark silently reason upon these great characters. *Calistenics*, he presumed, was some puppy of a French dancing-master; and as to accomplishments, he understood them quite well, for his own wife had been accomplished, and Miss Betsy Bogle was very accomplished—many of his female friends were very accomplished, whom he thought useless *tawpies* for all that; but he nevertheless yielded to the necessity of his Mysie, when she had finished her English, and writing, and arithmetic, and geography, and dancing, being made neibour-like and accomplished—though he absolutely boggled at *intellectual*. Could Miss Smith preach like Dr. Chalmers, or lecture like Professor Sandford, or write politics and political economy, like the Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*; and was she to impart all this intellectuality to his little Mysie? Allowing she were capable of imparting these goodly gifts—to which, however, Mark demurred,—he could not all at once

perceive what the better his wee Mysie was to be for such rare and novel acquirements. Might they not prove a mote in the lassie's marriage? —Men—Mark judged by himself—did not always like those marvellously clever speechifying ladies; and he puzzled on for another five minutes, and economically scraped his cheese, before he ventured to ask; "but what is *Intellectual*, goodwife? or what mean ye by it?" "Huts, tuts, Mr. Luke, with your good-wife's—surely ye may leave that low epithet to Bailie Jervie's Mattie, and the Salt Market, now; and as for intellectual—every educated person, Mr. Luke, every individual among the educated classes, or of ordinary accomplishments, Mr. Luke—— Really I am ashamed of the inquiry—and what signifies explaining about it. It is enough at present that Miss Luke becomes an inmate of the Camlachie Establishment."

Mr. Mark Luke emitted something between a consenting grunt, and a regretful sigh; but the matter once fixed, he began, like a man of sense to view it on the bright side,—"his own Mysie *accomplished* and *intellectual*—but, above all, so near him as to come home every Saturday, though bred through the week with the daughters of the wealthiest merchants in the west of Scotland, forbye the Lenox and Argyle lairds. And, good easy soul as she was! his consent made the goodwife so happy!" At the worst, the affair possessed many consolatory points; the Smiths would surely be kind to his bairn,—they owed him a day in harvest from the date of his trustee-ship.

With what joyful alacrity did Mrs. Mark Luke proceed next morning to purchase the fashionable equipments of her daughter, whose embroidered trousers and silk hose, were ordered upon a scale which might better have suited a grown-up young lady fitting out for the Bengal or Calcutta matrimonial bazaar, and pretty sure of an early market, than a little girl going to school! There were few genteel tea-tables in Glasgow, where, in two days afterwards, the high destinies of Miss Luke were not known and discussed, and the vanity of her parents treated with proper reprobation; yet it is singular that the catastrophe, for we must call it by that imposing name, was not anticipated in a single quarter.

The last of the plain frocks and night-gowns of Robina, as her mother now chose to name her, were bronght home; and for the more conspicuous fashionable attire, there was good reason of delay. Her mamma reserved that till she had an opportunity of reconnoitring the dress of the Camlachie young ladies, and consulting, as she would then be well entitled to do, with Miss Maria, whose sojourn in France entitled her to preside, and pronounce in all affairs of the toilet. There was, in certain Glasgow *coteries*, whispers of some mysterious corsette, and classic sandal, which was to give to the Camlachie pupils the shapes of Venuses and nymphs, and the ankles of Vestris. Mrs. Mark Luke had not mentioned this circumstance to Mark, for she knew whereabouts to throw her pearls; but this circumstance had no mean effect on her own maternal judgment.

To do the thing handsomely, and in good style, Mrs. Mark ordered a Tontine chaise one morning, and making herself and her daughter—Jenny looking after her said—"as fine as *hands* could make them," furnished herself with a supply of her newly engraved visiting cards, and repaired to the Camlachie-Road Establishment. Her spirits, if not quite so ebullient, were at least as much fluttered as those of her daughter, as her anticipations of for the first time finding herself in the same room with the *Exclusive* Smiths, the objects of her imitation, envy, and admiration for so many years, were not wholly pleasing. As the walls of "the Establishment" were discerned among the trees, a sudden faintness struck to her bold heart; but what will not a dutiful, and affectionate mother encounter for her only child,—and that child an heiress, and moreover a girl, and one too, whatever flatterers might affirm, whose substantial frame, as her mother perceived, would require the united force of the mysterious cestus, the sandal, and the calisthenics of Camlachie, to be moulded at sixteen, into that of a Grace. A drive of a half hour had been interrupted only by the numerous gay and eager inquiries of blithe restless Mysie, rejoicing equally in her new grand school and her glossy pink sash, and such habitual and unconscious maternal admonitions delivered every three minutes, as "Hold up your head Robina! Mind your carriage, Miss Luke.—Take your fingers from your mouth, child.—Your kid gloves will not be fit to be seen before we reach the place."

But before the lustre of Miss Luke's French kids was wholly gone, the chaise had wheeled within the gate of the seminary, and the fatal bell was rung! It will not do for ladies, whose business it is to teach *morals* with *manners*, to tell many direct fibs. Mrs. Smith was at home, and Mrs. Luke and her daughter were ushered into an empty drawing-room, and left for a half hour to admire the harp, and couches, and conversation-stools, and apology-tables, and cabinets, and the painted paste-board ornaments, elegancies, and utilities, quite at their leisure, while a family council was holding above stairs.

"By the greatest good-fortune in the world, I had a glance of the triple-bordered Paisley shawl of the grocer's lady of three-tails," said Miss Maria.

"There can be no doubt about the business of the embassy," rejoined Miss Smith.

"We have several vacancies, Bell," said Madame Mère, thoughtfully.

"None, Madam, for Mark Luke's child," returned Bella, the true *head* of the establishment, in a tone of ineffable decision.

Many ideas passed with rapidity through the brain of Mrs. Smith. Mark Luke, Esq., Dr. to Mrs. Smith and daughters, for the board and education of Miss Luke, &c., was in particular, an inviting set-off, to a long bill for the tea, sugar, and soap, required for the uses of the establishment. She gave her thoughts oblique speech.

"Our family has been obliged by the comd-

deration shown by Mark Luke, at that very unpleasant time when Mr. Smith's affairs became deranged."

"Ma'am, is it your wish to ruin the seminary?" cried Miss Smith, addressing her mother in a tone of asperity. "Receive Luke's daughter:—have her vulgar bustling mother going about the town proclaiming that her Miss is with us,—and lock up your doors.—Could ever the Higgins, or the Dempsters, or the Haigs send, or recommend another pupil to you? I put the case to yourself, Ma'am,—would *you* have sent *your* daughters to a school where a grocer's child was placed?"

"That was in other days, Bella; and I——"

"Stay, Madam; has not the main cause of our success been that we are so very *select*,—known to be so particular about whom we receive,—so rigid in our rule of excluding all suspicious characters,—that no taint of vulgarity, no pupil with improper local connexions is admitted within our doors. What else, pray, makes even this Mrs. Mark Luke besiege them? It is very possible that many useful branches, and even the accomplishments, may be taught in the common schools of Glasgow, almost as well as in our seminary; but here is our grand and marked distinction, from which if we deviate——"

"This child will be very rich," returned Mrs. Smith; who was, we fear, incapable of taking so comprehensive a view of any subject as her intellectual eldest daughter. She could squabble about pews and caps, but she failed to comprehend the grand resources which are afforded by the principles of Exclusivism in British society, throughout all its grades.

"Rich, my dear Mother!" retorted Bella, spitefully; "and what is her wealth to us? There are rich girls enough about Glasgow and Paisley, I daresay; but what is that to the purpose of vulgarizing the Establishment by admitting such a candidate as this?"

Mrs. Smith began to see the affair in the proper light; but she would not at once yield. "You are not always so very *select*, Miss Smith," she eturned. "There was the Belfast girl, not a whit more genteel than little Luke,—and the Campbelton girl, and that sallow creature from Manchester."

"*Une batarde*," put in Maria,—who, though she meant to vote with her sister for the exclusion of Mysie, chose to speak against her.

"No, you were not always so *very select*, Miss Smith," repeated the piqued *Madame Mere*.

There was so much at stake that Miss Smith resolved not to sacrifice the family interests, her own included, to her own temper, nor yet to her mother's *silliness*. Meanwhile, time was pressing, for the candidate waited below.

"I am astonished, mother, how you, with your excellent sense and knowledge of life, can take so narrow a view of this affair. I am certain your kind heart betrays your head:—poor Luke's attention to my father's affairs I am not disposed to forget any more than you,—and if there were any way of obliging the man save this. Have you forgot the Kilmarnock carpet-maker's girl, who nearly ruined the school?"

"She was a very pretty, clever, sweet child: I have not forgot her," said Mrs. Smith, in a natural tone.

"Granted, Ma'am; but what is that to us? It is hard that we should suffer by other people's misfortunes. There are plenty of excellent schools for the children of the *low* rich."

"Ten vacancies in my establishment at present, Miss Smith."

"Were there twenty, Madam, I will never depart from the principle. You know well the cause of your thin house this year. Those few drops of black blood which I detected at first glance in the Greenock girl, and warned you of ——"

"My gracious!" cried Mrs. Smith, in a very natural manner; "she was two removes from the Hindoo on the one side, and four on the other—an heiress and a lawful child!—And that malicious, prating woman——"

"No matter, Ma'am. It is quite superfluous to tell me of the babbling propensities, and the love of gossip and scandal, either among west country ladies or east country ladies. Since our success depends no little upon their tongues, we must keep out of their reach. The fewer Glasgow damsels we receive the better. I never desire to see a St. Mungo's Miss within our doors. The prying and tittle-tattle of the Betty Bogles and Penny Parlanes are absolutely ruinous to the *low* schools; and the more distant the townspeople are held, even by us, the better for the seminary. A small degree of mystery is necessary in every professional undertaking. Let the people of the *small* schools parade their reverend patrons and public examinations, and placard their marvellous systems: *Exclusiveness*, depend upon it, is the true foundation of our select society. If we once give way, if we deviate from the exact line of demarcation to be maintained between birth and fashion, and the mere mob dung-hill wealth lying at our door, depend upon it, Ma'am——"

"Well, well, take your own way, Miss Smith," said Madame Mere, quite convinced, but far from satisfied; and the Swiss governess, Mademoiselle Curchod, whose department it was besides teaching the French language and embroidery, to tell lies polite for her board and her salary of £30, was deputed to dismiss Mrs. Mark Luke with all imaginable civility. This office, the young lady, (who, by the way, was said in Glasgow to be a cousin of Madame de Stael's, by the mother's side,) performed with such grace, that Mrs. Mark Luke invited her to tea, and half believed it must be impossible for Mrs. Smith, or her daughters, to see a visiter at this hour, and that they exceedingly regretted their inability to receive her. It was, however, with some failing of heart that Mrs. Luke seated herself in her chaise, musing on Mademoiselle's announcement of the applications, ten deep, for every vacancy occuring in the "Society."

The visit was not wholly thrown away. Mysie,

on the alert about her future schoolmates, had caught a peep of some of the peeping Misses. They all, from six to sixteen, wore a sort of conventual costume, as ugly and un-English as possible. "Mamma," said Mysie, "why have the Misses their hair tied up that ugly way, as if they were going to wash their faces?"

"Robina, love, hold up your head!—how do you think Mrs. Smith will receive a slouching, awkward Miss? That is the present fashion of young ladies in France, which Miss Maria has introduced. Miss Fanny Ayton, and Miss Fanny Kemble, wear their hair in that style."

And when Mr. Luke marvelled at his daughter, disguised and uglified, from her hair being dragged into a net, and her little person invested with a Swiss apron, he was informed that the one was favourable to her eyes and her studies, and the other to her habits of tidiness. For two weeks, and finally for ever, these improvements remained the sole advantages mother or daughter derived from the Camlachie Establishment. Mrs. Mark Luke once more left her card, and waited the leisure of the presiding genius of the Society one Saturday and another.

Mrs. Mark Luke had now everywhere announced the high destination of her daughter; and this protracted silence made her so anxious and unhappy, that she took courage, and despatched an unexceptionable note,—on rose-tinted paper, and smelling horribly of musk,—simply—simple woman!—announcing her own, and her husband's intention of placing Miss Luke at Camlachie, for the benefit of the invaluable instructions in morals and manners of Mrs. Smith and her accomplished daughters. It went against her pride to be thus urgent—she whom poor but excellent teachers of all sorts had so long humbly and diligently solicited;—but what will not a fashionable mother do for her only child—that child a girl, and of "considerable expectations?"

Anxiously did Mrs. Mark Luke await the response, which came one morning just as she returned from a round of calls, in which Miss Luke had accompanied her, to take leave of her friends preparatory to going to school. The paper, of the first quality, was, in this case, neither tinted nor perfumed; but so long-tailed and conglomerated were the characters, that—what with the *e* added to the tail of the Smith, and the *i* changed to a *y*—it cost Mrs. Mark Luke considerable trouble to make out how very much Mrs. D. *Smythe* regretted that there was no present vacancy in the select number of young ladies received into her *Society*, and no probability of any one occurring which warranted Mrs. S. in entertaining the hope of ever having the pleasure of seeing Miss Luke—a most interesting charge!—a member of her family.

The *Smythes* had changed their tone in latter days. The *Exclusives*, upon calculation, were no longer haughty and insolent in manner. Mrs. Mark Luke understood the case—or guessed at it; but she was rather mortified at her own condition than angry with them. How Miss Betty Bogle would sneer, and Penny Parlane exult over her! "It is all along, Mr. Luke, of your having no place of our own. If I could have left my card at the seminary as Mrs. Mark Luke of Halcyon Bank, you would have seen another sort of answer to my application for our Robina: and there it is for ever in the papers! It is a marvel to me such a gem, and such a *rug*, is not nipped up long ago. There is young John Cowan, the drysalter, and some of the Jamaica Street nabobs, I am told, are after it. Far would it be from me Mr. Luke, to wish that you should hurt your pecuniary circumstances by the purchase. I am content to leave the place to those who can better afford it than my husband."

Cunning Mrs. Mark Luke! Mark was fairly piqued at last; in his purse-pride, and in his paternal and conjugal affection; while his prudence was largely propitiated by another "Upset Price still Farther Reduced." In a month Halcyon Bank was his own, and in the first delirium of her vanity and exultation, Mrs. Mark Luke's naturally kind heart had expanded far beyond the narrow boundaries of cold Exclusivism; and, between good-nature and social vanity, she had so far forgotten strict propriety, as to invite all the world—country cousins, and vulgar old acquaintances included—to her marine villa. She had been excluded from pews, boxes, burial-grounds, and boarding-schools; but now she was to be happy—perfectly happy!

O, Seged, King of Ethiopia! if thou, in the plenitude of imperial potence, with all appliances and means, could not command felicity for a single day, what envious, mocking fiend tempted to betray our Mrs. Mark Luke with those brilliant, illusive *jack-a-lanterns*, which in all ages of the world, have dazzled to bewilder the daughters of men, and to drag them on through bog and morass, only to land them knee-deep in the mire at last? Yet were not all her hopes illusive; for happy was the little hour in which she first ran over the garden, and explored, as its mistress, every garret and dog hole of Halcyon Bank. In that state of flutter and beatitude, we shall for a time leave Mrs. Mark Luke to the sympathy of our indulgent readers. They will not grudge one little hour of bliss without alloy to a woman before whom lies the task of *finishing* and marrying a daughter upon the Exclusive system of the middle ranks in Scotland.

(To be continued.)

THE "UNSTAMPED PRESS" IN LONDON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FALSE MEDIUM."

It has hitherto been the custom of all educated people to consider the Unstamped in the same degraded light as the Unwashed; nay, to view it with far less sympathy, inasmuch as we may entertain a strong commiserative feeling with the poor labourers and mechanics, without being at all disposed to listen to the wild ebullitions of ignorance. We have heard from all quarters, where a notice of these publications has been deigned, of their democratic violence, headlong fury, "false doctrine," outrageous abuse of Kings, Lords, and other "respectable individuals;" of the excitements to revolution, and of their "sedition, *open* conspiracy, and rebellion." We have pictured to ourselves, their editors as drunken, demoralized outcasts, living in a sort of den fitted up in a back cellar, and surrounded by a gang of ministers as depraved and remorseless as themselves. This imaginary picture might have had some foundation on the first rise of the Unstamped, (though its verisimilitude is now fast disappearing;) and we are well aware that the contents of many of these lawless penny publications were of the most violent and odious character, justly to be denounced as the deformed abortions of the press.

While, however, we advocate the Aristocracy of Intellect, as the only aristocracy that ought to be acknowledged by a civilized nation, we must be prepared immediately to applaud, as a part of that very system, all superior manifestations of knowledge, reason, talent, &c., let them emanate from however humble and unexpected a quarter. Nor ought we to be surprised at any degree of ability that rises from among the people, since it requires no very profound biographical knowledge to make us aware, that nearly all the great men who have ever lived—whether as patriots, poets, philosophers, artists, mechanists, heroes, statesmen, &c., have derived their origin from the same humble "order." This is a fact which even the Tories, who always confound the people with the *mob*, cannot deny, though it would very much perplex them to deal with it in juxtaposition with hereditary honours.

It will readily be apprehended, from the foregoing remarks, that we are alluding only to that portion of the Unstamped Press, which is expressly addressed to the working classes, and chiefly of a political tendency, and not to the various publications of Messrs. Knight, those of Chambers, Leigh Hunt's Journal, &c., which are of an intellectual, scientific, or amusing character; and follow, though less original in their matter, in the path of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, and other writers of high rank. In tracing, therefore, the progress of the present class of weekly periodicals, as the medium for the political feelings and opinions of the operatives, we think we should not be far wrong in designating Mr. Cobbett as the father of the Unstamped Press. He suffered great annoyance and fought many a hard battle on the subject of his Register, when he began to publish it without the stamp; and this, it is said, was one cause of his going to America at that time. Wooller's *Black Dwarf* served also a good campaign in the Unstamped service, and met with as much success as persecution. These publications are, however, of a much earlier date, and, in some respects, of different character from those to which we are now chiefly alluding. There are many persons, no doubt, who may argue that the fatherhood of the Unstamped should be divided between Mr. Cobbett and Lord Brougham; and perhaps, as far as the illegality or unfairness of such proceedings is concerned, there might be some grounds for argument; but we have previously drawn our line of distinction, and shall abide by it. The *Penny Magazine* is certainly not a newspaper—the *Weekly Police Gazette* certainly was. But the odious "Taxes upon Knowledge" (an insult to the freedom of the understanding on the very face of the wording!) are extremely difficult to be put in force, with definite justice; in numerous cases, so many evasions may be adopted. The *National Omnibus** was a mixture of the newspaper and the literary gazette, and "each served either." As a proof of the difficulty there may be in determining the question, we may instance the *Poor Man's Guardian*, which was not, and is not, a newspaper; though it sometimes contains matter that makes it very *like* one. In a recent trial, it was pronounced not to be a newspaper; but the proprietor and publisher had suffered persecution upwards of three years before this verdict was given! The decision, therefore, came too late for justice. After a man has been worried and injured, he is told he was in the right—and there is an end of the business! It is yet more hard upon those who are remotely associated with him, and know no more of the contents of what they sell, than the keeper of a fruit-stall does of the pips in his apples.†

The tone in which most of these "violent small cubs" give vent, is characteristic, not only of what is called "early writing," but also of that primitive time when the passions were in their full strength, and reason scarcely extant. All individuals are influenced by their feelings,—and, in the absence of great general information, they naturally bring all the knowledge they possess of their own affairs to bear upon one point; and this exclusive view renders the concentration the more absorbing and incorrigible. The style in which these feelings and opinions of

* Soon after the appearance of the *National Omnibus*—sold at one penny—a humorous speculator started another little vehicle of literature and politics, called *The Cab*, which was sold at one halfpenny. The *Cab*, however, soon went down.

† The publisher of this little paper avers that "upwards of 500 persons were imprisoned and cruelly treated for vending *The Poor Man's Guardian!*"

the Unstamped find expression, is equally strong and awkward, racy and irregular, sincere—and unwashed. Short sentences, like right and left blows; long ones, wherein no time is given to breathe, and as though they had been written by a hand used to the flail; sometimes uncouth and hardly intelligible, and suddenly merging into an irregular blank verse; epithet crowding upon epithet, simile intervolved with simile and dis-simile; bad grammar, and ludicrous false figures of rhetoric:—such are the natural characteristics of these productions. As an instance of the latter, we recently met with the following:—"Let us no longer be subject to these monopolizers and capitalists—let us work for ourselves—let us make *sail* on our own *ground!*" And, by a droll coincidence, (for we will be bound it was quite original, or at least no plagiarism,) another writer, in a different paper, exclaims, "Let us get land,—we can do nothing without it,—for *land* is the *fountain* of all good!" If this be the case, we see no reason why they should not follow the advice of the former. But amidst all these errors, absurdities, and furious declamations,—in defiance of all laws, divine, human, and literary,—we are compelled to declare, that we often find some sterling fine writing in the Unstamped, where knowledge, judgment, and good feeling advocate the cause of Industry, with no mean eloquence.

The working classes are fast rising from the slough, and will soon cease to be mere drudging beasts of burden, and "machines for the creation of wealth," in which they are not allowed to participate sufficiently for the necessities of physical existence. They are beginning to read, to think, and to write. They often write gross nonsense, violent treason, and threaten utter demolition; but sometimes they give us sound sense, and convince the understanding with arguments founded on moral truth and the just rights of humanity. Most of these productions are necessarily ephemeral. They rise,—utter whatever is uppermost in their minds and feelings,—and sink, like stones, in the surging waters of the time. Others rise in their place, to disappear as soon, either by prosecutions or by neglect; the latter being more efficacious towards their cessation: they cannot easily be *suppressed*. But to those who watch the progress of things,—old philosophers and politicians of "keen eye,"—it may not be uninteresting to know and mark the qualities of these transient papers. We will, therefore, give illustrations of our previous remarks: and the following specimens of the Unstamped Press of London in 1834, may form, when the originals have long vanished for ever, a curious feature at some future time, in the records of the present interesting and exciting period.

As the *Poor Man's Guardian* has been honoured with the greatest share of attention by the Government, we shall begin with that, in conformity with the example of our betters. Any one number of these publications may generally be considered as a fair specimen of those that preceded it: we shall therefore take the last that has been issued; though our opinion is, of course, formed upon the average. The "argument of the leader," for July 26th, is this: "MILITARY FLOGGING shown to be part and parcel of the System which plunders and degrades the poor, for the benefit of the rich."

Friends, brethren, and fellow countrymen! You have doubtless heard of the bloody butchery of a soldier named Hutchinson, (by mistake called Henderson,) which took place a few days ago at the barracks at Charing Cross? * * * And, first, observe, the battalion was commanded by Colonel Bowater. Mark this well. Remember the name Bowater, for we live in times when a scrupulous register should be kept of every ——'s name. * * *. Man has renounced his prototype, and made himself the image of the devil. Believe us, brother reformers, we are not acting a part, when we avow that the above recital has plunged us into a state of amazement and prostration which is utterly indescribable. When we reflect on the goodness of Almighty God, on the loveliness of his works, on the countless blessings with which he has stored the earth, and the exhaustless sources of ever-varying and innocent enjoyment he has opened to us, through our senses and reason:—when we reflect on these things, and contrast them with the realities before us, our *soul* sinks aghast from the picture, and feels as though it would *burst* with madness. Good God! what crime has the human race committed that it should be every where governed by * * *

These gentry may say more than it would be at all wise in us to repeat. The writer traces all crimes and miseries to the unjust distribution of wealth—

To the right by which one man claims (by force or fraud) the fruits of another's labour, without giving him an equivalent in exchange. This is the secret of all the crimes on earth. This is the original sin of the world. This is the father of all superstitions. This is the monster which sharpens the soldier's bayonet against his own brother, and knots the cat-o'-nine-tails against the soldier's back. Yes, brother reformers, "*Property* is the great destroyer. HE it is who destroyed all the nations of antiquity, and is now working the downfal of all modern states. HE it is who darkens the priest's soul, who steels the usurer's heart, and fills the cup of life with gall and sorrow. In a word, it is "property," and "property" only, which has made a riddle of human nature, and a pandemonium of the world."

After enumerating the absorption of the products of industry, "one portion under the name of *rent*, another under that of *tithes*, a third under that of *taxes*, a fourth under that of *tolls*, a fifth under that of *law expenses*, a sixth under that of *interest*, a seventh (which is by far the greatest) under that of *profits*, and so on with *commissions, agencies, brokerage, &c.*, to the end of the chapter;" he adds, "these and the like, are the pretences under which the useful classes are plundered, for the benefit of the useless."

Come, this is pretty well. If with no very argumentative logic, or evidence of financial knowledge, our author, at all events, contrives to give some very awkward hits at the landlords, the clergy, the lawyers, the shopkeepers, and the *Grand-maternal* Power! But surely we must feel very wondrously surprised at the Government, (judging by the three years' persecution of this paper,) putting on such a cap, and feeling sore, as though it were "a tight fit?"

Now, as no man likes to be robbed, neither would the industrious classes submit to it if they could help it. Fraud alone is not sufficient to govern them; for though millions are blinded by the system, so as not to perceive

the nature or extent of the injustice done them, yet certain it is that millions also perceive it. To keep down these, there must be force as well as fraud. There must be bands of *gens d'armes*, and a standing army. There must be hordes of wretches trained to kill without compunction, and separated in feeling and habits from the rest of the community. There must, in fact, be soldiers, that is to say, machines, who must not *think*, nor *act*, except at the nod of * * * who have an interest in brutalizing them. In short, to be the fit instruments of *our* slavery, they must be the most degraded of slaves themselves.

Such is the history of soldiers. And now to return to poor Hutchinson. From the bottom of our heart we sympathize with him. We loathe the reprobates who inflicted such horrible torture upon him. When we think of the writhings and maddening pain he must have suffered; and when we reflect that his torturers, who are among the * * * and * * * of mankind, are fed at our expense, for no other purpose but that of murdering us, if we resist the tyranny that consumes us: when we reflect on this, we feel as though we could tear the * * * to pieces with as little remorse, as even *they* exhibit toward their victims.

Those who write from the strength of the passions only, must address themselves only to the passions of others; and we consider the foregoing an ample illustration of some of our previous remarks on that score. The individual's sympathy with the sufferer is so intense, that he writes as though he felt the stroke of the lash himself; but he does not seem at all aware that no act of barbarous tyranny can ever be put down by furious language, which is only liable to aggravate to fresh outrages. The same "number" contains an article on Messrs. Cubitts and Co., builders, who had insisted, on pain of dismissal, that all their men *should drink no other beer* than that of Messrs. Combe and Delafield! Oh, land of Freedom!—happy John Bull!—what shall we hear of next? But let us see what the *Poor Man's Guardian* says; for all the remarks we might offer on the subject, would seem milk and water compared with his raw brandy.

A thousand thanks to Messrs. Cubitts and the company, for their valuable lecture on the necessity and advantages of union! They are evidently masters in the art. Let the men study under them; they cannot have better teachers. Such decisive acts as these are precisely the means to accelerate a crisis—to bring things to a close. None of your slow, trimming, creeping, cowardly acts of mongrel tyranny, which savour strong of Whiggism! Here is a decided bold act of genuine despotism, which, in the nature of things, has provoked, is provoking, and will provoke resistance correspondent. It will put the men on their mettle, and cause *rebellion* to come forth *in majesty!* The tyranny of the master tailors was nothing to this. That was tinkling with the little hammer: this is a blow with the big one; and a blow which has sounded through the kingdom. It will not only make the Unions now in existence stronger, but it will cause many new ones to spring up. It will teach the men what stuff their masters are made of, and what material they must be made of to cope with them:—it is another *sitting* got from the despotism of Money, towards the completion of the perfect *picture*:—it is not merely a step towards the finish of the present system, but it is a a leap:—it is a new feature in the character of the non-producers:—it will furnish materials of the first order for the consideration, discussion, and decision of the approaching meeting of the delegates from the Trades' Unions,—and goes to illustrate the truth which we have stated before; viz., that tyranny carries in itself the means of its own destruction,—that it always pushes matters to suicidal extreme,—and that when submission to its mandates is a greater punishment than the penalty which is attached to resistance,—a crisis to which it will always push matters,—its reign is at an end! The less of two evils is necessarily chosen; tyranny is destroyed and freedom restored:—the latter is immortal—the former suicidal!

We think His Majesty, Rebellion, must be highly gratified with this publication. The writers in these and similar papers, do not see that our manifold abuses, the product of ages, cannot be reformed with safety to our social condition, except by the progress of a few years at least. Having nothing to lose themselves, and many just rights to gain, they do not see why it should not all be done at once? Their own social condition being deplorable and desperate, they of course care nothing about that of the other classes. This may be natural for them; but it is equally so in us to guard against anarchy. The *Poor Man's Guardian* would be more properly styled *The Poor Man's Revenger, and Headstrong Friend*. It is very liable to do their cause more harm than good, by exciting the working classes to a contest with the swords of power, (which might end very differently to what they expected) instead of exerting itself to make Public Opinion rise all over the country, armed with the strongest of all weapons—those of reason and the justified rights of mankind! Of the same kind, was the paper (since defunct) called the *Republican*, whose frequent exhortations to physical violence would subject it more justly to the appellation of *The Red-hot Rebellion, or The Fire and Sword*. The operatives were herein advised to study military manœuvres and organization, to practice the manual and platoon exercises, and to get pistols and learn to hit a mark. All those who could not afford to purchase one of these weapons, were earnestly recommended to form "Pistol Clubs" for that purpose, and practice in turn! The *Guardian* advised the same. We cannot speak largely from personal experience, but we have seen enough of service ourselves to know the difference between "The regulars" and "The awkward squad." Granting that the working classes, (whom we only designate as "awkward" in allusion to raw *recruits*,) proved victorious by their vast numbers in a struggle with the military, how disastrous might be the consequences! But would it not also be disastrous if many thousands of them were slain in the abortive attempt? Most military men, however, laugh at the idea of such a contest. It may be thought by the superficial, that we are taking more notice of these publications than they are worth; that we are making them of far too much importance to dilate thus upon their random democracy, in a magazine which has always stood in the highest rank for steady intellect and general ability? We think otherwise. The circulation of the two only we have just named, varied at one time from thirty to forty thousand copies every week; and if we allow but four individuals to read each copy, this continual excitement of more than 100,000 of our countrymen, (and of that portion in whom reason and judgment are as yet very imperfectly developed,) *is* of considerable mi-

portance. And thus every sound politician will think, and feel thankful to us for giving him at one view, a clear insight into the whole mass of these weekly firebrands, and other (far more advantageous) advisers of the working classes.

We now come to a paper of a very different character, called *The Crisis*. This was started by the philanthrophist, Mr. Owen, and is generally headed by such mottoes as these:—"The Character of Man is formed *for*, and not *by*, the Individual." "If we cannot Reconcile all Opinions, let us Endeavour to Unite all Hearts," &c. We must confess we do not think either of these attempts at all likely to be crowned with success. Nor are we by any means sure—though this little production teems with fine and humane principles—that such a discourse as the following is calculated to conciliate the feelings of all classes:—

Saturday, July 12. The leading article is a lecture from this text:—"Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin."

It has been the custom, for many generations, for the teachers of morality to inculcate the duty of individual repentance; and perhaps they scarcely ever imagined the possibility of a *national repentance*. This, according to all expounders of the sacred books, is a miracle which would require the interference of more than ordinary power to accomplish; for it is a circumstance which we have never witnessed, nor has history ever recorded it. We read of such things as national repentance in the Scriptures; of the people of Ninevah repenting in sackcloth and ashes at the preaching of Jonah, and the Jewish nation repenting after their own folly had brought them to the verge of national destruction; and we read, a few days ago, of the King of Bavaria's splendid penitential procession to intercede with Heaven for a little more rain to water the earth; and we have read of the penitence of monks and other holy men, who punished their bodies with stripes, with hunger, and iron beds, for the commission of sins which it was hard for them to avoid. But, with all these various kinds of repentance, the world has always been growing worse and worse; no beneficial change has ever been effected; the repentance was merely a hypocritical parade of grief, for what men either could not help, or did not strive to mend. * * * Our modern fast days are nothing else than this mock repentance, which is thought to be of such material importance as to call for an act of the Legislature to appoint it. On this occasion the people demonstrate the sincerity of their penitence by shutting up their shops and going to church, as if it were a Sunday; then going home again and spending the afternoon in a regular feast, without having discovered the error of their past conduct, or passed any resolutions to effect a change for the better! The whole frame of society moves on to-morrow, as if no such farce as a national fast and humiliation had ever been acted. Thus no benefit results from the measure. The infidel laughs, and inquires the use of all such mummery; the Christian regrets that it is of no use, but attributes its failure to the want of sincerity on the part of the people. One party says it should have been a true fast, and that the people should have abstained from eating and drinking; another party says, that a spiritual fast is all that is meant: that if the people had inwardly felt the error of their ways, and resolved to amend their faults in future, it would have been a blessing to the nation; and we say so too. * *

What would Sir Andrew Agnew, and his water-bottle holder, Mr. ———, the cad to his salt-fish Omnibus, say to this? But our lecturer proceeds, nothing daunted:—

The thief, and the assailant, is a species of excrescence on the common morality of the age; teaching and preaching is of no use in its correction, for it listens not to advice; but the common morality of the age is that which forms the character of the people, which regulates the intercourses of society, which makes governments good or bad, and the distribution of the wealth of society just or unjust.

Well, what is done to cure this morality of the age?—Nothing. It is never reproached, it is accounted the standard for rich and poor; if you attack it, you are accounted immoral, contemptuously styled an innovator, and a disturber of the public peace; nay, as if it was considered immaculate and perfect, if you propose to effect any improvement upon it, you are branded with immorality for your pains; so that the modern moralist and preacher of righteousness has nothing to do but merely to attack the grossest excesses of debauchery; and if he succeeds in reducing these, and bringing all men to the standard of common everyday morality, that is all he can do, or expects to do. Thus, then, the world is all right, and it is only a few drunkards and debauchees who are wrong! hence our moralists have long ago ceased to preach up a national repentance; they address themselves to individuals only, supposing that the only species of national repentance which ever can be effected is a national fast-day occasionally. * * *

The lecturer proceeds to show that we are by no means equal to the ancients in the science of forming a national character; that with them the education of the people was the most important concern of Government, and that their system of public instruction was directly the reverse of ours. The ancients made it attractive, in order to give it its full weight; and the public taste was consulted at the same time that morals were taught and vices corrected; and by thus producing a *sympathy* between the public mind and the public instruction, unity of sentiment was made current through the whole population;

Whereas our only national institution is one which loses all its effect upon the public mind, by being almost directly opposed to their feelings and interests. The church is hated by the common people, and is merely a political tool of the great; it has no moral influence on the public mind; it is only a sower of division amongst the people, stirring up all the worst passions of human nature, which it is paid largely out of the public purse to destroy. It aggravates the evil which it is hired to cure; and, to show its insincerity in the cause of reformation, it demands all its political and pecuniary privileges, even when it perceives its moral influence gone, and when the whole nation has declared it a public nuisance.

Were the enormous revenues of the church expended upon a national institution, of which all would approve, that is, a scientific institution for adults, there are very few minds in the country so extremely barbarous, as not to give their sanction to the outlay of public money for such a purpose. Science has no party spirit, no sectarian feelings; men of all religious denominations would then meet together in brotherly love and affection, &c.

The drift of his argument, therefore, is, that it would be better to produce a universal increase of intelligence, and to instruct the people in things they can reduce to practice in the various avocations of life, than to waste millions in the support of a State Clergy, who do nothing to promote their knowledge or happiness—but everything to the contrary; and this is rapidly becoming the general opinion of the whole country.

Strange to say, it is those *very* religious characters, who profess to be the "most religious," who are the most averse to "repent them of their iniquity," and do justice

to the poor. The supporters of Grandmother Church are the enemies of all change. They claim the same infallibility to the church as the Roman Catholics for the pope; and ascribe all the blame, all the national iniquity and offence against God, not to the rich and the learned, but to the poor and the ignorant, to whom alone they raise the call of repentance; whilst the poor re-echo the compliment, and call upon their spiritual and temporal rulers to turn from their evil deeds. It is wasting words to attempt to show that the power of repentance lies with the rich alone, for they only have the means—they alone can make a sacrifice; the poor have no sacrifice to make. It would be an equal waste of words and time to attempt to prove, what has been demonstrated a thousand times, that their conduct has been all along condemned by their professions, and by the sacred book which they denominate the standard of right and wrong. It were useless to prove that their riches, their pride, their haughty demeanour and distance from the poor are merely a piece of infamous burlesque upon religion; that their magisterial prosecutions, their state religions, their fines, and their prisons, to keep their opponents in awe, are in direct hostility to the spirit of their Master, whose kingdom is not of this world. All this has been done again and again; but their riches and political power have screened them from all the offensive weapons of reason and truth; and, as money can purchase justice at the bar, so they, by their political ascendency, have purchased a verdict of acquittal for themselves, and are regarded as the representatives of Christ and his holy Evangel—the patterns for others to follow—the beaux ideal of moral worth.

If these men and their morals are the patterns of virtue, then the beauties and the excellencies of virtue have been sadly overrated; there are few redeeming qualities in her; she is neither just nor generous. Selfishness is her prevailing character; she is both a monopolist, a sectarian, and a persecutor; and it might make a subject for very tough discussion, whether the drunkard or the respectable moralist and legislator of the day is the most ruinous and obnoxious character. The one is the parent, the other the offspring. The legislator and moralist devises laws of inequality, which harass one portion of the community to aggrandize another. These laws degrade the poor; they reduce them to extreme wretchedness, and keep them in extreme ignorance; and in this state of mental degeneracy they abandon themselves to the guidance of depraved sensual propensities. How can it be otherwise? Man is an active being, a creature of strong passions, fond of everlasting excitement; and it ought to be the study of every legislator to regulate that excitement, by presenting temptations of a moral and refining character. It is not by penal enactments that the evil can be subdued. It is not by threats and stripes, by prisons, or by fines, that a moral character can be purified. The passions of men are as elastic as the air we breathe, and equally subversive of the stability of all human institutions, if confined by force within too narrow a sphere of action. The air which is confined in the bowels of the earth, must somewhere find a vent; and in working it way out of its place of confinement it shakes the solid surface of the ground, tears up the strata of rocks beneath, and bursts asunder the everlasting mountains.

The lecturer proceeds to show that it is the same with the active spirit of man, which necessarily must be under frequent excitement. A dull routine is unbearable to every one; and even our legislators themselves must have their recess, from the labours of law-making, at Christmas and Easter. They have also their great summer vacation. "Besides all their other private retreats," they can spend their evenings at social dinners, theatres, clubs, public assemblies, &c., and thus break the monotony of business, and regain the elasticity of the mind. "Can these men expect the poor to enjoy life, or even to spend life, without some similar variety of excitement and employment? It would be unreasonable to entertain such expectations." He contends that the legislature ought to provide some relaxation for all, instead of leaving it to individual caprice, or the necessitous choice of poverty, "which only resorts to low brutality and drunkeness, because this is the only kind of excitement which comes within its reach." He argues that three-fourths of the debauchery of the common people might certainly be eradicated, if, "instead of spending the national resources in pampering the pensioned sons and daughters of the aristocracy, we were to employ that sum in providing diversions for the people, and the wasted revenues of the *soi-disant* great spiritual mother, in furnishing them with popular scientific instruction, &c."

The above is only a fair general specimen of the intellectual character of the *Crisis;* and if it be not calculated "to unite *all* hearts," we consider that it makes good our previous position as to the superior kind of writing which appears in some of the Unstamped. Whatever may be said of Mr. Owen's parallelograms, and however he may be ridiculed as a visionary, by those who do not understand anything of his system, it is a fact that he has done more—and with success—to promote intelligence among the working classes, than any man of his time, or of any preceding time. The *Crisis* had, at one period, a circulation of 15,000 in the week; but in consequence of Mr. Owen withdrawing himself from the editorship to pursue other labours, and from various causes, it has gradually fallen, and is now at a very low ebb. We will make one more extract from another number, (as the paper is not unlikely ere long to cease entirely,) wherein the writer has the moral courage to stand forth as the advocate and admirer of physical cowardice! Had he not possessed courage of both kinds, he could never have "afforded it:"—

In our *old* world, courage, that is, martial courage, has generally been reckoned a virtue of a very high order; but be it a virtue or be it a vice, it has been a mighty tyrant from time immemorial. A meek and gentle disposition is more to be commended for its good effects, if not more splendid in its outward appearance. Martial courage has been the bane of human society; it has been the prime mover by which armies were conducted, and tyrants waded through blood to lordly dominion over their own species; and the mildest and the most innocent of men were always sure to be trodden under foot, because they made the least resistance.

What men in general call timidity or cowardice, is, in my own opinion, as much of a virtue as a vice. A man is called a coward, and branded with the name, if he refuses to accept the challenge of a madman or a fool who wishes to have a shot at him; and many a poor fellow forces himself, with trembling knees, to stand the fire, merely to save his character. Another is called a courageous fellow who clears a five-barred gate, or a hedge and ditch, and outstrips his companions in the hunt:—these are probably mere fools: whilst there are thousands of industrious mechanics and literary men who have scarcely courage to mount a horse, or who would catch the mane or grasp the animal round the throat in a fright as soon as it began to trot. These may be called cowards by a jockey; but they are patient, industrious men; and if they would make worse soldiers, they make better producers, and will save as many lives as the other will kill. There is more virtue in cowardice than it gets credit for; and

the cowardice of a soldier is frequently the courage and perseverance of a producer. Good soldiers are bad producers, and good producers are bad soldiers. Taking this view of the subject, martial cowardice is a virtue,—it is merely a peaceful disposition; and it is to bere gretted that there is not more of it in society.

The words "martial cowardice" must have rather a comic effect on the ears of all those who are of the *old* world. These extracts are made from an argument in favour of vegetable diet. The writer, however, advises the people *not* to leave off animal food at present; and the reason he gives, though there may be truth in it, is very amusing. He says it causes a diminution of the *tithes*. The more animal food that is consumed in this country, the worse for the state clergy; for if, on the contrary, the people all took to a vegetable diet, "it would force a vast quantity of land into tillage, which is now lying in grass for fear of the tithe." Without gainsaying the probable consequences, to all parties, of the people going to grass, and learning to *ruminate*, our risible faculties are yet more excited by having just ascertained that the writer of the article is himself a clergyman, and a Master of Arts. He goes on to illustrate his subject from history,—and reminds us that the Romans were very fond of *rats*, rearing them for the table as we rear poultry, but always feeding them upon vegetables, which makes their flesh nice and tender; that Hippocrates mentions dogs, and even *foxes*, as very fit for culinary purposes, providing they were previously made ready for the knife by a course of vegetables; that lion's flesh was eaten at Algiers, and Dr. Shaw found its taste similar to veal; that the Jews, who were a disobedient people, were very much addicted, in spite of the prohibition, to eating *mice;* and that "the prophet Isaiah reproaches them for going behind the trees in the garden, and eating the mouse in secret!" If we must eat animal food, he argues that it is a superstitious prejudice not to extend our carniverous patronage to dogs, horses, cats, rats, mice, and many more animals than we do at present, which would be attended with far less expense in obtaining,—premising always that they are to be reared upon a vegetable diet. All this is very well for China; but we have not only a religious prejudice against eating such things—(vermin and insects included)—we have also a national prejudice; and either of these would be found unconquerable by any arguments.*

We now come to *The Pioneer, or Grand National Consolidated Trades' Union Magazine.* We here find, occasionally, the same violence of language as in the *Poor Man's Guardian;* but differing in style, more definite of purpose, and varied by articles of singular ability. The following is taken from an account of the grand procession of the Trades' Unions, to petition the King in favour of the six industrous men who were so cruelly transported:—

Last Monday was a day in Britain's history which long will be remembered; for Labour put its hat upon its head, and walked towards the throne. Labour has been a thing of late which politicians thought possessed no soul; a thing of nerves and muscle,—without morality, and void of intellect. But wherefore did its footsteps shake the judgment seat,—and why did warriors put their bucklers on, awaiting its approach? Its heavy tread made statesmen tremble; and as it shook its locks, ferocious scribes grew tremulous.*

We will now select an extract of a different tone and quality. It is from an article headed "On the Pretended Ignorance of the Working Classes."

First, as to our ignorance and incapacity. Those who wish us to be blind, who have done, and still do, all they can to put out our mental eyesight, are, it must be allowed, extremely kind. In the old-fashioned mills, where horses were used, they were frequently bandaged or blinded, to prevent the poor animals becoming giddy, and because in that state, as I have been told, they would work harder. Our task-masters, upon the same principle, blind us as much as they can; and when they find that they cannot altogether put out our eyes, they endeavour to persuade us either that we cannot see, or that we are giddy and deluded. Kind and considerate souls! how much we are obliged to them! They lay a heavy tax upon the windows of intellect; they do all they can to cover every pane of mental glass with obscure and distorted figures, like the chalk and water dauberies in the kitchen windows at the west end of London, and then they tell us we are too blind to manage our own concerns, while we must be thankful to them for managing our affairs for us. Under this pretence, they rob us, and almost work us to death; and yet these are persons who really mean well to us, crying out, Ah, this is but too true! the majority of the people are not sufficiently instructed to be entrusted with power: we must illuminate their minds, before we can venture to advocate their elevation in the scale of society!

Brethren, there is an immensity of benefit in what is called education; but do not suffer yourselves to be tricked and bamboozled out of your rights, under the notion that you must have education, before you are fit to have justice. Education is a very good thing; but men and children must live as well as learn; besides, there is such a thing as education without knowledge, and there is also such a thing as knowledge without education; and of these two things the last is much better than the first. Perhaps, after all that can be done in the busi-

* A friend of ours, who was attached to one of the embassies to China, gave us an account, some time since, of the "rich gusto" of these singular people in their made-dishes. We shall never forget it. Four guests were placed at each table, with a Mandarin as president and interpreter. "That," said the Mandarin, observing their doubting looks, "is a fricasseed *mole;* this is a dish of *stewed worms;* those are *fried locusts.*" "And pray what is that?" "That," replied the courteous Mandarin, "is a *bird's nest*,—accounted a great delicacy."

* The writer is evidently unaware that nearly the whole of his article is an irregular blank verse. We will put the first paragraph into form, and without altering, transposing, or omitting a word:—

Last Monday was a day in Britain's history
Which long will be remembered;
For Labour put its hat upon its head,
And walked towards the throne! Labour has been
A thing, of late, which politicians thought
Possessed no soul; a thing of nerves and muscle,—
Without morality, and void of intellect!
But wherefore did its footsteps shake
The judgment-seat,—and why did warriors put
Their bucklers on, awaiting its approach?
Its heavy tread made statesmen tremble;
And as it shook its locks, ferocious scribes
Grew tremulous! Law held its jaws aghast,
And showed its teeth, but offered not to bite!
Doubt, wonder, and suspense, made many hearts
Uneasy; and far and near an anxious people
Awaited the result.
The sun cast down its eyelids for an hour,
While labour gather'd up its strength,—then look'd
Upon its majesty in full magnificence, &c.

ness of education, the common-sense of mankind will remain pretty nearly at the same level. There are many learned men who are very great fools, and there are men who do not know "a B from a bull's-foot," and yet are very sensible and intelligent members of society. All useful knowledge consists in the acquirement of ideas concerning our condition in life; and there are few men of common observation who do not get into their minds, whether they can read and write or not, the ideas that are most serviceable to them. The position of a man in society, with its obligations and interests, forces ideas upon him which all the theory of education would not have impressed upon him as long as he was not called upon practically to make use of them.

Let the Government open its eyes to this, and make the rational deductions. When the working classes are addressed in this strain, and when we know they pay the deepest attention to it, let the Government draw the right conclusions, and have foresight enough to hasten the process of Reformation, before the work is taken out of its hands.

It is thus that those who have no political rights never think of the manner in which such rights may be rendered beneficial to themselves, their families, and their neighbours. But, bestow on them those rights, and there is no doubt but they will soon learn how to turn them to account. Where a man must do nothing but labour hard and long, with very short intervals of rest and relaxation, it is useless to pretend to implant upon his mind ideas that belong to a different condition of life; and it is the very height of cruelty to say that his condition shall not be improved until his ideas are more numerous and more enlarged. Alter his position; connect him, not merely in practical labour, but in practical rights and duties, with his fellow-men, and you will be apt to wonder at the ease with which he will adapt himself to his new situation. Upon an average, brethren, in our class of society, measured or weighed with equal numbers in the other classes, we are as good husbands, as good fathers, as good neighbours, as other men. We have our follies and our vices, and so have they. They have more opportunities of concealment than we have; they have cloaks for their shame, which we cannot afford. They have more of the decencies of life, but we have quite as much of the virtues. Our indulgences are short, and they are, therefore, apt to be violent; and, as we too often want the art and means to disguise the consequences of them, they shock the delicacy and hypocrisy of those who call themselves our betters. There are some among these betters of ours, who will not hesitate to class the common thieves and harlots along with us, brethren, as making a part of what they are pleased to term the "lower orders." Let them look to themselves—let them look to the gamblers and the swindlers, the demireps and the prostitutes, the intrigues and the corruptions of polished society; and then, even with all the strumpets and pickpockets which they insolently reckon among us, we should still be the most virtuous and best-conducted class of society. But we, brethren, who constitute the laborious productive class, do not deserve the stigma. • •

The writer argues that the operatives want no high-flown acquirements; no new powers of mind; no new doctrines: all that they want is a conviction that their own affairs are their own *only*, (for they have no real representatives;) that they must act for themselves, and have confidence in their own rights, and the power of obtaining them; and that they need only to exert common sense, and be resolutely determined to look straight forward.

Even in point of book-knowledge or literature, of which so much is thought at the present day, the barons and the first representatives of the commons, five hundred years ago, were far more ignorant than the majority of ourselves, brethren, are at present; but they depended upon their perception, their common-sense, and the rights which they acquired and exercised with unshaken firmness, and with much discretion. They took every advantage of the expensive ambition of Edward I., and Edward III. At every demand of the sovereign they strengthened the foundation of that power of property which it was long the fashion to call liberty; though to you who compose the great productive power, in which that power of property had its birth, it has been, indeed, the very reverse of liberty. But they, the barons and the wealthy commons, who, under a nominal monarchy, actually ruled the land, had their wants also; and your forefathers, your untaught, brutalized, enslaved forefathers, had sense enough to rise from the state of *serfs*,—from the state of feudal bondage, of hereditary labour, fixed and bound to land on which they had their birth, by means of the wants of their enslavers,—into a more liberal condition; and they attained the right, not previously known generally, or even extensively, to any part of the globe, of selling their labour by the year, the month, or the day, to any master or employer they might choose. Talk of ignorance, indeed! They effected this gradually, in a condition the most humiliating, and under circumstances more oppressive, than you, under the most abject of your distresses, can possibly conceive! But, good Heaven! this is not to be the term in the career of the emancipation of the great productive power of labour. They advanced themselves and you, their descendants, one degree in the scale of society; but it is for you, by their example, and with far greater advantages, to advance yourselves and your immediate posterity the next degree.

We shall leave everybody to make their own comments on the above. Its matter, the source whence it emanates, and the class to whom it is addressed, who read these papers with avidity and faith, are worthy of deep consideration. The effects they will eventually produce are manifest from what we know already.

The style of the "leaders" of *The Pioneer* is generally that of a military despatch, and they are calculated to excite the habitual readers to the utmost. The following is a fair specimen:—

BROTHERS!—Make ready, now, for active warfare! The masters are in league with one another, and form a hireling band, hallooed on by the rich to crush the poor. This hostile union, though a present evil, will work a future good; the knaves are far too selfish to fight the battles of the money-changers with empty pockets for any length of time; and, when they bring their arbitrary heads together, their polished skulls may knock against each other, and strike a spark of truth out. Discussion sobers down men's minds, and makes them less Quixotic in their enterprises.

Their only strength consists in our division: that *truth* they seem to have a glimpse of. Their chief ambition is to scatter us, and take advantage of our weakness. Be stedfast to each other, and *they* are powerless; divide, and we are slaves,—slaves not to them alone, but to each other. • • • •

Derby has fallen; but she will rise again, healed of her bruises, and resolute in strength. Leeds is struggling, and gasping in the struggle; but unity will give her breath. All Britain groans against her money-changers' heartless tyranny. Away, then, with all petty striving, and let all Britain be as one! Let every lodge be asked the question, *Will you sign that scrawl of ignominy?* that insult to humanity—the seal of slavery, and signature of your debasement? If any one says, ay! then let him wear the brand for ever; treat him as a loathsome thing; shun him as you would a pestilence; make him a bugaboo to fright your children; and, when you hear his voice, imagine him a rattle-snake, consider him unclean, and startle from the hoof-marks of his cloven feet.

This is all very spirited and apt to the purpose of the writer, though the "cloven foot" of

a "rattle-snake" is somewhat too original. The energy of its vituperations and denouncements is not greater than that of its exhortation, while its illustrative power is frequently of a primitive character.

Our cause is just, our means are honourable, and all our actions guided by the love of peace. Union makes men strong, and those who sow division but wish to take advantage of its weakness. Cheer up, then, Brothers! the virtue of our cause should make us dauntless; our struggle is for food, and raiment, and other comforts.

God surely has not made the world too narrow to yield his creatures food enough to live on. The earth, the sea, the sky, abound with nourishment. Then wherefore is it mankind reaps it not? Has Nature placed her fruits beyond man's reach? Not so! for he brings the pearl from the deep, deep sea, and gathers the herb from the mountain-top. The tenant of the sky falls at his feet, and he fills his net with ocean produce. On burning sands and in the midst of rigid snow he leaves the traces of his step; he strips the wild beast of its skin, and plucks the plumage of the lofty warbler; he creeps into the bowels of the earth, and hides himself among the clouds. All nature yields unto his enterprise but man! His fellow man buys up his sweat and leaves him, after all his labour, to hunger and to thirst!! By what misgovernment is this, that one man preys upon another? and who perpetuates the heartless fraud that makes so many poor and needy?

Dear Brothers, the world would fain persuade us that we were born too late; for Heaven, it seems, gave all the land to Peter, and Peter let it to the Pope, and the Pope sublet it to the Holy Fathers; and, lastly Kings and Nobles robbed them of it, and left it to their own dear heirs and heiresses!

We will conclude our notice of the *Pioneer*, by giving a few miscellaneous extracts, taken at random in glancing over three or four numbers.

Your position in society, brethren, is one of great difficulty, and there is nothing in the history of past times parallel with the struggle you are called upon to make; for at *no times* and in *no country* did the *great productive power of labour stand forward to demand its full remuneration, as it does* at present in this country.

The contest now going on, apparently between profits and wages, is actually a contest against ruin on the part of the capitalists, as much as it is a contest against direct starvation on the part of the working class. The editor of the *Times* insists that the powers of production are still, and ever must be, beneath the wants of the community, and that you, brethren of the working classes, get more than your share of the whole produce. Will nothing teach *this* man the plain principles of common-sense?

Capital is, under the present unnatural system, set at enmity with labour; and swaggering *Profit*, with his greasy chin and swollen belly, is taught to ill-treat his poor, miserable father, *Labour*, and give him as many kicks as half-pence for his wages. There are two interests in the state where there ought to be but one; and the editor of the *Times* is fomenting the differences between them.

No wonder, then, that the cry for universal suffrage has been at times loud and fearful. I have heard its deep, hollow mutterings, like thunder over the waves previous to a storm; and I have felt myself impelled by a resistless impulse of all the best feelings within me, to respond to the tone. Yet, as I looked at the condition of my fellow-beings; as I looked closely into the state of dependence in which myself, and men dependent, like me, for their daily bread on the sale they can obtain for their weekly labour in a market of which the profit-mongering capitalists have the control, and of which their *House of Commons is the market-clerk*,—I have paused, and exclaimed, "No: not yet! social liberty must precede political liberty."

Among one of your earliest resolutions must be the declaration, that "Labour, the Creator of property, is superior in its rights to property, which is nothing more than its creature, and the work of its hands!"

Your object must be to change *your wages* into a fair *share* of *profits* of the productive concern in which you are employed. This is the object of Trades' Unions, if they have any rational object at all—and I do not see why it is not at once openly avowed. I would banish the word *wages* from the language, and consign it, with the word slavery, to histories and dictionaries. *Wages* is a term of purchase; it means the piece-meal purchase of your blood, and bones, and brains, at weekly payments; it is the present name for the *Saturday's market price of man, woman, and child!*

Is not the writer cavilling, in this instance, about a *word*. If wages are sufficiently high to be considered a fair remuneration, what is that but a fair share of the *profits*? Wages are never paid out of a continual or average *loss*. The next quotation is from an article "On Revolution, as it regards the Working Classes."

You must help yourselves; and it is sometimes the best position that a man or body of men can find themselves in, to be thus thrown so entirely upon their own exertions. Every thought is summoned up, every energy is upon the stretch; when a man is obliged to be his own friend, nothing is left undone; he is a true friend to himself—and such, brethren, we must be to ourselves.

State revolutions are, in fact, of no concern whatever to us, brethren, as long as we are shackled with social dependence, as long as we are obliged to sell ourselves by the week, instead of sharing in the products of our toil. You remember the old fable of the beast of burden and his driver. "Make haste, you lazy, heavy-heeled brute," exclaimed the stupid clown, beating his poor ass over the head at the same time; "make haste, or we shall fall into the hands of our enemies of the opposite party." 'Twas at the time of one of those revolutionary freaks called civil wars, which are always so full of high public spirit and bloodshed. "What are your parties to me?" said the wretched ass, shaking his ears, that felt as well as heard the impatience of his alarmed driver. "What shall either I or you, you servile lout, be the worse or the better, whether we belong to this party of state plunderers or the other? We cannot labour more than twenty hours in the twenty-four for either party; and I must have provender, and you must have bread of some sort; and that of the opposite party, as you call them, can't well be coarser or less in quantity than what we get now!"

We consider it of the highest importance for us to see what the working classes would be at; if their Unions really have a definite object, to discover what it is, what they do, and what they do *not* wish to effect? The above goes a great way to help us to the knowledge. Our last extract is from a paper "On the folly of looking to Government for social aid."

Where is Mr. Martin to get a clause appended to his bill, including working men among his *animals*? • • • It is plain to any man who thinks upon the subject, and reads the debates in the newspaper reports for one week together, that Government as it is at present circumstanced, is reduced to a mere *stand-still*. Before they can *do* a little they must *undo* a great deal. • • • •

It is no benefit to tell a man who is bleeding from wounds in all his limbs, that you have wrested the weapon out of the hands of his assassin, and thrown it into the sea. No, we must seek for remedies; we must stop the flow of blood; we must close the wounds; we must bandage the members; we must calm the fever; we must strengthen the vital powers, and renovate those energies which are both the causes and the consequences of life. This would indeed be undoing the evil that has been committed; but this, brethren, neither Whigs nor Tories are capable of effecting. It is a task of labour

and of love; a task of strong feeling, and of pure patriotism.

A bloody sceptre may demand the poor man's life, whenever he tries to shuffle off the yoke. But truth and love of freedom never die; the spirit of progression is eternal; and *every noble soul who suffers in the cause, though wronged himself, still adds a new power to human right.*

The Pioneer had at one time a circulation of between twenty and twenty-five thousand copies a-week! Our surprise at finding writing of the superior kind, such as we have extracted, in a periodical springing up from among the poorest class in society, (who produce all the wealth, and most of the best knowledge,) is not great, for the reasons we have previously given, as warranted by all experience: but we confess that we are much astonished that such writing should find so large a class of readers. What must be the march of intelligence when we find a vast mass of mechanics and labourers reading and comprehending, (or they would soon cease to purchase,) what those individuals who were hitherto only isolated examples of intellect rising out of obscurity, have been able to produce? In consequence, however, of the temporary disbanding and disasters of the Trades' Unions, the *Pioneer* sunk to the ground. It has recently attempted a resuscitation by merging into the *Weekly Chronicle*, which is a twopenny newspaper; and as there can be no doubt in this case, it is not improbable that the Stamp-Office may clap its paw upon it ere it has counted many weeks. Nor do we think the great names whom they have chosen to place as responsible parties, will have the desired effect. We allude to the announcement, at the bottom of its concluding column; in which it is difficult to say whether the wit is not equal to the impudence:—

"*Printed by Lord Brougham, 23, Prince's Street, Drury Lane! Published by Benjamin Franklin, 378, Strand, &c.*

The Gauntlet was a violent Revolutionary paper, chiefly filled with the writings of Mr. R. Carlile. Incessant persecution has turned this individual into an insufferable egotist, and he has no original powers of mind to serve as a qualification to our disgust. But that he has been a voluntary martyr to the cause of the working classes, according to his view of the matter, there can be no doubt; and his will is unconquerable. The *Gauntlet* had once a very large circulation, but has now ceased. The *Cosmopolite* was a similar production, and is likewise at an end. *The People's Conservative*, and *The Reformer*, were both newspapers, and very creditably "got up." The speculators eventually found, however, it did not answer, and joined forces. Not being prosecuted, they sunk by their own weight to rise no more. We had almost forgotten a little paper called, *The Figaro*. He is "the funniest rogue!" turning every thing into wit that suits such purpose, with the same ease that a Tory deals with truth and falsehood. Abstract principle is out of the question. *The Man*, is a newspaper, and had at one time an immense circulation. Just as it was sinking, comes a Government prosecution, which puts it down! The consequence is, it is now up again! The same happened to the *Weekly Police Gazette*, which being a worthless production could never have continued to circulate twenty-five thousand weekly. After the prosecution, it is doing well again, we hear. The *Twopenny Despatch* is a newspaper, intended, no doubt, to supersede the original stamped paper; in which purpose, however, it does not appear to meet with much success. The same may be said of *The Penny Times*, *The Penny Satirist*, &c. *Old Nick* is also a newspaper, and a most disgusting piece of foolery. It is crammed with the correspondence of imps, devils, and dated from Pandemonium, &c. What *The Hue and Cry* newspaper may be, we do not know. Our philosophy could not quite descend to that; but we think the title speaks for the contents. We must here observe, however, that some of these newspapers are very cleverly concocted and arranged; and as they usually *borrow* their "leaders" and most of their original information from the stamped papers, there can be no doubt but the circulation of the latter is materially injured, in consequence. The stamped press is fighting under a great disadvantage; and this ought to be remedied, not by Government prosecutions, which seldom answer the purpose, but by withdrawing the Taxes upon Knowledge! It is true that the average of the Unstamped papers, "will die of themselves, *if you let them alone;*" others, however, are continually rising in their place, prolific as flies above the dead. Away then with the odious Taxes upon Knowledge! and give all the intellect of the country fair play.

We shall conclude our notice of the Unstamped with the *Official Gazette of The Trades Unions*. It is conducted by the Executive Council of the Consolidated Union; and from its moderation, the argumentative character of its tone, and the superior quality of its matter, is altogether a very praiseworthy production. It is not a newspaper, but an exclusive magazine, or authentic organ of one definite class,—the United Operatives of the country. We will let it speak for itself.

THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

The Trades' Unions have many opponents among the Middle Classes, and even among such of them as ought to have acquired more intelligence than hastily to misjudge the principles and actions of that vast body, from whose indefatigable industry *all* classes derive their wealth and worldly comforts. Prejudice is not reason; on the contrary, it is its chief adversary; for ignorance may be instructed, while prejudice refuses to listen; because one of its first attributes is obstinacy. The cause of the Trades' Unions has hitherto been too often advocated with an unwise violence, which may emanate no doubt, from the sincerest feeling, but can never induce conviction in those who are at present inimical. Many who would otherwise have given it a fair hearing, turn away disgusted or provoked at finding their understandings attacked by storm, instead of steady dispassionate explanations and arguments. One of the chief objects of this *Official publication*, is to induce a general good feeling among all classes, grounded upon its own tone of reasonable disquisition, and the fair statement of its cause. Let no one refuse to hear a manly and honest appeal; the very act of such wilful

deafness will only prove his inward belief of our justification.

This, indeed, is the way to gain a hearing; and more than a *hearing*, if the plan be continued. The following is extracted from an article entitled "Statistics of Labour."

The tailors, shoemakers, and hatters, are the three principal branches of practical industry, that yet remain independent of the power of steam and machinery. The men employed in these different trades, are themselves the best judges of the quality of the materials upon which they are severally employed; the best judges too of the quality of the work. Have they sufficient intelligence to organize depots for the particular wares of each, manufactured by themselves, for themselves, and for the united brothers throughout the kingdom? The shopkeepers, the great distributors of produce, are uniting against the Unions, and passing resolutions *to employ no man of the Unions!* Let them complete their magnanimous determinations, by resolving from this day henceforward, *to sell nothing to the men of the Unions.* Dare they venture upon this resolution, or will they leave it for you, men and brethren, to resolve it for them? Let each lodge busy itself immediately, with the statistical details of its particular trade, and let it furnish to its brethren in other departments of industry, the probable or actual amount of employment it can give annually to the united brothers of each particular branch. What money do you spend in a year upon shoes, coats, trousers, hats, &c. &c.? This amount, whatever it may be, is the measure of your importance to the class of distributors, and also of your own power of assistance to each other, &c.

This is coming to the point. In the same number, we find the record of an act on the part of some of the Unionists, which manifests a spirit that may make certain great folks wince as they read it, seeing the prospect of similar energies. On the subjugation of the "host of tailors," by the union of the masters, all the officers of one of the lodges that was deserted by those forming it, being resolved not to submit to the degradation which would follow the signing of the document put forth by the masters, passed a resolution, "That we do at once fly from this worse than Egyptian slavery, from the land of bondage to that of liberty and justice; and that we do henceforth go on board the first ship bound for America; and that this resolution be transmitted to the Executive *when we have sailed.*"

Our next extract will shew that the Trades' Unions are not bold with blindness, and that they are well aware of all the power with which they are about to contend. It is from "An Address from the Brothers of the Grand Lodge of Miscellaneous Operatives, to the Lodges in Unions, and to the Operatives of Great Britain and Ireland."

We have now evidently to contend, not only with our employers, but with their customers; with the Government, the aristocracy, the magistracy, the press, and, in short, with all the interests, great and small, with very few exceptions, that are not immediately identified with ourselves. No single trade, therefore, can withstand such a power; but one by one they will all be defeated. What, then, can save us from sinking still lower and lower in the gulf of destitution and misery, in which we are already prostrated? Nothing but union; *one solid, compact, and concentrated Union;* this, and this only, can save us; and if we neglect this, there remains to us nothing but the vilest, the most degrading and abject submission to the despotism of capital, of which ourselves, our wives, and infant children, are doomed to be the crouching and timid slaves. Will we, then, be free ourselves must strike the blow! Send up your delegates to the Congress, and let them not be instructed to stipulate for partial strikes, or the individual advantage of any particular trade; but let them come with universal goodwill in their hearts, and with the determination to adopt those measures that shall strike at the root of the evil by which we are destroyed; which shall remove the causes of your want of intelligence, and root out poverty and misery from all the wealth-producers in the empire.

This *Official Gazette* is altogether a very original publication, not merely from the novel feature it presents of the working classes standing up to *argue* their cause with knowledge, reason, and a thorough command of temper; but, from the singular variety of its contents. We have able leading articles of political and social science, dialogues, and original papers. We have official documents, summoning delegates from all the lodges in town and country, to a grand meeting in August, signed by a secretary, and dated from the *Council Chamber;* and we have accounts of the proceedings of the "Women's Grand Lodge of operative straw-bonnet makers!" We have "Reply of the Trades' Unions of Great Britain, &c., to the address of the workmen of Nantes;" and the announcement of the funeral of brother Smith, and at such a time and place, to which the thousands are invited. We have the address of the operatives of Ghent and Belgium, (pretty well translated,) together with a very clever article written by the Belgian deputy, and a quotation from the democratic writings of Mr. Southey. We have a memorial stating that the Executive "are now ready to enter on general negotiations with the Governments of Europe and America," &c., and we have an address to the operative cordwainers of Great Britain, &c. We have theories for the establishment of a Union Bank, (evidently written by one who understands the subject,) and an announcement of *eighteen pence* having been received towards its foundation. We have original communications, in prose and verse, from journeymen shoemakers, tailors, &c. &c., who are far from being ashamed of their calling,—a fact incomprehensible to the aristocratic; and we have the introductory chapter to Vol II., (not yet published,) of the Theory of the Constitution, by James B. Bernard, Esq., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, &c., &c. In fine, this publication is the first of its kind, and has consequently a most original character.

The working classes are more than suspected of having often compromised themselves to gin and beer; so one of the writers in the *Official* undertakes to lecture them on the subject. And soundly he does it.

Let us suppose three working men to be talking of their condition, and that they have at last agreed upon certain measures which they ought to adopt, and exert themselves to induce their brothers to adopt in unison with them. They are then joined by a fourth, just as a band of music strikes up in front of a gin shop. "O, its all no use for us to stand here talking," says he: "things will go on just the same. What can us working men do against all the wealth and power of the country? If the Trades' Unions were doing any good for us, I'd join them directly; but they are in a bit of a scrape just now—so I'll *wait* till they get out of it. Come, let's go and have a glass of gin!" They all four enter the Palace; they see everything handsome and shining about them; *here* they are

at home; the fine place is expressly built for them; it flatters their vanity; *here* they are of importance! The great Ginocrat bows to them; and all his ministers, in white aprons and sleeves, are assiduous to please them and show them every attention. They get drunk—and what becomes of their patriotism? They stagger out into the air, in order to become sober; are bullied, and perhaps beaten by the police; and go to work again, as wretched and enslaved, as though no ideas of the freedom and just remuneration of industry had ever entered their heads.

No one acquainted with London life, (and it is much the same in the provinces,) but must recognise the truth of the above delineation. The article is headed with "Ginocracy;" and as the *Official* teems with new systems, calculations, and plans, the writer deduces one from the subject of dram-drinking; and it really looks very feasible and no less important.

If a million of Unionists would forego one glass of gin, or one pint of beer, for any one day, there is scarcely any measure which might not be advantageously set on foot, and in many cases thoroughly accomplished. Would they extricate a number of their suffering brethren from difficulties and distress, *this* would accomplish it; would they remunerate those who endured losses and imprisonment for their sakes, (as in the case of the *True Sun*,) it might thus be done with ease; and with how small a privation on their parts, in comparison with that of those who fight their battles! Would they erect a Union market-place, buy raw material, get land, set up a victualling store, &c. —the sum that is *worse* than wasted in purchasing a million glasses of gin, would lay a sure foundation for their ultimate emancipation from slavery, degradation, hunger, and incessant misery!

Our next extract is from a paper sent to the *Official Gazette*, by "Citizen Jobert, Deputy from the Belgian Operatives, and Chief Editor of the *Voice of the People*, exiled by the Belgian Government."

We remark that in France and Belgium, as well as in England, the associations of operative tailors are those who enter most largely in the way of progression, and who demand, with the greatest perseverance, the social reform. Does not this arise from the fact that the tailors are more within reach, than other workmen, of knowing the incapacity and nothingness of the aristocrats? As they make clothes for everybody, they get the habit of not judging of the merit of the man by the value of his costume," &c.

Very good, Mons. Deputy Jobert; we think you have "hit the right goose under the wing." In one of the Dialogues—between a Unionist and a Stranger, written, we believe, by Mr. Owen—we find a new and rational view taken of self-interest.

U.—Self-interest, when properly understood, is the only sure guide to every kind of excellence, to permanent prosperity and happiness; but to act thus, pre-supposes a more extended knowledge of human nature and of society than has hitherto been given to any population, or to any class or division of mankind, in any country; for men have not yet advanced further than to understand what is termed *individual* interest. Now, individual interest is a principle of action directly opposed to an enlightened self-interest, for it necessarily leads to evil of every kind. Individual interest is almost always opposed, not only to general happiness, but also to the happiness of the individuals who are governed by it.

What the writer advocates, is an *enlarged* self-interest; one, that by taking into its plans the interest of others upon a grand scale, shall eventually return to himself with a multiplied advantage. Of course, this can seldom be expected under the present social arrangements. But it is hard to say what the Trades' Unions may not gradually effect; for if *properly organised*, they are very likely to constitute, as they themselves affirm, "the great moving power of Europe."

Avoid union, say the hired scribes of the capitalists, whilst the *history of that capital exhibits in every page the lesson of union*; and in the pages of the last century it is more importantly exhibited than in any of antecedent date. * * * * The most important social problem of the passing moment is the *organization of industry, for its own benefit.* It it the solution of this problem, that we especially recommend to the attentive consideration of all thinking minds. whose hearts and whose sympathies are with the millions. 'What has union done for you,' cry the scoffers and scorners; and the cry is reiterated by the interested in things as they are, and finds a constant echo in the misinformed, the timid, and the takers-for-granted- It is not *union*, that you have seen—you have mistaken its *infantine representative*, for the *intellectually organized and full-grown saviour of the world of industry.*"

This mistake has been made by all parties; beginning with the unionists themselves. But they now see their error, and their recent sufferings and difficulties seem only to have added to their resolution.

That the present state of things cannot last is plain enough. When error is at its climax, the consequences most induce its cessation. Extremes always destroy themselves, and merge into their opposites. We must therefore do our best to prepare the minds of men for that great moral change which, like the physical world rising in its steady order and beauty from the desolation of chaos, is now in progress, so that a superior degree of intelligence may induce a universal good feeling in every class of society, and convince all parties that no interest *can* be permanent which does not unite the interest of every one in the grand scheme of its foundation. This is a moral and political truth which must lead to practical justice. The impressions and feelings of an honest working man, may be summed up in this soliloquy: "I will do my utmost for you who are in authority, if you will only do enough to enable me to live and maintain my family with decency and comfort; but if you will do no such thing, why should I wear out my strength to provide you with superfluities?"

It is generally supposed that the Trades' Unions are now at an end? But here we have the question answered officially.

Let not the aristocracy, and those who roll in the wealth earned for them by the sweat of the working classes, exult in the temporary difficulties of the Trade's Unions! They have got to learn that our fortitude is equal to our courage; that so far from being crushed, as they would fain persuade themselves, by the discomfiture of a part of our body, we have only set it down as the suffering which is the flinty and arduous, but necessary road to experience. They will soon find us rise like "giants refreshed;" and the re-action in our favour will be the consolidation of millions, where we before only counted thousands.

That the Trades' Unions are broken up, at present, is very certain, and owing to this circumstance the Official Gazette is probably not far from its cessation. Its indifferent success may also be in part attributable to the quality of its chief matter being rather above the comprehension of the working classes; but we believe this latter cause to have had far less influence in the circumscription of its circulation, than the former. At all events, we do not hesitate to say, that we regret such a publication should not meet with the suc-

cess it deserves; and we trust when the Trades' Unions consolidate the millions which they anticipate will flock to their cause, that they will possess an equally intelligent, dispassionate, and ably-conducted organ.

The reader has now a concise and correct view of all the most influential of the Unstamped Press of London. Those who may not agree with the remarks we have occasionally offered, can turn to the extracts and judge for themselves. That the articles from which they are taken were all written by uneducated men, no one can believe; but that they were read attentively by thousands and tens of thousands of uneducated men, is very certain.

Since the above went to press, the *Crisis* and the *Official Gazette* have ceased, as we had anticipated. In the place of the former has risen a penny paper, called *The Shepherd*, which is entirely of a scientific character, and treats originally and ably of the moral and physical world, under such headings as, "Nutrition;" "Truth and Mystery;" "Astronomy;" "Diet;" "Philanthropic Establishment," &c. It also contains extracts from philosophical works. Mr. Owen, not considering the abstract nature of these subjects as answering his purpose sufficiently, started soon after a fresh paper, called *The New Moral World*, in which he advocates and explains his plans, with a sanguine perseverance that no time nor disappointment has been able to conquer, nor ever will conquer, so long as he lives. We gave it as our opinion that the *Pioneer* would soon fall, either by neglect, or the hand of the Stamp Office; and this, we learn, was just about to happen, but it has been saved for the present by the union of other papers. It now appears as "*The Pioneer* and *Official Gazette*, with which is incorporated *The Weekly Chronicle*, *Crisis*, and *New Moral World*." It unites most of the faults, though not all the ability of the various papers named. Nevertheless, as the price is only twopence, it is a capital paper for their cause. The "*Man*," and the "*Hue and Cry*," are also defunct; but their place is supplied by the "*True Times*," price twopence, and the "*Sunday True Times*," price one penny.

The delegates of the Trades' Unions, in obedience to the summons they had received from the Executive Council, through the medium of *The Official Gazette*, assembled in London early in August last. They amounted to upwards of forty, and were the representatives of thousands, from all the large provincial towns, &c. They sat for ten or twelve days, and formed a regular Poor Man's Parliament—the first time the poor have ever been truly represented. Nearly all of them were intelligent, shrewd men; of plain, sound sense and matter-of-fact knowledge. After they had concluded their business, a public meeting took place; where it was made manifest that several of them were excellent speakers; for they were neither deficient in matter, nor words to express themselves. We were particularly amused by the humour of one of them.

"The march of intellect," said he, "is a glorious thing, and sure to progress. But this is not owing to the Society for the Confusion of Knowledge. You may shove a turnip down a cow's throat; but we are not to be *crammed*. Our progression is by our having learned to think for ourselves about our own affairs. This is the poor man's real march of intellect. Much has been done in the last ten years; and I believe that almost every boy of eighteen, whom I meet in the streets, knows more now than I did when I was five-and-twenty—and give me leave to tell you, I was no fool *then!* But that we working men in the country have advanced in intelligence is very certain. I think I can speak for myself, without any nonsensical false modesty; and as a proof of it, I have come up out of a coal pit, here to London, elected as the representative of several thousand men."

LORD BROUGHAM'S EVIDENCE ON THE NEWSPAPER STAMP DUTY.

In the article above, a full view is given of the present state of the Unstamped Press. The emancipation of the Political Press is, we think, at hand; for that cannot surely be called free which is fettered with a duty of 3d. or 4d. upon every sheet. The reign of *influence* may protract for a season, and the machinery previously organized by a junto may impose drags; but we are not disposed to regard them. The removal of the Taxes on Knowledge has long been an object of the first importance to those who wish to disseminate useful information and political knowledge among the people. Mr. Brougham was believed to be favourably disposed to this principle; and it is at present abundantly obvious that Lord Brougham has fairly cut with the Monopoly Press. *The Times*, and the man of *the times*, no longer smile upon each other, and reciprocate kindnesses and courtesies. It is noticeable that the high Tories, and all those newspapers that enjoy any share of the monopoly, have caught alarm at the same moment. One sees afar off the end of their monopoly and injury to their pecuniary interests; and the other the letting in of political knowledge as a flood; and both agree in believing that the immediate object is to place the political press under the guidance of the creatures of Lord Brougham, to subserve his immediate purposes;—the *Edinburgh Review*, one or two ministerial papers devoted as much to the Cabinet as to the Chancellor, and an occasional pamphlet, being no longer able to bear up against that active pressure of "priests, peers, and printers" upon his Lordship. The *Quarterly Review* announces him as the head of a "Society for the Diffusion of *Political* Knowledge," which in a weekly penny paper, to be called *The Citizen*, shall

teach the people what his Lordship thinks it good that they should learn. Our fears for the attempted diffusion of political fallacy, even under the high auspices of Lord Brougham and his underlings—for the organization of a political machinery to subserve Whig policy, and the emergencies of a Brougham Cabinet,—are not excessive. With every previous precaution taken to concentrate, as much as possible, the power of the political press, on its emancipation, in the hands of Lord Brougham and his private secretaries, dependents, and expectants, and the numerous staff of his endless commissions—we are willing to have the stamp-duty off at all hazards. The evil foreseen by the *Quarterly Review* must be temporary, if it come at all—the good permanent, and not distant in operation.

The first object, then, is the removal of the duty; and in that we gladly hail the co-operation of the Lord Chancellor, and entertain no fears of the consequences. Whatever selfish or splenetic notions may mingle with his better understanding, he has given most valuable and convincing testimony to the evils inflicted upon society by this impolitic and slavish tax. Though his Lordship, in his northern progress, has proclaimed that little or nothing will be done, or indeed remains to be done in the next Session of Parliament, the removal of the newspaper stamp will probably be one of those trifles; and if the glaring enormity of an abuse were ever a ground of hope for its removal, the Libel Law will be amended. These anticipations induce us to give his Lordship's testimony at some length, as the newspapers have either not had an opportunity of seeing it, or have only given it in garbled portions, hints, and doubts, or virulent denunciations of so dangerous a scheme as making newspapers cheap. The evidence of Lord Brougham was given before the Committee which O'Connell had the merit of procuring upon the detestable Libel Law.

In reply to a question put to his Lordship by the Committee, as to his opinion of the effect of the newspaper-stamp duty, he said, "My opinion is decidedly against stamps on newspapers; but that is a very large and important subject; I consider it intimately connected with the subject of libel. The worst libels are, generally speaking, not in books or pamphlets, but in newspapers; and I consider that the stamps on newspapers are one very great cause of the worst of libellous publications, both public and private."

At a future examination he made the following statement.

When the Committee broke up yesterday, I had stated that I entertained a very strong opinion upon the bad effects of stamps on newspapers, as connected with the subject of the Committee's inquiry, the Law of Libel. I consider, in the first place, that when men talk of the abuses of the press and of libels through the press, though the expression is general and applies to all publications, books and pamphlets as well as others, that yet, practically and substantially speaking, it relates chiefly to newspapers; inasmuch as these are infinitely more numerous, and a vastly greater number of them are purchased, and a still greater proportion of those purchased are read, than of any other works; so that when you talk of libel and of the press as connected with libels, you really mean the newspapers rather than all the rest of the press's productions put together. Now let us only, in the next place, consider what the effects of those stamps are. If any thing can be a better security than another against the abuses of the power the press and the newspapers possess, it appears to be the security afforded by the respectability of those in whose hands those newspapers are. Therefore, I hold it to be quite clear that everything which tends to lower the character of the persons who write and publish newspapers, tends in just the same proportion to diminish the purity of those publications, and to lessen the security which the community has against the abuse of the press. For this reason I have always considered that the laws made to restrain the press, though intended to check libel, have a very obvious tendency to lessen the security against libel. Whatever makes the trade of a newspaper precarious; whatever exposes those who conduct it to greater hardships, to more oppressions than the rest of their countrymen endure; whatever singles them out from the rest of the community as a suspected and slighted or a maltreated class, a class for whom there is one law, one rule of conduct—there being another for the rest of the community—tends, *pro tanto*, to lessen the respectability of those who resort to that profession. Whatever makes them dependent more upon the caprice of prosecutors, whether public or private; whatever exposes them more than the rest of their fellow-subjects to penal visitations of courts and magistrates in general; has a direct tendency to lessen the respectability of the profession and of those who engage in it. In my time there have been two remarkable instances of injurious proceedings in this respect—the one by the law, the other by the practice of judges. I allude, first, to the making a conviction for a second offence (which was one of the six Acts of 1819) punishable by banishment, though that has never been put in force; and I allude, next, to the tendency which has been observed on the part of several judges, (I am sorry to say it, but I am bound to give my opinion,) a tendency to consider that the editors of newspapers are not entitled to protection, when they complain of injuries to their character, in the same measure in which the rest of the community are entitled. I cannot conceive any course more effectual to destroy the respectability of a class of men than that a judge, when summing up to a jury on the trial of a cause in which the individuals of that profession complain of injury to their character by libel or slander, should treat them as though they were persons who had no right to complain of slander, who had no character to lose,—and should direct the jury nor to regard the character of those individuals as the subject of judicial redress. When I was at the bar, I remember a case of the editor of a newspaper prosecuting another editor for one of the foulest libels I ever read, and the learned judge who tried the cause, and who is now no more, said it was only the editor of a newspaper who had been libelled, and therefore he did not think it a case for conviction, though it would have been quite an undefended cause, and the conviction a matter of course, if any other person had been prosecutor. There was an acquittal accordingly; just as if a newspaper editor may be with impunity slandered by any one who chooses. I cannot imagine any principle more directly tending to lower the character of those in whose hands the press is, (meaning by the press the newspaper press.) and to throw that press into the hands of persons disreputable and capable of abusing its power by dealing in libel, either for lucre of gain, or to gratify private malice. * * *

Lord Brougham then went into a detail of the character of the Unstamped Press, much less ample and complete than that given above, and scarcely so impartial; so that we shall not advert, save to the conclusion; in which, after stating, that 163 unstamped papers were at one time in the possession of the Atorney General, he said,

Now, all these publications were unstamped; and they broke the law in another respect, for they were without the name of the printer. There is a defect in the Act

which requires a printer's name to be printed, under a penalty; for I believe it does not prevent the printer or his servant, or newsman, from cutting off the name after it has been put on. Thus, all these publications were absolutely untraceable, except those of one or two which appeared to invite prosecution for the sake of increasing their sale. The others were not only all unstamped, but were without the printer's name.

It appears quite obvious, that, in these circumstances, there are but two ways of meeting this great evil. The one is, having recourse to the ordinary principle in all such cases, namely, taking away the impediments from the fair dealer, from the respectable publisher, and thus removing the advantage which the law now gives the unfair dealer. The fair dealer is now liable to a stamp of 3d. or 4d., which the other escapes. The latter not only highly seasons the food he prepares for the perverted taste of the people with highly flavoured ingredients, but he has also a more effectual advantage; he undersells the fair dealer by 300 per cent. The consequence is, that the fair trader has no sort of chance in such a competition. It is quite clear, if you remove the stamps, you apply the common principle of destroying the smuggler, by lowering the duties. This has been found quite effectual in other branches of legislation.

We shall omit his Lordship's paternal panegyric upon the *Penny Magazine*, as that looks too much like a cast of trade, and take up his evidence where it bears upon the question at issue.

The public require papers of less value than the *Penny Magazine*, and will buy them, though of less value, and therefore not so cheap, provided they be sold for a penny or two-pence, and also contain news. The people wish to read the news, in which they take an interest, and in which it is fit they should take an interest. In public affairs they are nearly concerned, and it is both their right and their duty to attend much to public affairs. I am of opinion that a sound system of government requires the people to read and inform themselves upon political subjects; else they are the prey of every quack, every impostor, and every agitator, who may practise his trade in the country. If they do not read, if they do not learn, if they do not digest, by discussion and reflection, what they have read and learnt,—if they do not thus qualify themselves to form opinions for themselves, other men will form opinions for them, not according to truth and to the interests of the people, but according to their own individual and selfish interests, which may, and most probably will, be contrary to that of the people at large. The best security for a Government like this, for the Legislature, for the Crown, and, generally, for the public peace and public morals, is, that the whole community should be well informed upon its political as well as its other interests: and it can be well informed only by having access to wholesome, sound, and impartial publications. Therefore they will and ought to read the news of the day, political discussions, political events, the debates of their representatives in Parliament, and of the other House of Parliament.

We cannot think a penny newspaper which contained all or much of this, of "less value to the public," than the habits of the bat, and the *habitats* of the *sow-thistle*, and such like, even when illustrated with cuts; but on this point we shall not differ with the learned and scientific witness, whose opinions when they happen to square with our own, we value at least as highly as the *Globe* does the opinions of the Duke of Wellington, when they fall in with those it is advocating for the day. His Lordship says,—and we subscribe to the doctrine heartily,—

If, instead of newspapers being sold for sixpence or a shilling, they could be sold for a penny, I have no manner of doubt there would immediately follow the greatest possible improvement in the tone and temper of the political information of the people, and therefore of the political character and conduct of the people. It is my decided and deliberate opinion, from very long and anxious consideration, that the danger is not of the people learning too much, but knowing too little. It is no longer a question whether they shall read or not; it is no longer a question whether they shall be instructed or not; it is no longer a question whether they shall be politicians, and take part in the discussions of their own interests or not; that is decided long and long ago. The only question to answer, and the only problem to solve, is, how they shall read in the best manner; how they shall be instructed politically, and have political habits formed the most safe for the constitution of the country, and the best for their own interests. I can devise no other means than making that accessible at a cheap rate, which at present they must have at a rate they cannot afford without having it bad as well as cheap. I wish to give it them both cheap and wholesome.

Would, in your Lordship's opinion, increasing the severity of the law against unstamped periodical works have a tendency to suppress them?—I think, if it had a tendency at all, it would be a contrary tendency; I think it would be *brutum fulmen* if it were made a capital felony, as I have seen it not very wisely proposed in some quarters; no jury would convict at all. *You* cannot discover them, and *they* will never convict them.

Has it fallen under your Lordship's observation whether taking off the stamps from newspapers would seriously injure the revenue?—That is undoubtedly the great difficulty, and I have reason to think that is one of the two only difficulties which prevent the measure from being adopted; the other is the apprehension that when this impediment is removed, there will spring up an unlimited increase of penny publications of a profligate description, on political and religious subjects. My opinion decidedly is, that no such consequence would ensue. A great number would spring up, and a great number would speedily fall. An established newspaper has a great advantage over the new comer. The *Morning Chronicle* or the *Times*, the *Morning Herald* or the *Morning Post*, coming down to three-pence, would have infinite advantages over any other. They have possession of the field; the proprietors are men of credit; and I am sure they are actuated by a feeling too liberal to wish to put forward their claims to any thing like monopoly. But in the next place, though a great number of new papers would arise, I cannot conceive that more libellous, blasphemous, or obscene publications would or could arise than exist at present; for those publications have already been established, and the tendency of the change could only be to raise a competition against those publications; that is, the competition of respectable writers. At present I should say, those publications have a better chance than they could under a law abolishing the stamp; for at present they have the means of excluding, by their lawless habits, respectable men from all competition with them; they have therefore the benefit of the stamp; the others do not wish to run the risk of a breach of the revenue laws, and therefore abstain from that competition; so that the stamp operates to narrow the competition, and so give the lawless trader a monopoly in the market of blasphemy, treason, and ribaldry. I hold it to be as clear a proposition as any in finance, that if you abolish the stamp on newspapers, instead of increasing the facility to set up libellous publications, you greatly lessen, it by increasing the number of good publications, and by destroying the monopoly in the hands of reckless men, who neither mind the old law of the land nor a breach of the stamp laws. Then the other observation to which my attention is directed is a very material one. I cannot give so decided an answer to that; namely, the injury to the revenue; but after much attention my opinion is, that there would be no very material injury to the revenue. * *

No doubt taking away the stamp may perhaps not be very beneficial to those great newspapers: but I think they would gain in other ways as much as they lost in this; and at any rate I must look to the interest of the consumer, and not of the grower. In America, where no

stamp exists, the proportion of newspapers to the population is twenty or thirty to one more than in this country; and in the Norman Islands in this Channel, where they have no stamp, it is fifteen to one. We should have papers in something of that proportion. I think that it would tend to diminish the expense of advertisements, and therefore greatly increase the revenue derived from thence. Nobody will grudge the 1s. 6d. expense to Government.

The most important part of the testimony of his Lordship is yet to come. His opinions of the demoralizing effects of an untaxed political press is diametrically opposed to that of those papers who enjoy any share of the monopoly given by time and capital. He was asked:—

Your Lordship has had some experience of the state of mind of the labouring classes of the people of England. Supposing good matter, wholesome matter, put before the people, and at the same price, and no lower and no higher than bad matter, (blasphemy, obscenity, and so forth,) does your Lordship's knowledge of the education and state of mind of the people enable you to say which they would prefer?—I have not a doubt about it. It is in vain to say that some persons would prefer obscene matter, and some ribaldry, and some blasphemy; but it would be an insignificant portion of the whole country. The bulk, who are innocently and morally disposed, are more or less respectable, and would be ashamed to bring this trash to their cottages, where their wives and children are; nay, I believe that they would not desire to read it themselves. I have had much intercourse with the people of all ranks, from the lowest to the middle ranks; I never entertained the least fear of them, even when most excited; I never have known things in a state in which I had any fear of the people, either of their morals, or their loyalty, or their peaceable disposition, which is natural to Englishmen; and those only can be afraid of them who, unfortunately for both parties, are exceedingly ignorant of the people. Those who know them as well as I do, must know they are very much the reverse of an object of dread, or distrust, or suspicion; that they are, generally, morally and peaceably disposed, and I should say very much disposed to respect and submit to those above them. Even the Trades' Unions do not offer to my mind any material exception; for I believe they have in many cases had grievances to complain of, and that they have erred in not taking the right way to get redress, by trusting to selfish, dishonest leaders, and by being imperfectly informed upon their own interests. I state my opinion as the result of a large practical experience, having had an intimate knowledge of the people in every way; and the more I have known, the less apprehension I have had about them. I have therefore not a doubt in answering the question in the affirmative.

It is not once or twice, but very frequently, that we have pointed out to our readers, as a direct proof of the purer taste and higher tone of morality which exist among the people and middle orders than among the aristocracy, the different character of the newspapers they read and patronize. We are gratified to find that Lord Brougham takes the same illustration of the state of moral feeling among the different classes of the community. The *John Bull*, the first and most flourishing of these publications, and the especial favourite of the higher orders, began about the time of the trial of Queen Caroline. Of these journals, Lord Brougham says:—

I certainly do not read many such publications; for I read but one paper, and not that every day; but I have at times had occasion to see, chiefly professionally, publications of the grossest nature, regular stamped newspapers, containing the grossest libels, and which appear to me to carry on a trade in personal slander, not unmixed with obscenity. There has sprung up a class of publications within the last fourteen years which I believe did not exist before; but in one particular they appear to have operated beneficially, for they seem to have formed a sort of drain for the other newspapers to carry off their worst trash; for I do not think so much slander is to be found in the daily papers of late years. Since those weekly papers have been carried on, the respectable papers have become ashamed of it, and have not dealt much in it.

It has been supposed by some persons that the lower classes are desirous of that sort of reading; has your Lordship found that writers of that kind address themselves to the lower classes exclusively?—My experience is very little in those papers. As I am generally the object of pretty copious abuse in them, I do not feel bound to read them, and still less to pay for them. I do not go out of my way to avoid them, but I certainly do not go out of my way to read them. I have seen them occasionally; and my experience would lead me to say, not only that they are not adapted to the working classes, but that those classes have no taste at all for what they deal chiefly in. Every writer who publishes for the discontented part of the common people abuses the institutions of the country and all public men; but I do not think such writers abuse men's private character; they do not care to be personal, and to attack men's wives and daughters, and mothers and sisters; their readers, generally speaking, do not care for seeing private slander about individuals; that they do not trouble their heads about. On the contrary, I think that the appetite for such vile and often indecent trash belongs to the higher classes of the community, extending down to the middling classes. There are some people among the latter who like to read the gossiping stories put in the newspapers. They say, "Let us see what Lady So-and-so is doing with Lord So-and-so." Also men-milliners, ladies' maids, and upper servants are, I believe, great patrons of those sort of publications; and I have been told by many gentlemen and ladies that they have found them in their servants' halls and upper servants' rooms very much. *But no doubt it is the drawing-room that furnishes the effective demand for such writings; and the upper classes are very unjust in blaming the press and its licentiousness, as they are so prone to do on all occasions, seeing that they themselves afford the market for the worst sort of scurrility.*

These indications look so like an intention of removing the newspaper tax, that we are induced to press the subject at this time, and shall return to it.

LOVE AND PARLIAMENT:

AN INSTRUCTIVE POEM. BY NUMBER ONE.

CANTO THIRD.

We met, we parted:—when we met, how sweet
My Susan looked! 'twas exquisite to trace
The twinkling motion of her fairy feet,
The smile that gave new lustre to her face,
When with her hand she pointed to a seat,
And then resumed the hemming of her lace;
Calm, pale, and blushless as a form of plaster,
Like some Industrious Nymph in alabaster.

She *hemm'd*, and so did I. But hems and ha's
Were hushed before the majesty that rested
On her high regal brow; and in the pause,
The heaving of her bosom seemed invested
With speech and language.—Every breath she draws,
Tells me, that if I am not quite detested,
I have the satisfaction, no less prized,
To be most undeniably *despised*.

But why should I despair? If maids should please
Ne'er to give love save where they gave esteem,
Earth would become like Heaven; and parsons' fees
For matrimony not be great, I deem;
Gretna might close its forge, and Malthus' ease
Be seldom broken by the phantom dream
Of women loaded with the "sin of sins,"*
Wedded, and sometimes giving birth to twins!

Wifeless and lone would Londonderry go,
With scarce a coal to keep his limbs from freezing—
The Elephant, with curls of shining flow,
On no sweet Janet waste his powers of teasing—
No Dukey all his pocket money owe
To a fat dame, who, in a way most pleasing,
Has taught him to despise the mightiest Bums,
A melon, worth at least a score of plumbs!

Contempt must surely be a step, if not
To love, at least to marriage, which is better:
So, if sweet Susan any wish has got
To treat me with her ridicule, why, let her;
I care not so it be my blissful lot,
For a plain ring, to make her hand my debtor;
And for security, I'll take that hand,
And thirty thousand pounds, and all her land!

And at that thought my tongue was loosed; my eyes
And speech soon told my speeding with her father;
I told her I should shortly advertise
For some nice vacant burgh's seat; or rather,
As my ambition sought the highest prize,
With a few bribes and honied lies, should gather
The votes of men of the *right* way of thinking,
At fifteen pounds a head, and three weeks' drinking.

I thought at first of Warwick, and the civil,
Obliging Lord Lieutenant, who directed
The expenses, and who voted to the devil
As useless all the forms that erst protected
Elections; and who made the name of Greville
To stink in all men's nostrils who objected
To bribery, or who stupidly took dudgeon
At heads being broken by the fist and bludgeon.

But thanks to the first Lawyer in the land,
We yet are safe from wreck and revolution:
For we are sagely given to understand,
That it is *not* against the Constitution
For Lords to still retain the upper hand,
And bribe and bully; and that the Resolution
(Where is their Resolution?) of the Commons,
Is but an idle tale of some old woman's.

And faith, I'm very much inclined to credit
This dictum of the Chancellor. Their versions
Of the same thing so vary; yet I dread it
As but a sample of his wild assertions:
But had the sage and steady Althorp said it,
Who speaks as did the ancient Medes and Persians,—
No change in that great statesman should I find,
At least till that great statesman—changed his mind.

No frippery wit is he; no paltry pecker
At vain conceits; not given to useless prattle;—
He looms as stately as some huge Three-decker,
With canvass back'd, and all prepared for battle:—
In short, a wondrous Chancellor of the Exchequer,
And also a prodigious judge of cattle.
In beef and taxes soaring o'er them all,
Darling alike of Smithfield and Whitehall.

* Query—Poverty?

But coldly the fair Susan sat, and listened
To all I said, and only hemm'd the more.
But see! with sudden light her eyes have glistened,
As turns the handle of the parlour door.
Enrapt, the loveliest form that e'er was christen'd,
Stands, like Young Expectation, on the floor!
And in comes one; and with a spring she rushes
Into his open'd arms, and sobs and blushes.

A lovely group!—for he was bold and young,
Apollo in a suit of Ashton's clothes,—
And ever closelier to his arm she clung;
And quite amaz'd he looked, at all the "ohs"
And "ahs" he heard. For, mark me, I had sprung
Into a corner chair, and kept quite close,—
So yet he had not seen me,—and he ne'er
Lifted his eyes from off those features fair.

And scarce her words he heard; at least their meaning
Was hidden, and, at first, he only guessed
That she was sad and frightened; but soon gleaning
The sense of what she said, he fondly pressed
The form that on his bosom now was leaning,
And asked her, in a voice that thrill'd my breast,
"A lover? vulgar, impudent, uncivil?
Where is he?—I will kick him to the devil!"

Abashed, yet partly angry at his speech,
I rose, and slowly left my hiding-place;
'Tis he! said Susan, with a sort of screech,
And fell, when loosen'd from his arm's embrace.
O'er her, entranced he bent; and, could I reach
The true sublime of beauty, I should trace
That couple, with their looks their hearts declaring,—
One pale in tears—the other flushed and swearing.

He bent and raised her: at his lightest touch
Her life returned; she sank into her chair!
Like a roused wolf he turn'd to me; and such
A look I never met, as met me there.
Susan sigh'd, "Henry, do not hurt him MUCH,
But only gently toss him o'er the stair."
"Hurt! toss!—d——n, sir! I'd have you know,
That I took lessons several years ago."

And here I squared my hands, and took my attitude,
As Peter Crawley taught me; and I own
I was not very much impress'd with gratitude,
For Susan's kind advice, or for the tone;
As if it were the summit of beatitude,
Down a high stair-case to be *gently* thrown.
My science I recall'd, resolved to task it,
And give him Peter's dig in the bread-basket.

But with a bitter, cold, sardonic grin,
Young Henry thus address'd me,—"Little man,
I would not willingly incur the sin
Of squeezing you to death; the wiser plan
Is, by the self-same door that let you in,
To toddle out as quickly as you can;—
But be assur'd if here again I catch you,
No pow'r nor pity from my hands shall snatch you.'

"Sir," I replied, "I'd have you understand,
I've Mr. Brown's permission to come here,—
That he and I this very day have plann'd,
How to secure a seat this very year,—
And that he's sworn Miss Susan's lovely hand,
The prize of my distinction shall appear.
And of her beauteous self he makes me sure,
If I increase the debt and grind the poor."

"Increase the debt, and grind the poor!" he said.
"A very easy plan; then, I suppose,
You're a strong Whig?"
"A Whig?" I shook my head.
"No; I detest them as the bitterest foes.
No, sir; I am a Tory born and bred;
Resolved no opportunity to lose
To give good pensions in all high-born cases;
And then create some hundred well-paid places."

Here Henry smiled. "If such your objects be,
Take my advice and quit the Tory crew.
If you'd increase our burdens, trust to me,
The Whigs will beat the Tories five to two;
And, as to making places, you shall see
More places made by them, with less to do,
Than e'er the Tories ventured. Fast and furious
They think "*ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*"

And *blocks* we find indeed their staple ware,
And therefore fit for *posts*, as they believe.
Ere many years are past you'll see their share
Of place and pension, such as soon will leave
The Tories almost innocent. You'll swear
That if the Tory posts have made us grave,
Whig *posts* are heavier far and more prevailing,
While nothing's left the Radicals but *railing*.

All anger now had disappeared between us;
We talked and frown'd not; but I scorned to stay;
So left the young Adonis with his Venus,
Resolved to act the Boar some other day,
And gore him till he died; but had you seen us
So mild at parting, you would hardly say
Such deadly notions lurked on either side,
And that his love was equall'd by my pride.

For pride had ta'en the place of all the love
With which the peerless Susan once inspired me.
I hated her all other things above;
And such prodigious rage against her fired me,
That, had I had the power, my wrath to prove,
And how her horrid beauty pall'd and tired me,
I should have given her leave her love to wed,
And married—all her three per cents. instead.

But I determined in my spite to wear her
Next to my heart of hearts, and make her mine:
Well knew I, I should never find a fairer;
And then to gall young Henry were divine;
And if some hook-nosed Premier should declare her
A beauty, there's no saying what may shine,
From such a favouring star as a fair wife,—
—Perhaps a pension, and a place for life.

Fired with these hopes, I advertised that day
In the pure columns of the *Morning Post*:—
"A gentleman who would not grudge to pay
A handsome sum, and makes True Blue his boast,
Wishes a seat in Parliament. Outlay
Five thousand guineas at the very most;—
Noblemen and their agents write, post paid,
To R. P. Q., 6, Opera Colonnade."

Next morning such a host of letters came;
With ducal coronets some, and some plain sealed;
It seemed as if my patriotic flame
Had thaw'd the hearts which grandeur had congealed.
Such friendly offers made me blush with shame,
Such high-flown compliments my bosom filled,
Till I was only sorry I could fall
On no good plan to sit and pay for all!

While ranging o'er their notes, and undecided
Which of the lot to choose, the door was thrown
Wide open, and a curious figure glided
Noiselessly to the table. In a tone
Whispering, and low, he kindly asked how *I did*,
And winked mysteriously; at first, I own,
I could not guess what business brought him there,
Or why he looked with such a "knowing" air.

"Servant," he said; "I saw the advertisement,
There's something very business like and sage in't;
My Lord has two or three boroughs, and has sent
Me here to settle matters as his agent.
One seat is empty now, and if you're bent
On getting quickly through the election pageant,
He'll take your bill at sight; and you may speak
Your maiden speech on Wednesday night, next week."

"But must I not go down and tell the electors
My sentiments, and learn the drift of theirs?"
"Ha! ha! why, if a single voter hectors
Or troubles his poor head with such affairs—
His sentiments, indeed! what fine directors
Such dogs would be! why, if a rascal dares
To vote save as the steward bids him do,
He'd better have some other house in view.

For, bag and baggage, neck and crop, he'd go—
They're tenants all at will; so don't be frightened;
You need not leave this room, for they are so
Wise in their generation and enlightened,
That if your negro valet should bestow
The price, his countenance would soon be whitened;
And our wise voters would take special care,
At my Lord's wish, to think him very fair."

So well he talked, and argued with such force,
And free election he so well denuded
Of all its gilding, I had no resource,
But instantly the bargain was concluded.
I paid the money down and walked the course,
And in three days with swelling bosom brooded
O'er my new honours, when, in high-flown phrases,
The *Post* was loud in the new member's praises.

Oh, glorious days! and yet I must confess
I don't see such a difference in the present.
More people vote indeed; but are they less
O'er-aw'd, or is their state one whit more pleasant,
When a *Whig* landlord hints at a distress,
Than when a *Tory* landlord trod the peasant
To dust, who dared be honest, and had pride
And brains enough to vote on t'other side?

Faith no. I think that schedules A and B,
And C, and D, and E, and all the rest of it,
Were just as nice a plaything as you'll see,—
And folks just now begin to find the jest of it,—
A set of bowls all biassed to the tee,
So as the Whigs must always have the best of it,
A game to lords and gentlemen restricted,
From which the humbler WE are interdicted.

When will the bowling-green be free to all?
And the best players carry off the prize?
When will the fees on entrance to it fall,
And the thick hedge that veils it from our eyes
Be rooted out!
Wherefore at thy loud call,
Wherefore, oh, Wisdom, will not men be wise,
And *give* us of free grace what *will* be taken,
And try, if possible, to save their bacon!

PERQUISITES.

"PERQUISITE," quoth the lexicon of the great lexicographer, "is a noun substantive, implying *something above settled wages.*"

"Something above settled wages!" Oh! most indefinite definition,—most inconclusive conclusion! "Something above!" What thing, thou knave,—speak out! Is this "something above," so utterly below notice, that thou hast not another part of speech to throw away in distinguishing its attributions? Must the hireling and the placeman content themselves with mere vague speculation, touching the limits of their rights of booty? "Something" too much of this!

Now, the word "something" translates itself, in the legal Norman jargon, into "*quelque chose*," which "*quelque chose*" has degenerated, in the vulgar tongue, into "kickshaws!" Would Dr. Samuel Johnson, therefore, infer, that perquisites are kickshaws?—that the King's canopy, and the Queen's robings, on their coronation day, are kickshaws?—that parcel-gilt goblets, and golden spurs,—nay, even the gorgeous throne of anointed Majesty, are kickshaws? By no means. There are perquisites official, and perquisites menial; and, if, indeed, some confusion have arisen in the appropriation of the butler's candle-ends, and the fruit of his lordly master's more lucrative peculation, the indistinctness of the rubric is to blame.

> "When Knights of the Garter go astray,
> Their stars are more in fault than they!"

Some great men invest their right of perquisites in royal venison, royal horse-flesh, royal boxes at public entertainments, royal hangings, (not by warrant of execution, but by order of upholstery)—some little ones, in cast-off suits and heeltaps of crusty port. The Bishop has his fines, the Judge his recoveries, the Physician his black crape, hat-bands, and mourning rings; the cook her kitchen stuff:—*all* perquisites, *all* "something above wages,"—although the wages may be high, and the fellows who receive them, low!—Why, even the King has his perquisites! The ruler of the people lays his sceptre upon every sturgeon caught in his river, Thames; besides waifs, and strays, and right of wreckage, beyond all measure of discretion. The Thames sturgeon, apparently, is "something above" the Civil List; just as the stitch-dropped stocking is something above the twenty pounds per annum of John, the footman! —Dr. Southey, the Laureat, has his butt of Malmsley; and the Doctor's *protégé*, the poetical butler, his bottlings-off of bees'-wings! The religious houses of unreformed Europe, were half maintained by perquisites; by the legalized extortion of a boll of flour from this unhappy wight, and a fatted calf from that; besides fowls and fish, and eggs and butter, for the holy omelet on fasting-days, with other "somethings" too numerous to mention. Not an abbey church but claimed some benefaction above its "wages;" and some, forsooth, of a more than singular nature. The *Val de Grace* in Paris, had a prescriptive title to the hearts and bowels of decaying Bourbon princes; and lo! whenever a prince of the blood had a mind to bestow his intestinal hereditaments elsewhere, my Lord, the Abbot, raised an outcry for his "perquisites!" just as our own reverend Chapter of Westminster strenuously insists on retention of the twopences extorted from the inquisitive public of Great Britain for a sight of the modern reliques of the Abbey,—viz. Falstaff's ragged regiment, General Monk's old beaver, and the glass earrings of Katherine, Duchess of Buckingham!

Who has not been moved to wrath on being cited to contribute to the perquisites of the playhouse? The one shilling superadded to the covenanted seven, for the benefit of a saucy caitiff, in shorts and dirty cotton stockings, who, at his leisure, turns the door key of the box wherein you have retained your seat; and the one sixpence, for the benefit of a still saucier, who guards the great-coat you are not allowed space to retain? Who has not been moved to loathing by the cupidity of the Chapel-Royal people at St. James's, where an extra sixpence, completing the half-crown, is demanded of the unwary, who have chosen it as their place of worship on those Sundays when their Majesties are graciously pleased to say their prayers in public? Who—who has not been moved to horror by the tale of our War Office "perquisites," connected with the registry of soldier's deaths? when, as some ragged woman and her starving children apply to know the fate of the Sierra-Leonized John Thomson, whose martyrdom will bequeath another widow and more orphans to the mercy of Providence, she is answered by a dapper clerk, (sticking his pen behind his ear, while he turns over the pages of the life-ledger,)—"Dead!—A shilling!"

In the name of all that is pitiable,—"above" *whose* "wages" are those worse than Iscariot pieces of silver? We know that—

> "The common executioner,
> Whose sight the accustomed sight of death makes hard,"

has a perquisite in his ropes, and disposes thereof at a premium to amateurs; but what is the infamy of such filthy merchandise, compared with the traffic in human tears, the blood-stained twelvepence, wrung out of the widow's mite at Whitehall?

Next may be enumerated (to progress, by a natural transition, from death to the devil,) the miserable perquisites of the spunging-house!—the odd half-crowns "above wages" of the catchpole who ensnares you, the accomplice who turns against you the staple of durance, the proprietors of the rush-bottomed chair on which you fling yourself in all the heaviness of despair; and,

further still in the perspective of shame, the prison-perquisites,—the "something" which combines with every other thing in the hateful spot defined by the the French dancing-master to the Prince of Wales, as " Your Papa's Bench,"—to fleece anew the already thrice-flayed debtor! Nay! even criminal judicature flings its scarlet robe over the sin of perquisition; Newgate itself claims " something above wages" for its turnkeys, something known by the name of " garnish;" and you cannot be so much as handcuffed after cutting the throat of your wife, without contributing indirectly to the maintenance of the State!

" A nosegay of faire flowers," meanwhile, is the perquisite of the English Lords of Session above their wages; and, every day of term, the gallant Master of the Rolls is enabled to present to some bright particular Countess of the West-End the bouquet to which he is entitled, by way of purification to the corruptions of his Court, —a vegetable pouncet-box, to keep the sweet savours of roses and mignionet betwixt the wind and his nobility! Among the contracts for Government supplies, therefore, there naturally exists *one* for purveying scented weeds to the noses of the Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Oacus of our ill-flavoured courts of law!

The perquisites of parsonhood are of a more solid and tangible nature. If the tithe-pig be His Reverence's " wages," the fees wrung out of our substance when we are born, or buried, or coupled in holy wedlock, are decidedly extraneous. The Rector has his tithes in compensation of the spiritual exhortations he dispenses when we gather together by twos and threes to listen; burial and christening services become his bonds of perquisite.

Our public schools, too, are somewhat arbitrary in the imposts of their perquisites. For supplying the simple implement of fustigation, Eton claims twenty-one shillings per annum, even of the most decorously conducted of her disciples,—and that under the plausible designation of " House Medicine;" while the darling perquisite of the Head Master, for twenty years past, has been a collection of the portraits of the young gentlemen to whom it has been his pleasing duty to adminster the same. Every body who quitted the " antique towers" was expected to present his miniature to Dr. Keate, accompanied by a specific sum of coined money.

Of the perquisite called Government stationary,—so called, perhaps, because it is constantly on the go,—it befits us not to speak; seeing that the wire-wove on which we are inditing our article, and the Bramah which gives it point, were originally furnished per ministerial contract, and have been appropriated by our worthless selves from the overflowings of Somerset House. On this head, indeed, the word perquisite has an extended sense; and what Temple did, and Addington approved, cannot be wrong!

We admit that we love a quire of Government beyond all other quires. It is never inquired for, and we take it when we require it; nay, it is only because we have completed the twenty-fourth sheet of our last quarterly filch, that we are now under the necessity of putting a term to these cursory hints on PERQUISITES.

CORN LAW HYMN.—No. IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN LAW RHYMES.

The present, future, past,
What are they, Lord, but Thee?
Thou art, and ever wast,
What hath been and will be!

The generations gone,
What are they but a word?
All, all, that all have done,
Is but Thy whisper, Lord!

Thou only seest the sun,
To which slow ages tend,—
And art the Unbegun,
Which is, and cannot end!

The deeds which, in old song,
Like stars of morning shine,
Are accents from Thy tongue,
Unwritten words of Thine.

Before Thee, Homer's name,
Ere Greece was nam'd, went forth;
And, like a sword of flame,
Glared Alaric from the North.

Methinks I hear Thy voice,
Prophetic, at this hour,—
Where evil powers rejoice,
And worship evil power.

A word of fatal tone,
The blind shall hear and see;
A word of fire unblown,
On them shall written be.

Lo! things of earth combine
To curse the blessed sod!
Bid God his power resign!
And clench their fists at God!

And dreadful art Thou, Lord,
Thy words are dreadful then,
When men make law a sword,
To smite the rights of men!

The dust of patriots dead,
Hears then thy stillest tones;
Pale tyrants, waxing red,
Crouch frighted on their thrones.

For wrongs go forth in might,
Like whirlwind on the sea;
And Vengeance strikes for right!—
What is he, Lord, but Thee?

THE EDINBURGH GATHERING.

If we did not agree with Lord Brougham in considering the recent Gathering in this city as "a great national meeting," we would scarce at this date look back upon it. The primary object of the meeting was to aid the good cause of Whiggery; the ostensible one to do honour to Earl Grey; but a third, and higher purpose has been evolved. In an unsought occasion, the Liberal Reformers throughout all Scotland have found an opportunity of quietly demonstrating their intelligence, their union, and strength,—their opinion that *too little* has been done, and that the people of Scotland will not be contented with "*less.*"

Though there were differences of opinion among Liberal men, there was, we believe, but one feeling of the propriety of joining with the Whigs in testifying personal respect and affection to Earl Grey, at the abrupt close of his career. This was more, however, from admiration of his manly sincerity, and the consistency of his sterling character, than from any excessive estimate of the value of his late public services, though we are far indeed from underrating them. With the originating and ostensible cause of this meeting, we have no immediate concern. It is enough that it was not to approve of the *Juste-milieu* system of Whig placemen, nor to uphold the Whigs in power, that they might *do less*, that Glasgow, and Dundee, and the most public-spirited and intelligent communities in Scotland, sent forth a number of the most enlightened of their citizens; no, nor yet was it to sanction the Inverness declaration of Lord Brougham. Among the numerous addresses presented at this time, and the endless complimentary speeches, we find not one approving the spirit of that never-to-be-forgotten declaration, that deliberate opinion of the Lord Chancellor, that "TOO MUCH had been done in the past Session, and that *less* would be accomplished in the next." Neither in the festal glow of the dinner-table, nor in the cool morning hour of reflection, have the warmest of his Lordship's northern adulators shewn even in words that they participated in his apprehensions of going either too fast or too far. In England, the Ministerial papers have gracefully slurred over those ominous expressions, which have been eagerly caught at by the Tories, and construed and praised as they merit. We wish to look with indulgence upon the verbal aberrations of so erratic a wit, and so mercurial an orator as the Chancellor, and in him to call that caprice or versatility, which in a more firmly-poized character must be named inconsistency; but no reasonable degree of indulgence, no cloak of charity, however wide its skirts, can cover those deliberate well-considered expressions:—"*My own opinion is, that we have done too much rather than too little; if we have done little in the last Session, I fear we shall do* LESS *in the next.*"

This is sufficiently explicit. No one need, henceforth complain that Lord Brougham has deceived him. Some of his reasons for doing less appear to himself so pointed and conclusive that he has repeated them *verbatim* at every public meeting he has since attended. That the China trade cannot be opened this year because that was done in the last, may be an exceedingly witty turn of speech, which will delight on the twentieth repetition; but it is a very bad argument indeed, for refusing or delaying to open the Corn trade. That the slaves were meancipated last year,—that with our gold and the fruits of our industry, we bought their freedom from their masters,—is a wretched argument for not in the present freeing the English Dissenters from their bonds.

To ourselves, we confess, that the northern progress of the Lord Chancellor is more important than the gratifying public testimonial to the integrity, and public and private worth of Earl Grey. That well-graced actor has quitted the stage, upon which the other, without succeeding to his characters, has obtained the more scope to play his own extraordinary part. For this "chartered libertine" his flatterers claim immunity from common rules. They plead the dispensing power of genius, for his contradictions and inconsistencies; but we must remark, that for once, Lord Brougham has stuck for a full fortnight to his text. If the tone was softened in Edinburgh, he played the same air and in the self-same key which he first struck boldly up at Inverness, to the confusion and horror of those of his sincere admirers who will receive their impression of him from no lips but his own. His Scotch speeches are so much alike, that the fertile and eloquent Chancellor has on his tour resembled an itinerating parson who sets out with a single sermon, and merely varies the text, and adds a few tags to suit his different audiences. Lord Brougham's discourse is divided into three heads:—*First*, we have clumsy, maladroit flattery of his gracious master, which must throw the maids of honour and pages of the backstairs into convulsions of laughter. The Chancellor has treated his single-minded patriotic Sovereign as the Inn-keepers of the country he has been traversing do the moorfowl of their mountains—served him up upon a TOAST smothered with melted butter, and in a fashion to turn the stomach of the most loyal of hungry hunters. This *First* head of discourse is neither judicious nor in the best taste: apart from other qualities, it overshoots the mark. The *Second* great head is the expression of a determination not to move with the people in the line of useful reforms; and the *Third*, vituperation of that portion of the press which has ventured to question his late very questionable conduct. From the Town Hall of Inverness to the platform at the Grey dinner, Lord Brougham has, however, maintained his consistency; nor has he uttered one sentence

which a Tory may not approve, nor a single one to which a Liberal Reformer may attach a solid hope. Popularity with the multitude he has neither sought nor found, at this time. He passed almost unheeded through the mute, sullen towns of England. His aims are not popular applause; he likes "the men of power," and the *juste milieu*. At Inverness, in expressing contempt and defiance for priests and printers, he coupled his scorn with a boast that his friends were persons possessed of power. In addressing the people for a minute out of a window at Aberdeen, he took care to inform them that he was no Radical, and that they, accordingly, had better take care of their legs than gape at him. At the same place, he was hurried into an almost frantic attack upon a portion of the press; forgetting that Lord Brougham is the only real enemy of Lord Brougham's reputation—that it is he who furnishes his enemies with weapons against himself. We are unwilling to recall those idle menaces, which only prove how the man is secretly chafed who affects so much scornful indifference of the printer; and how exactly he is informed of every paragraph relating to himself that is published, though he never reads a newspaper. At Aberdeen we may notice that Lord Brougham made the defence of a special pleader, for his late indefensible conduct in the case of the Warwick Bribery Bill; that case which, regard it as we may, is the foundation stone of a new system of Parliamentary corruption—the first vital stab at the purity of Parliamentary representation. But we have wandered too far from the Edinburgh banquet. Lord Grey was received in Scotland, and in the immediate scene of his triumph, with even deeper expressions of respect, gratitude, and affection, than the newspapers convey. The many obstacles which at first came in the way of the Trades joining the other classes, arose from no personal feeling against him, but solely from the apprehension that respect shown to the late Premier, might be construed into approbation of all the acts of his Government, and of a similar line of policy to be followed by his successors. It is our main object, in noticing this dinner, to keep the public right on this one essential point. The people, the many, the host, who, in Edinburgh, rose at once and spontaneously in the Reform cause, and for the Annuity processions of last year, were reluctant and tardy to move at this time,—not from disesteem of Earl Grey, but for very substantial reasons. "We have obtained no franchise," was their natural feeling. "The privilege we have helped to achieve for others, has in no shape benefited us. We remain, as before, a degraded caste, grinded by the same system of taxation. The Reform Bill held out to us the hope of cheap bread, cheap education, cheap knowledge, cheap justice, free religion; and it has failed in every one of these points. If even the enfranchised class resent the declaration that *too much* has been done, and that *less* will be the future measure,—how must *we* feel?" These were the ideas at busy work in the *minds* of the many, even when they had yielded upon great entreaty to march in order and display their banners; but yet they received Earl Grey admirably well. He was the man to honour, and he was honoured—though intelligent curiosity was far more powerfully excited about the Chancellor. At the parting meeting of the scientific men, upon the 13th, in the Library Hall of the University, he made his first appearance. The meeting was numerously attended by strangers and ladies, and in every way an *imposing* assemblage; and if it be so that the Chancellor loves flummery, he had it in sufficient quantity there, though the press has had the good sense to suppress much of that sort of trash. Upon Monday, though not the hero of the night, he was certainly well received,—respectfully, kindly, proudly. He had not been seen in Scotland for nine years; and there are ten thousand natural reasons, apart altogether from political causes, which have rooted Henry Brougham too deeply in the hearts of his countrymen ever to be displaced by any power save his own suicidal hands. The speech of Earl Grey, when the hour of exhibition came, was felt to be full of dignity and propriety,—that of Brougham was an amplification, in a softer tone, of many of the dubious passages of his flying orations. The part which was by far the best received was that in which he adroitly followed Earl Grey in denouncing the spirit of the Dublin meeting. Strange to tell—he had not heard or thought of it before! The denunciation of the Ultra-Tories, the personages for ever lost to power, and who cannot by any possibility form part, even in a coalition cabinet; and whom Lord Brougham is therefore quite free to make mince-meat of, without offence to any one useful man, or damage to his own prospects,—was a felicitous turn, borrowed in the idea from Lord Grey, on the spur of the moment. This denunciation of the Beresfords and Winchelseas was also necessary, upon that night, to neutralize the effect of the premature and invidious compliments paid by the *Standard** to the Conservativism of Lords Brougham and Melbourne. The Conservative party, the most rational among them, are flinging back the door to its full swing, to make way for the Chancellor. They will never despair of him. If they give him up for one month, he lures them back the next; and this was inconvenient, and only to be counteracted on the evening of the 15th, by a desperate attack upon the Ultra-Tories, which was received with great unction and enthusiastic applause. It was imperatively necessary, both to follow the lead of Earl Grey, and to efface the impression made on the public mind by the Tory praise of the vacillating Chancellor.

That Lord Brougham underrates the intelligence of the public mind, is apparent in many of his recent harangues. In an assembly of twenty-five hundred Scotsmen, feeding their minds from the same source which has nourished his, there were hundreds that have got beyond the

* The *Standard* states, for good, though secret reasons, that its hostility to Lord Brougham "had ceased before the Inverness speech, though that doubtless is confirmatory of our more recent views."

new figure of rhetoric, named *humbug*, whatever he may think of it. The men of Liberal opinions and honest purposes would, no more than the wise, cautious, deliberate Chancellor,—who so singularly unites the qualities of the eagle and the snail—who would at once creep and pounce,—the liberal men would, no more than he, set off without fastening the linch-pin, nor put to sea in a rotten hull, nor yet build a house without plummet and square ; and the rate of speed, and the length of time needed to apply square and plummet, would be a slight matter of difference between them, had his Lordship condescended to state that he was minded to travel, or to build at all, and where and how he meant to begin. The great measures carried, valuable as they are to the people, have also been most useful, as a clearing of the ground, and erection of the scaffolding, for that moderately Conservative Government, that *do-less* ministry, which Lord Brougham now loves, and, for which affection, the Tories are singing his praises. In his opinion, "TOO MUCH had been done;" but nothing, save the Reform Bill, has been carried, that will not minister to the convenience, and tend to ensure the existence of a moderate Tory Government, should the Tories get in. The Slave Emancipation they could not have opposed; and so are happily rid of it. The opening of the China Trade was an object of their own. For reform in the Irish Church, the Duke of Wellington would certainly have been thankful. The change in the Poor-Law, about which Lord Brougham hollows long before he is out of the wood, was a favourite and necessary measure with the moderate Conservatives ; and was only carried at last by the Tories uniting in numbers with the Ministerialists. Lord Brougham will not proceed without linch-pins, but he will leave public affairs in good train, to be made over to Tory rule:—the people, bound hand and foot by the SIX ACTS, by the Irish Coercion Bill, by the Libel Law, the Fetters on Knowledge, by the Corn Laws, by an enormous taxation, pressing upon industry and the means of the labourer, while property and privilege escape as heretofore. We will again affirm that, save the single act of passing the Reform Bill, not a measure has been obtained that does not help to clear the ground, and erect a scaffolding for the Tories to accomplish their devices. This does not vitiate the measures themselves: but it surely gives us no warrant for doing *less*. The Chancellor justly denies reaction, while he declares for inaction; for a progress towards we know not what, at a rate with which the people are dissatisfied, because, forsooth, they are no just judges of what is best for them; and Lord Brougham, like every Tory ruler ever heard of, loving the people dearly, will do them good in spite of themselves, indifferent all the while to their opinion. Their own judgment, Protestant reformers as they are, must be no guide to them. The men in whom they have confidence, "are no sufficient guides, no just judges, *no fair critics of the measures of any British statesman.*" Who is so now?—for those "hasty spirits" only ceased to exercise sound judgment, when Lord Brougham discovered that *too much* had been done, and that less would be done next session," and thus delighted the Tories.

We must notice another of his Lordship's flights, or clap-traps, which, however admirable in the manner it was uttered, we take leave to think pure rant:—we mean his truly absurd invocation of the sole responsibility upon his own head of all the mischiefs that may arise from emancipating the slaves in the West India Islands. That is all past, my Lord Brougham; and no one grumbles about it. Take the responsibility, if you will, of some useful reform yet to be carried. There will be sense in that. As to the other, as well might some hardy laverock flutter his wings on a dewy morning, and offer to take the whole burden of the *lifts* upon his feathered shoulders, if, peradventure, the sky should fall, because he had chirruped his matins.

It is worthy of remark that in all the speeches made at this national meeting by four or five members of the Government, though all save the Chancellor were liberal in tone, not one specified any distinct measure of reform as desirable, or as in contemplation. All were alike vague and general. Their verb *Reform*, like that of the Tories, seems an imperfect one. It, too, has no present tense. We hear of no object to commence with, none of the measures to which the Chancellor is deliberately applying "plummet and square," and which are to be "safely and surely carried, regardless of our thoughtless clamours."

In his calmer moods, Lord Brougham can fluently read the characters of a great political meeting; nor could he have failed to note the cordiality and enthusiasm with which the Earl of Durham's dissent from his views were received by the many "thoughtless," "regardless," "over-zealous," "hasty spirits," "of some honesty, but no reflection at all," who formed the bulk of that assembly; who formed, in fact, the great majority of a meeting which we are entitled to call a fair representation of the intelligence, talent, respectability, and political enlightenment of the middle class in this kingdom. If any liberal sentiment was more enthusiastically applauded than another, where all were eagerly caught at, it was this, in which Lord Durham fairly pitted himself and the reformers against the over-cautious Chancellor, who fears to move a step lest he wrench his ankle.

"My noble and learned friend," said Lord Durham, "has been pleased to give some sound advice, which, I have no doubt, he deems very sound, to some classes of persons—I know none such—who evince too strong a desire to get rid of ancient abuses, and fretful impatience in awaiting the remedies of them. *Now, I frankly confess that I am one of those persons who see with regret every hour which passes over the existence of recognised and unreformed abuses.* (Immense cheering.) I am, however, perfectly willing to accept the correction of them as deliberately as our rulers, and my noble friend among them, can wish, but on one condition, and on one condition alone—that every measure should be proposed in confor-

mity with those principles for which we all contend. (Cheers.) I object to the compromise of opinions, not to the deliberation of what they should be. (Cheers.) I object to the clippings and parings, and mutilating, which must inevitably follow any attempt to conciliate enemies who are not to be conciliated, (cheers) and who thus obtain an advantage, by pointing out the inconsistencies of which you are guilty in abandoning your friends and your principles, and attribute the discontent felt on this score to the decay or dearth of liberal principles. (Cheers.) Against such policy, I, for one, enter my protest, as pregnant with mischief—as creating discontent where enthusiasm would otherwise exist—as exciting vague hopes in the bosoms of our adversaries which can never be realized, and as placing weapons in the hands of those who use them to the destruction of our best interests. (Cheers.) With this candid explanation, with this free exposition of my principles, which I have never concealed in any position in which I have been placed, I am ready to grant the utmost extent of deliberation to my noble and learned friend which he has called for this night, and which, when given under such conditions, will calm the discontent which has recently prevailed. *

In this passage, the feebleness of the past policy of Ministers is as fairly shown, as the necessity for an increased momentum and firmer action now. But Lord Durham is not a present member of the Government, and we look chiefly to the sentiments of Lord Brougham's colleagues. Mr. Ellice, so far from admiring the determination to do less, said, "*it would be the duty of the people to enforce* upon their representatives such efficient measures as they had a right to expect as the result of reform,—and that he would not be found one of those who clipped and pared measures of reform." Sir John Hobhouse, who appears to understand that the uses of a great political meeting go beyond an exchange of compliments, made a strong impression upon the assembly.

"Such meetings," he said, "as the present, formed a great lesson to public men, in as far as it taught them their duty. If there were any thing wanting to tell his Majesty's Ministers what was expected from them by the people of the United Empire, it might be learned from the address of his noble friend, the Earl of Durham; and as a member of that administration he was most willing to accept that address in good part. He believed the intentions of his Majesty's Ministers were to carry into full effect all those benefits which the people had a right to expect—else why did he belong to that administration? (Cheers.) It was upon that ground that he joined it; for he was one of the people—he belonged to the people in every sense of the word. Without indulging in any idle declamation, he might confidently say, that there was no member of his Majesty's Government who would not, at any time, be happy to meet an assembly of their fellow-countrymen, and throw open to them their public conduct—to abide by their judgment, and from them to receive their reward. (Cheers.)

In contrast to the Chancellor's explanation at Aberdeen, Sir John Hobhouse distinctly avowed himself a Radical Reformer, though this does not appear in the reports of his speech. *

Lord Brougham could not miss to observe the warmth with which the speeches of Lord Durham, Sir John Hobhouse, and Mr. Ellice, were received, and the true tone and complexion of the meeting, brought out at last by the manly avowal of liberal opinions, coupled with the declarations for unflinching, unclipped, straightforward, and immediate reforms. The Chancellor would appear to be in daily communication with the King; and he has often, of late, volunteered to acquaint his colleagues with compliments paid to them, and other matters which they require to know. Will he inform his Majesty and the absent Ministers, that, wherever he went, truly liberal sentiments, the desire of substantial and not illusory reforms, were prevalent—and that, at the great meeting in Edinburgh, though his fellow-citizens received him with kindness, (which we trust will never fail him in this town,) it was with the Earl of Durham and Sir John Hobhouse, and Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Ellice, that they sympathized in feeling and conviction:—that in himself they watched and admired the finished actor and eminent man, while they gave to the others their confidence and approbation.

Let the Chancellor, by all means, tell his Majesty, that the sentiment of the night the most warmly greeted, was the deprecation, by Lord Durham, of the learned Chancellor's love of delay; and the noble Earl's expression of "regret for every hour that passes over the existence of acknowledged, but unreformed abuses." There was no possibility of mistaking the spirit in which this rebuke of the Chancellor's sophistry was received in Edinburgh. He may truly tell his gracious master, as he did the meeting there, that he had travelled from London to near John o'Groats, and had seen no sign of repentance or regret for reform being carried—and he may add, with equal truth,—nor yet of approbation of his uncalled for, extraordinary, and offensive declaration at Inverness,—a declaration which he durst not have ventured to make, save in some small, distant northern town, and which he has never ventured to repeat before any other Scottish audience.

It is not worth while to criticise the fallacies which the Chancellor did hazard in Edinburgh. They were calculated for the meridian of such a meeting as the *Whig Clique* of Edinburgh might have been expected to organize. They are such stuff as finds a place in the hack ministerial journals in Scotland,—which prints, however, can now scarcely be spoken of in the plural number; but they were ill-adapted to the intelligent assembly which took place. The Chancellor, if he take sufficient time to know any one thing, must be well aware that "the long and loud applause" which followed his assertion,

* In the *Glasgow Argus*, it is mentioned by a correspondent who, we have occasion to know, was a close and near observer, that, during the delivery of Lord Durham's speech, "the Chancellor threw himself back in his chair, and applying the tips of the fingers of his hands to either side of his nose, glanced over his palms at the audience. For the rest of the evening he sedulously avoided the eye of Durham—looking another way, and interposing his hand to shade the side of his face next to that Lord."

* Sir John's speech is very inadequately reported in all the newspapers. He was the last speaker of the night, and the reporters were probably exhausted, or the journals wanted space. Sir John Campbell made a very liberal speech, which, if it was not much to the point, at least adverted to specific law reforms; but we find no trace of this in the proceedings of the night.

that the twentieth part of one of the *nothings* done that session, would have made the fortunes of any former Ministry, came from the pocket, and not from the heart, where it came at all. The fortunes of no Ministry,—not even of that of which it is alleged he looks forward to be the head, will be so easily made. A hit at the Tories is always acceptable; in his abuse of them the Edinburgh audience went with the Chancellor, and no where else.

In all these progresses, processions and meetings from Dan to Beersheba, we hear, and the fact is remarkable, not one word of a Parliament—of a body of national representatives. From the many addresses and speeches of Lord Brougham, save one puff of the Commons, a foreigner could not gather that there was such a body in existence as a reformed House of Commons, chosen by the people, representing their interests, sympathising in their wishes, watchful for their advantage, demanding their rights. Parliament would appear a nullity. Every idea and every measure is presumed to emanate from the Chancellor and his colleagues. It is WE, the Cabinet, will grant this or that boon on your pleading, or we will withhold it as injurious, and demanded by the ignorant clamours of the people. The pace at which improvement is to move, the objects, the time, and the season, must be fixed by us; and the representatives you have chosen may dutifully and submissively register our acts, and supply us, his Majesty's Ministers, with money. It is become full time to inquire what are the functions of Ministers, and what the offices of the people's representatives; and where the power of originating and carrying useful reforms really lies.

The end of Lord Brougham's speech reiterates, as strongly as possible, the determination of his Majesty's Government not to quicken their pace, nor to take any new course, whatever may be the clamours, the ignorant impatience of the reformers; and the Tories, accordingly, exult in his declaration, and have hope of him still. Again, on the same night, within the same walls, we find other members of the Government earnest to move onwards. Which are we to believe? The Ministry sometimes remind us of the firm of Edinburgh agents who among them ruined Walter Scott's Sir Arthur Wardour; and who appeared alternately, as cajolery or threatening was to be used with their unfortunate client. Now it was Mr. Bubble who appeared, in smiles and sunshine; while, in threatening weather, out frowningly came Mr. Squeak. We forget their names in the story, but *Bubble* and *Squeak* is a good enough firm to represent his Majesty's Ministers upon their tours—to image, at least,—Lord Althorp declaring in one county that he is for no more reform—while, in an opposite one, Lord John Russell feels the urgent necessity of ballot. Whether at Edinburgh we should believe Lord Brougham or his colleagues to be the true expounders of the line of policy that is to be pursued, who can tell? Have we then been over-sanguine in our recent anticipations of good from the partial change in the Ministry?

SCENES IN EDINBURGH.—NO. III.

I.—THE PRY BUREAU. II.—THE FIDDLERS' GALLERY, AT THE GREY DINNER.

Scene I.—The Pry Bureau. Time—the evening of Monday the 15th September. JOHN OF THE GIBNEL, *solus, resting his arms upon a table, crooning to himself, and wetting his whistle occasionally from a tall glass of Younger's molten amber. He soliloquizes:—*

I'M no' just sure of a' thae great doings the day, though I did step out the length of Libberton Dams this morning to gie the auld Yerl the richt hand o' fellowship, as a staunch, consistent, forty-year Reformer, just like mysel'; though, unlike me, gien to reist near the end o' the race:—Where's the good o' banging, and brattling, and peching, and burstin' ane's wind, to get within a neck or twa o' the winning post, and to break down then? However, he is a worthy excellent Whig nobleman; and I have done my duty by him,—and so has Scotland and Embro' this same day. (*Rises and goes to the window.*) Sic a sight! Auld Reikie has busket her, and put on her bigonets. I miss but one thing,—Mons Meg should have let fly a salvo, when the Yerl first shook hands, and kissed the cup with our immortal Provost Spittal. I wish the President, or the Lay Elder, and the young chaps that trysted me here, would appear now. I should na wonder if they leave me to cule my cutes for another hour or twa—and read the Chancellor's speech in that admirable second-sight prent the *Spectawtor*. Faith I could re-baptize it the *Penetrawtor*. (*Sings from The Spectator,* "*Carle, now Lord Harry's Come,*" *and then soliloquizes.*) Na, na, Mr. Tait—ye maun let the Head slumber;—this is scarce the season to mount it again:——and what's this next?—"The Gathering, an excellent New Song," by one of our ain folks. (*Sings.*)

Little wat ye wha's comin',
Durham, Cam, and a's comin'
And Loudon lads, on prancin' nags,
Wi' Glasgow Rads, and a's comin.
Chorus—Little wat ye, &c.

Look east and west the raws comin',
Streamers, banners, a' comin';
Wi' lords and lairds, and belted knights,
And bailie boddies braw comin'.
Little wat ye, &c.

Little wat ye wha's comin—
Paisley, Dundee, and a's comin',
Kirkaldy lang, comes wi' a bang,
And Aberdeen-awa's comin'.
Little wat ye, &c.

Little wat ye,—pipes are bumming,
Kettles singing, kail-pats humming,
Ale-cups reaming, tailors drumming,
Tory loons and a's comin'.
Little wat ye, &c,

(Soliloquising.)—Weel, weel,—Amen, and so be it!—and joy be among them:—Yerl Grey remembered, and the country no forgotten. But there was ae green streamer I missed sair the day—*ane* that aye "shone the foremost" in our lang tulzie wi' the Tories,—though it would have been seething the kid in the dam's milk to have seen *Irishmen* muster to greet that unlucky Minister. What o' poetical tawlent there is in our town! This original ballad before me will be selling for a bawbee in the Cowgate, now. *(Sings again.)*

THE LEARNED FOLK, AND EARL GREY.

TUNE—"*An' are ye sure the news is true?*"

Oh! sic a steer's in oure Toune
Was never seen afore,
Wi' learn'd folk frae a' the airts,
An' frae a foreign shore!

There's readin' ilka mornin' noo,
And lecturin' ilka night,
An' if we a' were wrang afore,
We'll surely noo gang right.
What heaps o' Doctors noo are here,
Wi' a' kinds o' degrees;
Philosophers and ministers,
Are just as thick as bees.
Oh, sic a steer, &c.

Oh! Sandy, 'twas an unco sight,
Th' Assembly Rooms to see,
A' crammed fu' o' learned folk
Whare dancin' used to be!
There beaux, and belles, and quakers sat,
(Ye'd no believe your ears,)
An' cracked awa' about the stars,
An' o' the very spheres!
Oh, sic a steer, &c.

They're fairly wud 'bout chucky stanes,
And some queer fossil-tree;
The very bairns are learned noo,
Far past the Rule o' Three!
But guess wha's come to oure Toune,—
He's come this very day,—
Tho' last, not least, (you'll 'gree wi' me,)
'Tis noble EARL GREY!
Oh! sic a steer, &c.

The willing homage o' the heart,
To him we'll gladly pay;
And Scotland's sons and daughters too
Will welcome Earl Grey!
The biggest ha' in a' the Toune,
His friends twice owre wad fill,
So they've built ane for his ain sel',
Upon the Calton Hill!

Oh! sic a steer's in our Toune!
We lang will mind this day;
Wi' wise-like folk and silly folk,
A' dining Earl Grey!

The Provosts frae their ain Tounes,
Come here wi' right good will,
To drink the health o' Earl Grey,
Upon the Calton Hill.
An' where but in our ain Town,
Could sic a scene be found?
Our moon-lit hills, and tow'ring craigs,
Will guard them a' around.
Oh! sic a steer, &c.

An' oh how grand Auld Reekie looks!
An' Reekie New beside,
"Just like a Chieftain auld and grey,
Wi' a young bonny bride:"
Auld Halyrood will hear the shout,
The echoes waked will be,
When the grace is said and the health is drunk,
Wi' a the honours three.

Oh sic a steer's in our Toune,
As there will be the day,
Wi' mony folk, o' mony minds,
A' toasting Earl Grey.

Enter PAULUS SECUNDUS, *alias* PAUL PRY, *stewed in haste.*

Ha! Mr. Campbell of Girnell alone!—all your friends in the Pavilion. No room yonder for moving, sitting or standing.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

There will be room for *lying* though,—there's aye that at such like gatherings; room enough for the bits of vain, bustling bodies to elbow their way to the side o' the wa' they think the sun shines on. But what kind of show is it? Saw ye the Lay Elder or ony o' our ain folk? —*(Aside.)* Light-headed, fligmaleerie creatures, the maist o' them. They would not gang, and they would not stay awa,—and now they are a' there to a man,—save me and Mr. Aytoun, and Mr. Wallace of Kelly; and I must own I would have liked to hear the spootin' the speeches, if it would not have compromeesed my principles, as a Voluntary Churchman, and a Radical Reformer. It is a duty to testify against modern Whiggery upon a' occasions;—to have no trinketing or commercing with the accursed thing. How many of these light-headed lads now would have received the accursed Act of Indulgence of the Tyrant James? and now they seem to incline the Dissenters' Indulgence to which Lord Brougham would give them. Are they a' there, Mr. Paulus? But here is one will tell me better! *(Enter the Young Cantab, Mr. Sydney Tucker.)* So ye are returned from your Hieland tour just in time, Sir.

SYDNEY TUCKER, *(breathless and with an air of enthusiasm, exclaims,)*

THAT'S THE MAN!—that's the man!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

The lad's demented! What mean ye?

SYDNEY TUCKER.

I repeat but the faint echo of a nation's voice—in the cry that burst forth but now from all quarters of that noble saloon, when Lord Durham struck the true chord. I am fresh from the Pavilion, and have just had a peep of our friends from the music gallery:—no place to be had now for love or money. They are posted to the best advantage:—Counsellor Blarney flanking,—or rather the rear-file of the Chancellor——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Him there!—a rampant Tory——

SIDNEY TUCKER.

—The Elder in ecstacy sits right under Lord Durham; and Dr. Lingo forms the rosy centre of a knot of Conservative Whigs and quondam Tories, as I am informed, occupying a *juste-milieu* position under yonder most dazzling of artificial suns.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

The YOUNG CONVERTS about the Rev. Erasmus Lingo!—Have their healths been gi'en yet? They well deserve that mark of distinction.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

That delicate office is entrusted to a certain Mr. Thingumbob, whose name I did not catch.

(Enter Blarney, who flies speechless to the ale. He sucks like a Humming bird fastening on the nectaries of Magnolia Grandiflora.)

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

The health o' the new converts should have been entrusted to you, Counsellor ———

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

—To me, John! Do you think that I, an honest hearty Tory, would have compromised my character by appearing in such an assembly of idol and Mammon worshippers? —No, no. But there I was resolved to be, and so went in masquerade. There were but three ways of it,—either to go in with a lady's ticket, in gown and muffler, like the fat woman of Brentford, and scold among the Whig ladies——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*laughing.*)

My faith, ye would have been a sonsy quean.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

——To have been smuggled in as the double bass, which scarcely suited my temperature or that of the weather to-night, or to do as I did,—tip the wink to the Earl of Cork,—gird my loins with an old table-cloth,—claim the Chancellor for my master, and, boldly carrying in a smoking trencher, a bailie in chains, a bubbly-jock garnished with links of sausages, clap it before him, as a relief to the haggis.

OMNES.

Ha! ha! ha!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Had they haggises at a grand political dinner like this?

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

To be sure, at a great national festival like this, always. I charitably flanked my bailie in chains, or steward in bandeliers, with a stoup of good claret, and was taken all the while, by the whole of the 1900 carniverous animals at work in that arena, for a jolly butler belonging to the Woolsack.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

But did the Chancellor himself not recognise you?

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

To be sure he did—and thought it a capital joke, too —gravity apart. Had it not been for fear of hurting the dignity of the Provost, or the decorum of Bailie Gilmour, he would certainly have asked me to take wine with him under the rose; besides, some of the scandal-mongers might have said it was an excuse for another glass—a delicate point with him at this time. My plan succeeded to a tee.—I had full leisure to reconnoitre the stiff-backed Dons, "high and haught," in the rear:—then slipped off my bit of bunting, glided round by *The Times'* small and able battalion of reporters, and down among the glee-singers to take my part in *Non nobis*, and survey the House from the centre.—Lord! what a clatter of jaw-bones, and of knives and forks upon trenchers!—the want of the latter implements must now, I think, give decency to a New Zealand cannibal banquet.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL (*much interested.*)

Saw ye Yerl Fitzwilliam?—I hear he set off in a hurry, just as we were getting up an address of thanks to him, anent his services on the Corn Laws, and his true nobility of spirit:—but ye would see Sir John Cam?—

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

I did see "my boy Hobbie, O." He is expected to make a flaming Radical speech:—the Radicals were like to bring down the Pavilion with their thundering cheers of the Lord of Lambton.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL (*fidging fain.*)

Say ye sae man!—'Od, I wish I had been there to hear him.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Why, I know you were picked for a steward, and pressed to appear.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

And many Tories were bidden too,—but neither Mr. Wallace o' Kelly, nor yet Mr. Gillon, have shown their faces. I'm no just at freedom in my conscience to share in a Whig galravitch, from which our best Radicals absented themselves:—were their names held out as a lure think ye, in the adverteesements?—But what *is* the general character and complexion o' the meeting?

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

A pull more,—I am consumedly hot:—why, decidedly Blue and Yellow about the heart, with blotches of the same grim hues, placed for effect here and there,—Whig fuglemen planted to give the signal when to cheer—and what:—bell weathers, John, to lead the silly sheep. Gradually from the centre the hue takes a deeper and more decided tinge, till the outskirts glow ensanguined, triple-dyed red-wude Radicalism—ready to burst into flame at the first scintillation of John Cam's eye.—This is a faithful report, John.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*rising.*)

Where's my hat?—'Od, I man gang:—the best of the night's to come yet. I'll creep in amang the fiddlers, or ony gait; but I canna' act the flunkey like you, Mr. Blarney. It's no callin' for the dignity of a human creature, that becking and binging to a poor, forked, naked mortal like ane's sel.' But how looked the auld Yerl at his queer colleague? After what has been surmeesed, the twa would be watched by many eyne, as close as cats do mice, or courtiers Kings.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

My Master was judiciously chary of his blarney upon this occasion. He has indeed lavished it all upon his gracious master. A rum friend he has been of monarchy, first and last. And, as for the pokerly Earl,—all affability to-day, however,—he would no more deign to notice the partaker of the gale, than the highest tower of Howick Castle would to kiss its hand to the village workhouse. Brougham only observed——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Ye need not tell us what he said, for I have read every word of his speech in the *Spectawtor*. I scarce expected Harry to be so candid.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Ha! ha! ha!—You have?—and a capital speech it is: —"My Fellow Citizens, THOSE HANDS ARE CLEAN!" That was a *coup de theatre*,—to us especially, who had heard it nine years ago, and read the speech before dinner! I thought some of the Glasgow gentlemen would have choked, and expired in the Pavilion, in the midst of a guffaw. He will certainly crucify the author of that speech ——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*sulkily.*)

Ye are a Tory, Mr. Blarney——The hands are well enough as hands gang. Nobody has a right to find much fault with the hands. The auld Yerl's fingers are, at least, as tarry as the Chancellor's—and no' little ha sticket, if not *to*, yet about them——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

You, like all his damned good-natured friends, will let no one find fault with the Chancellor but yourself, John. I have no fault with his hands any more than you.—I daresay he rinsed them for the occasion, with some of the Useful Knowledge cheap soap, described in the Farmer's Series. I am sure I meant not to offend you or any Whig.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Whig! I'm no Whig, Sir; but I say the hands are

no' to compleen o', nor the head neither—if the heart were right—the conscience purged o' the perilous stuff now barming in it. And for a' that's come and gane, and for a' that is said and jaloused, it will go hard to make me believe that Henry Brougham is the twa-faced—but I canna deny but that he is twa-faced, and idiotically twa-faced: but I canna believe—and what is more, I winna believe, he is the Judas loon,—traitor and flatterer of a' sides, that's alleged: as for *The Times*, it's but at best art and part, and so disqualified for a fair witness. Weel, I'm mad with him, more for his own sake than for the sake of the abused country. It can do wanting him.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

"And to be wroth with what we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Out of his own mouth only will you condemn him?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

No: not out of his mouth. He was aye slack and slippery i' the jaw. It's a lawyer's fault, and it seems it is a privilege of genius; but wae am I to say, that by his deeds I must judge and condemn him. He has rendered but a lame account of his stewardship. He, if not a universally condemned man, among all liberal and all honest men, is yet a sorely distrusted one. But he's fairly at bay now, and a real Teeger——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Or Scottish cat-o'-mountain—a wull-cat.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

And it is as gude sport to the thoughtless part o' the nation, to witness *The Times* and him clawing and tearing at each other, as to mischievous laddies to see two cats fighting whom they have tied thegether, and hung by the tails ower a tow; but it's sorrow to a' thinking men:—wae would I be to see him so baited and worried as to be forced to withdraw within the Tory stockades. See, Mr. Sydney, what our folk would make by that!

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Deuce a fear of him putting to sea without his compass. He will keep the old "frequented passage to the harbour" of Port Royal, under his bows, whatever becomes of your craft, my John.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

If he does desert the people—if Henry Brougham, long the idol of the dissenters—though that's a bygone day—the hope of the liberals, but that hope is shaken:—if he really kick from him the ladder by which he has ascended—if he trim his sails only to catch the gale of court favour or whatever veering breeze may fill them for a time and waft him on—these hands—the hands of an honest, consistent Church-and-State reformer——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

—CLEAN of all save a tinge of innocent oatmeal moost—

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

——THESE hands could almost inflict a civil and political death upon him.

SYDNEY TUCKER *(smiling.)*

At least hold him to the halberds, while *The Times* man, and the Tories, and Croker, which rhymes to joker, lay on the cat.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Aye, yerk him as e'er did the Janiter of the Hie Schule—where I'm told he was just the same tricky, mischievous deevil he is still:—Well, but if I saw any sign of true grace and repentance, I would soon forgive him all that is past; for he is the man for the darg before us, and he'll be found but a kittle implement for Tory turns,—even with all his sharp edges,—I wad warn them of that.

Enter Young Radical, throwing himself passionately upon a jorum of Younger.)

John! John! why are you losing the night here? The Elder entreats your presence. Lord Durham has made a famous speech, and the meeting is in raptures!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, *drily.*

So I heard, and I'm glad to hear it. It was wisdom in that Lord not to attempt explanations. Brougham ruins himself with them, by provoking people with what they fancy cool impudent apologies. But I'm hopeful of all men, and mightily pleased to hear the Yerl of Durham bearded the great orator, as ye tell me. I would gi'e twa and a plack for a sight o' him.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

And see him you shall, Girnel:—I shall be your guide.—Come, I'll entertain Mr. Sydney, with an old song, till you equip yourself.—(*sings.*)

Orator, orator, you are mistaken,
No tricks shall save your bacon;
George will not thus be confuted,
So bring forth your reasons, or you are non-suited.
Heigho, off you go!

No tricks will save your bacon,—
Orator, orator, you are mistaken;
So, instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be finished by dancing.
So, heel and toe, off they go,
Brougham, and the dark Incognito.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL (*angrily.*)

That's some of your Tory rants, Counsellor. Hae dune, sir!

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Keep temper, John,—they are all alike. Take a friend's opinion on it:—hey! cross hands—turn your partner!—Change again, and down the middle.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Haud your ill-scraped tongue sir—you have no idea of public honesty, or public virtue.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY (*holding his sides.*)

Ha! ha! ha! Public virtue, John! and you a grey-headed man—who have lived twenty years in Edinburgh,—read the *Scotsman*, and seen two Whig elections. But get your hat—I'm not angry—and will guide you just the same. We'll slip in up yonder among the "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row"—have a good vizzy of "the august assembly," and save our principles.—And hark ye, Master Pry; remember the Radicals are a generation of Destructives, and Tories are Devourers; and so have supper on a scale accordingly.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

'Ods, ye are a gude-natured soul, Counsellor. I ask your pardon for the freedom, and I'll just follow ye, though it will be thought, as we go up the Waterloo Brig, oxtering in company, the Covenanters and Jacobites are leagued against the Whigs again, as about the time o' Killicrankie. Come awa, Mr. Sydney.

SCENE II.—*The Musical Gallery of the Banqueting Hall,—Ladies' Gallery on the right,—the august national assembly in front,*—BLARNEY *leading the way, and bearing down like a seventy-four.*

Come on, Mr. Sydney. Your Radical friends have deserted you to-night. Come on, Girnel. Don't be blate, man—a few coins, well applied, will open any door, whether barricaded by Whig, Tory, or Radical.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, *staring in consternation.*

The gude have a care of us a', sirs! I'm struck dumb by the haill schene! I have been in the Grand Lodge, and the Tailor's Hall in the Potterrow, but they are naething to this. It dings the vera Play-House. It's just like Solomon's temple, or the palace o' the genii the bairns read about in the Arabian Tales. That's the superstructure is,—the golden pillars and the crystal lamp, pouring a flood of lambent light as if frae the wide open gates of the New Jerusalem;—as to the heads themselves, that immensity of heads, jointed and compact thegither, they remind me of nothing sae muckle as a pen covered wi' turnips—no Swedes, but big bullets o' round neeps; some wi' streaks o' purple i' their cheeks, and a hantle fozzy anes among them—laid down for the sheep to operate upon,—who, during the winter session, are amaist as keen students of Phrenology as Mr. Combe himself.—But which is the great Yerl—the guest of the night?

SYDNEY TUCKER.

That dignified-looking old gentleman to the right of the chairman, with the star upon his breast—and not one trace of the charlatan about him.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

I see! I see! That is, I dinna see a steim:—I see a' thing at once, and I see naething—my eyne are in the mirlegoes.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

My dear Girnel, here beside you is the English Opium-Eater—content, like yourself, rather to sit incognito among the fiddlers than compromise his High-Tory character; but anxious, nevertheless, to witness this national celebration. Let me introduce you. He is the man to explain your case, of seeing all things, and nothing, at the same time.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

No man can explain my case;—but I'm much obliged to you—I'm verily enchanted. Do ye ken I think I see Mr. Jobbery, and our friend Seesaw, baith up upon the dais yonder; and also in every corner o' this great hall—round a' the four sides, and up and down the middle. It cannot be, Mr. De Quincey, but that I'm owercome wi' glamour. And you are a High Tory?—Weel I have a great respect for an honest onything. But the Gude preserve us! how can Jobbery and Seesaw have multiplied and divided themselves that gait? It must be a visual deception, played off by the Whigs. And the Chancellor and Sir David Brewster, Knight of the Guelphic Order, are great warlocks in optics. I wish the former could fit himsel' with a pair of true specs at this creesis, that would let him see things just as they are.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

No deception, John:—Deuce a bit of it. The Jobberys and Seesaws are ubiquious to-night,—judiciously keeping down the spirit of the meeting.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

More than they can do. Nature will be up. The Whigs have carried the day,—or seemed in so far to carry it;—but the Radicals are carrying the night bravely.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

My dear John, I fear you are not come to yourself yet?—As the Rads have all deserted you, I intend to make much of you to-night. You must have a taste of something,—Plain John is right under us.—[*He leans over the Gallery.*]—Sir John!—Hist Sir John! Jog Mr. Attorney General for me, pray, my Lord Advocate. Because poor Sir John Leach is dead, one might fancy t'other Sir John buried, he seems so absorbed.

Voice from below.

Ha! Mr. Blarney! wont you come down.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Hoist us up a bottle of something. Here is John of the Girnel, your namesake, who led the Crafts against you at Mr. Aytoun's election, and who will probably do it again, fainting for thirst.

Voice from below.

The best wine at the croupier's table, with my compliments to your friend.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*pulling back the Counsellor.*)

Gude sake, Mr. Blarney, ye surely dinna' mean to affront us. Ye ken the Whigs want but to find a hair in our necks to twine a tether o'. (*Wired cork flies.*)

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Gape, John! gape, sinner:—quick man. There may be another election soon, you guess—all civility.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Well, though I never gape at any man's bidding,—since Sir John has sent up the wine ceevily, for the asking,—and ye insist,—[*Drinks while Blarney holds the rummer to his head*]—but what was the toast,—I maun have another glass to the toast. Ay, help yourself, Counsellor;—one, two, three, and a gulp. But help Mr. De Quincey, now,—and Mr. Sydney, who is ane o' our ain folks;—and, as I was so ill-bred, I'll take another glass to the last toast, to shew I bear no malice to the Whigs, but on public grounds.—What was it?——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Earl Grey, I daresay;—but you will prose till your wine get flat,—gulp——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*rising and holding up his glass.*)

Yerl Grey be it,—frae all the veins of my heart! His Majesty's late Prime Minister! May his next, and all future ones be just as honest, and not less liberal, and as muckle mair sae, as it may please Providence!—[*Drinks*]—hech! that's no bad stuff in a broiling het night.—Ye sometimes ask me, Mr. Blarney, what Radicalism means:—now Radicalism means a hantle pure and noble things, which, I'll no say you, as a lawyer, can just comprehend; but among others, it means that, under a sound form of Government, we might have lordly wine like that, for 1s., or 1s. 6d. a bottle.

ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

Argumentum ad hominem.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Say no more, John. I am a Radical! My conversion shall date from the night of the 15th September, like that of some of my old hole-and-corner chums, whom I see below me. Here's to them!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

I'm glad to see Mr. Sydney and Mr. Quincey cracking. They'll divert each other with Greek and philosophy, and auld stories about Cambridge, back there behint the double bass; and now ye must tell me where's the Chancellor,—and be quiet; I would not be ill-mannered, now I am here. That's the Yerl of Roseberry speaking: I ken him fine;—he is a very Demosthenes at an election o' Peers,—but we will surely hear the Chancellor once more, for a' that,—and see him too. A'|the leddies I'm told, have the greatest curiosity to see his nose. His power over that organ is reported to be a nasal phenomenon.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY, (*raking the platform with his opera glass at his eye.*)

In some actors it is the eye, in others the mouth, and in the greatest of all the whole countenance which speaks. In Brougham it is said to be the nose,—so say the multitude, though for my part I place the seat of his power in a certain supple, many-sided, neighbouring member. (*Turns round and leans over the gallery.*) Twenty jewelled Dollands, I declare, levelled from that bed of tulips at the Chancellor's nose. I don't see but it will stand the scrutiny.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*again pulling back the Counsellor.*)

Ye *must not* quiz the leddies that gait, Mr. Blarney,—that's ower impudent, even for a fiddler: we will be fund out and disgraced, and turned out by Sir Tammas and the Stewards.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Ye are a gowk, John, with your leave; for what came the ladies here but to be looked at? But take you the Farkeeker: apply it, with all your wonted sagacity, to that inexplicable statesman, and tell us what you make of that which is conceived the greatest of modern puzzles, because people will not see that it is like some riddles, absolutely without fixed meaning of any kind. Nay, you are clapping the wrong end to your eye. Perhaps you may be right, though: in the present case common optical instruments, like common rules, may'nt apply to Hal:—This way, Girnel,—gently now. It is plain to be seen, you are a man accustomed only to the naked single-eye;—here now,—this is your focus.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*fumbles with the glass.*)

I have him!—I have him!—He is a buirdly, pretty man.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

You're ten miles astray. How can you take that periwig-pated peer for Henry Brougham? Here you have him now.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*with the glass.*)

I have him! I have him! The very moral of the

pickter I bought at a broker's door, in the Horse Wynd, for a shilling, at the time of the Yorkshire election—the wife thinks a great deal o't; and there he is off again! jerking the head at the tap of that lang craig, like a jack-in-the-box. Od, he's no so dooms ill-faured though! I have seen uglier men in my time among the lawyers. Confound that Sir Tammas! he comes between us ten times in a minute. There he jinks up and down to keep the peace, like a flea in a blanket. Ah! there's Harry again. Now, surely, Maister Blarney, *he*'s an honest man:—it does my heart good to look at him. Ye mind that grand speech he made at York, and in the Queen's cause. There he is speaking to Bailie Gilmour o' Glasgow,—and poke between us comes the head of our ain immortal Lord Provost!

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Is it the Bailie Gilmour, who represents the patriotism and eloquence of the west, upon this august national occasion?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*aside.*)

I wish he would hold the Tory cleck o' him; whisht, sirs; I'm getting a famous vizzy now. His Lordship's prosing has carried the Chancellor past the fidgets, and thrown him into one of his abstracted fits.

OPIUM EATER.

Into what is called in common, but loose parlance, a brown study, Mr. Girnel; but which more correctly, may be defined as that state of mind——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, *(gazing while his face brightens.)*

Na! he's far frae ugly, or ill-looking either, which I have often seen very well-favoured men. He's just like a decent dominie from Liddesdale, or the Lammermuirs, or may be the Mearns, sticket in his early views to the Antiburgher ministry,—still a bachelor—gey brown i' the blacks, and apparently mair addicted to the chewing of Hebrew rutes by the midnight lamp, than either to opium, or wine and wassailry,—as his detractors say. Na! There's the Whig handkerchers waving before the glass again. What stagnation conservative blethrie is going on now? But, as I was saying, I wish taking an extra glass were his warst fault. *In vino veritas*, Mr. Blarney—*laying down the glass;* but ye are off.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

Mr. Blarney has done me the honour to leave you to my charge, Mr. Girnel, while he pays his respects to some ladies in the gallery. Yonder he makes his way with a steward's white rod. But who, pray, is speaking below us?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Oh some bletherie of Sir John's or the Lord Advocate's. No but that they are both sensible, judicious men, and braw speakers; but we have heard them so often now. Are you not afraid my own tongue be heard rather loud in the loan? It's heady, corky stuff that which Sir John sent us up. I hope it will be no disparagement to me, though a Voluntary Churchman, and member of Mr. Aytoun's committee, to have it told I kissed a cup with him, or tasted of his liquor in a social hour, and me deeing o' thirst. If there was a drap mair in the bottom o' that bottle, I wad gie TAIT'S MAGAZINE, and the "Liberty of the Press," here in this corner; I daresay the fiddlers, and Mr. De Quincey, and a wheen o' the Dundee and Glasgow chaps, laughing and winking up to me, would join us. It will behove the Yerl, as the oldest Whig here of a public character, and of longer standing than either myself or Provost Spittal, to give "The Majesty of the People,"—so I'll not take out of his mouth the noblest sentiment ever statesman's heart conceived or lips uttered, "The Sovereign People, the source, the fountain of all legitimate power:"—Governments which are for—*by* the PEOPLE.—(*Continued cheering from the groups of citizens below, and waving of handkerchiefs, while many stand up and look to the fiddler's gallery.*)

SYDNEY TUCKER.

This cheering is in honour of your sentiment—your speech, Sir; which I doubt not the reporters, even for *The Times*, will set down to the account of that respectable gentleman near the croupier, prosing away at a preface to the health of Lord Somebody, whose name is inaudible among the fiddlers. They, by the way, poor souls, might as well have been playing all night under the walls of Jericho.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

As we can neither hear music nor speeches, ye might give us a song, Mr. Blarney, to beguile the time, now ye're come back. Hech! what a cage o' clean and unclean birds is that below us. Gie us one of your old songs; for ye must not take it amiss if I like some of your stock songs better than your wonderfu' improveesing.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Not a whit amiss. My stock songs are surely my best. A cage of unclean birds you said. (*He sings.*)

All men are birds by nature, Sir,
Though they have not wings to fly;
On land a Soldier's a creature, Sir,
Much resembling a kite in the sky;
The Physician he is a fowl, Sir,
Whom most men call an owl, Sir,—
Who, by his hooting,
Hooting, hooting,
Tells us that Death is nigh.

There, John; I have despatched part of the nest; yon Doctor and the Colonel.——(*Sings.*)

The Statesman is a swallow, Sir,
That can swallow gold by the jorum;
A woodcock is Squire Shallow, Sir,
And a goose is aye of the quorum;
The Gambler is a rook, Sir;
The Lawyer with his Coke, Sir,
Is but a raven,
Croaking, croaking,
After the ready rhinorum!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Ye are a great rogue, Counsellor; did ye not ken I saw wha ye was nodding at, for the woodcock, and the guse, and the raven too? Saw ye ever so many intelligent, good-humoured, well-conditioned faces, now that they are turned up yon way, and beaming in that beautiful lamp,—all eyne directed to Lord Durham? Yes, I am proud of my countrymen; but ye need not take the trouble to repeat all that has been said about us this week in the College and the Assembly Rooms. I have heard a saying, "Go to Scotland without siller, and to Ireland without blarney. How that man must understand geography!" Now a man requires, it seems, in coming here, both blarney and siller. Ye'll allow, however, Counsellor, that this Whig display takes the shine out of your last Tory battle for your places, when ye slunk into the Assembly Rooms, by the back-door from Rose Lane, wi' muckle rungs beneath your coats?

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

I don't hear what you are saying, Girnel. The Whigs striving to keep their places?—Is that it:—you have hit the nail:—the very reason for which the Chancellor devised this feast of lean things. This Lord Grey's dirgie and the Whig house-heating in one, from which he expected to get a character; though the haughty Don has dismissed him without one word of certificate;—not a word from the mistress either,—not a sign made from the Countess's gallery, when the King drank to Hamlet! Poor Chancellor! He will keep his place, though. (*To the Band.*) Play up the favourite Whig air of "Loaves and Fishes!" (*He sings briskly, while the Band play "Brose and Butter."*)

Gi'e the Whigs place, place,
Gi'e theWhigs places and pensions,—
And butter both sides of their bread
With jobations of all dimensions.

Commissionships, Sheriffdoms, Deps.,—
The good of the nation our mark is;
So we tickle John Bull with "*Refawm*,"
While we cut up the Squire's jolly carcass.
Gie the Whigs place, place, &c.

This one gets a slice off the Kirk,
The t'other a lump from the Navy;
Young yelpers get rough bones to pick,
Old mumpers a sop in the gravy.
Gie the Whigs place, place, &c.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL (*angrily.*)

It's a scandalous sang that o' yours, Mr. Blarney;—stop, sir!—No' that I'm vindicating the Whigs in all their measures, but——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

I am sorry I cannot hit your taste to-night, John, in any style. You wont to like me better:—suppose we try the ancient ballad of

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

(*Blarney sings drawlingly like a street singer.*)

As I was daunderin' all alane
'Tween the College yetts and the Patterraw,
O, it's there I met a wee, wee man,
Yet he was the biggest that e'er I saw.—(*Hems.*)

"O wee, wee man, but you look fain,
Wad ye tell me why ye look sae gladlie;"
Quoth he, "I'm Knight of the Just Ellwand,
And a mighty man I trow I be.

"A diamond buckle shines in my shoe,
And eke another at my breek-knee,—
With a chain of gold about my neck,
Like some noble baron of high degree.

"There's Sir John Dalrymple, and Howick's lord,
And the gallant Earl of Roseberrie,
Shook me by this unworthy hand
Before all the people, right brotherlie."

"O wee, wee man——"

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*interrupting him impatiently.*)

Now will ye have done with your havers, Counsellor. Sir John has finished his,—and we will have a good speech from Mr. Bannerman, perhaps. And in spite of a' your Tory gibes, and the *Argus's* sharp hits too, our Provost has fairly won his spurs this day. I hope to see him Sir James yet, graced with the banneret of knighthood, and a credit to the *Neasy Dominies.* (*Listens.*) I'm thinking Mr. Bannerman is gaun to palaver ower lang, like the rest, Mr. Blarney. It would, in my humble opinion, be an immense improvement in the gieing the toasts at public meetings of this kind, if the Managers would adopt the plan that that little sagacious loon, Benjie Franklin suggested to his father, wi' the beef stand; and just, once for a', bless the barrel. As it is morally impossible we can be heard below, and no ceevil to interrupt the speaker wi' a speech, I think I shall gie ye a harmless song mysel'. It's nane o' your stoopit college poetry, Mr. Blarney—which for my part, I never could thole—but the simple outpourings of a young heart, made musical by the same glad impulse which wakens the song of the grey lintie, twittering among the broom and brecken, and tunes the throstle's note in the merry May mornin's! I'm sure our next-door neebours in the gallery, the Countess and her bonny dochters, and Mrs. Opie, will like it. (*Sings.*)

O! the bonnie highland hills,
O! the bonnie highland hills,
The bonnie hills o' Scotland, O!
The bonnie highland hills.

There are lands on the earth where the vine ever blooms,
Where the air that is breathed the sweet orange perfumes,
But dearer's the blast the lone shepherd that chills,
As it wantons along o'er our ain highland hills.
Chorus—O! the bonnie highland hills, &c.
There are rich golden lands with their skies ever fair;
But riches or beauty we make not our care,—
Wherever we wander a vision aye fills
Our hearts to the burstin'—our ain highland hills.
O, the bonnie highland hills, &c.

In our lone and deep valleys fair maidens there are,
Though born in the midst of the elements' war.
O sweet are the damsels that sing by the rills,
As they dash to the sea from our ain highland hills.
O! the bonnie highland hills, &c.

With their feet on the rocks, and their broadswords in hand,
To fight for fair freedom, their sons ever stand:
A storm-nursed bold spirit each warm bosom fills,
That guards from all danger our ain highland hills.

O! the bonnie highland hills,
O! the bonnie highland hills,
The bonnie hills of Scotland, O!
The bonnie highland hills.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Capital Scotch song, as admirably sung by John of the Girnel in the Fiddlers' Loft, at the Grey dinner—to be harmonized forthwith by Peter M'Leod:—such is our order.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

I will take it as a favour, Counsellor, if ye'll lend us your Far-keeker, and entertain yoursel' with the fiddlers, and wi' papping ower billets upon the Croupiers, and speaking Greek to Mr. De Quinshy, till I take a *deliberate* survey of this remarkable meeting. I wish to learn something of the outward man of Yerl Durham, and to see if Mr. Gillon is here, and to——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Welcome to the glass, John Nay I insist upon making you a present of it: now that you are become a public character, it may be of use at large meetings, to see how the facial muscles work—who are down in the mouth, and who, like Brougham at this moment, peers through their fingers to see how things are looking. But you need not look for Gillon—I can tell you he is not here, nor Mr. Wallace, either:—they were clapped down in the *lang leet* for Stewards without their own consent, I am told, as a nest-egg—a lure to you Radical sinners.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*with the opera-glass.*)

Sic an assemblage! and so many strange faces!

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Not one Parliament House, Princes' Street, or North Bridge face in ten:—where have all the men come from to this National Convention?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Who is he, that's, below us, and near the Provost o' Greenock? That's a strange face to me.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, John, a particular friend of the Chancellor's—elevated to the distinction of the dais, or to riding upon the Whig crupper, out of compliment to you Dissenters, I presume, as he has dressed your champion, Beverley, so handsomely.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Humph!—the heart of the house might have served him. Mousie Arago deserves honour, both as a man of first-rate tawlent, as my son tells me, and a stranger. If they were pickin' farther among the *sawvans*, they might have hit more discreetly, than on Champion Sedgwick:—but it's just like them.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

As wise-like your *ain* Dr. Ritchie, John, showed his legs here.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*with the glass at his eye.*)

Ay, in truth would it; but there's a lively sprinkling o' our ain folk here though, and a gey leavenin' o' the right speerit. Look yonder—yonder, Counsellor!—are ye blind?—yon's bauld Bailie Christie o' Dundee—as sound a Radical as is in Scotland. You may depend on it, sir, this is no' a Whig meeting.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

And there's your friend Tait, and that madcap the Glasgow Deputy——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*with the glass.*)

—That takes such freedoms, in tiltin' at small dignities.—Do ye see yon sturdy phalanx confronting that dandy

advocate—and Mr. Macvey Napier, who wrote that famous essay on bacon for the Highland Society's prize, which your friend, John Lockhart, reviewed so ably and so often.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY

Ha! ha! ha! been daily bread, and breakfast-bacon to him ever since.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Yon's a true-love knot of genuine Edinburgh Whigs; and I'm beginning to think they were sounder politicians who came boldly forward and converted what was intended for a packed whig meeting into a liberal assembly, than those that stood sullenly aloof to let the *Clique* carry he day. To carry the war boldly into the enemy's country, and mak ewar support war, is sound Napoleon tactics.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

The poor Whigs! They have never been able to hold up their heads since Durham spoke.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*with the glass levelled at the platform.*)

I believe the Whig stewards have a design no' to let me see our ain chiefs. That's the YERL now, ye say? him with the white waistcoat, to the left of the Chancellor?—Weel, I have him!—"*That's the man!*" He looks young enough to have been twice married, and to be the head of a family; but that will have ripened and steadied him.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

A well-knit, compact figure—above the Napoleon standard; but with something tending to that structure—the decided features, olive colourless complexion, and flashing eyes of a——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

—Gipsy,—darkling, lowering, scowling.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

Be it so. There's character in the face—*mind*, if not much sweet *music*. And the countenance has cleared immensely since the early part of the evening. Then, to those who could read it aright, it threatened some tremendous explosion. That burst of the elements has taken place—and cleared away the choke-damp of whiggery from the assembly. It now, I assure you, Mr. Campbell, wears a quite different aspect. We have frightened back the Whig bats, and owls, and crowers, to their dark corners, and their own dunghills.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

And all this is due to yonder yellow *Yerl*. Do you intend, John, to peruse that vellum venomous visage the whole night?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Be ceevil now, Counsellor, or even the presence o' the Countess and the leddies shall na' protect ye.—Venomous! It's all your base Tory slanders, for the truth is not in ye,—you, that propagate that Lord Brougham is a drunkard, and Durham ill-tempered and self-willed. But even if he were, I like a man with a will of his ain. I have a great opinion of what are called ill-natured men;—a gude thumping spleen is just as necessary as a big stout heart, for the man that would fearlessly do his duty in this world, and stick staunch to his party. There is Althorp, now, so mim, and so mild, that ye would think that butter would not melt in his mouth, though cheese——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Ay, last year's Suffolk——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

—Would not choke him.

OPIUM EATER.

Which adage, I believe, may originate in the ordeal by cheese,—an ordeal, which, if not so common as that by fire or by water,—nevertheless——

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*interrupting.*)

—Nevertheless, I hate and abhor your good-natured skim-milk, slip-go-down men. I never yet knew one of them worth a Brummagem button, to any cause he espoused; and indeed they never do heartily espouse any cause. The Yerl is no more ill-tempered than the cause requires.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY, (*slanting the glass.*)

What think ye, then, of yon bluff fellow rolling near the Provost.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Why, that he would make a capital skipper of a Greenlandman, and no' an ill President of a political union. Is he one of the Dundee Radicals?

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

One of the Cabinet Radicals—Mr Ellice.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Ellice!—I'm glad and proud to see him—him who was against the damnable clauses of the Coercion Bill; which, and not the Chancellor's intrigues, caused Lord Grey's "descent"—and most justly. I cannot say that I see much harm in Brougham writing privately to old Foozle, in mitigation of the peremptory nonsense of old Grizzle. Ye are corrupting my morals among ye, gentleman, and teaching me a reckless way of speaking.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

Ha! ha! ha! Is it come to that? Is the Grey idol to be pulled from his pedestal already? O, fickle Radicals!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*stealing the glass to the Chancellor, and looking lovingly at him.*

Ye ken little about the delicate part the Chancellor has to play, to serve the people. It's no' just for any thing he has done, but for what he'll no' do, I have a craw to pluck with him.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

Sir! Sir!

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*still gazing affectionately on Brougham.*)

I maun hae a last lingering look o' him—He is to huz auld Scotch reformers, with all his faults, a kind of a first love—an affection which it takes a hantle to sever frae the heart-strings, sirs, round which it has been spinning, and winding, and twining, till they have all grown to be part and portion of one deep and tender nature.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

One and indivisible, like the French Republic which lasted three months.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

It is nine years and upwards since I saw him last,—and high, high stood he then with his proud and grateful countrymen; though neither clothed with the attributes of office, nor graced with the favour of the King;—and when he said he prized office only because it gave him the more power to serve the people, he seemed to stand higher then than ever,—yea as Henry Brougham,—as that admirable poem, the "Village Work-house, by a Country Curate," says—"First in talent, first in station, and first in the hearts and esteem of his countrymen:"—and is that all gone! I'm an aged man, and though his vigour is unimpaired, even his sands are fast ebbing. It is not to be thought we can ever again meet face to face in the flesh. Oh, that there where he stands he would bethink himself!—bethink himself, ere it be too late, of what he owes to his still trusting and still affectionate country—what to mankind—what to the cause of truth and of human improvement,—or even to that object said to be so selfishly dear to him—his own fame. Brougham, sirs, is not a man of cold nature,—nor one who can live in comfort, alienated from those sympathies which have nourished all that is great and most generous in his nature:—no, no. (*Girnel covers his face with his hands.*)

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY (*thrusting his tongue into his cheek.*)

Really, John, thou gett'st too pathetic,—use my bandana;—your discourse has dirled the very heart-strings of the double-bass, cracked the drum, and drowned the lutes and soft recorders in their players' tears.

SYDNEY TUCKER.

I am astonished and provoked to see a sensible Radical like you, Mr. Campbell, still so conglomerated. Were you to tell him all this to his face now, if he gave you an answer at all, it would be, to drink home-brewed beer and read the *Penny Magazine*——

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

The blessing conferred by Brougham upon mankind, which I see the worshipful Provost of Aberdeen declares equal to the invention of the art of printing!—and one that will be as memorable as any era in the progress of the human race. "The watchword of the age" is *Penny Magazine!*—ha! ha! ha!—I like a thumper now.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL (*gruffly, and raising his head.*)

The Chancellor said things about the press at Aberdeen your sort like ill to hear of, though:—and that's about taking off the newspaper tax. The *Scotsman* would consent to *one penny*,—sixpence being a neat small coin, circulating chiefly among the respectable class of society, who wear good hats:—that penny was liberal in the *Scotsman!* But what said the Chancellor? I have the print in my pouch; read ye it, Mr. Sydney, as my sight is no sae sharp.—(*Mr. Sydney reads.*)

"We have no overweening confidence in ourselves. We feel, certainly, not much disturbed in our spirits at the attacks made on us. The people are getting knowledge cheap, and the booksellers have attacked Lord Althorp and me; and by making books cheap, we have brought all the booksellers on our backs. They abuse us as much as they can for making books cheap; they make them dear and choice. They quarrel with us; we don't quarrel with them. There is a storm brewing which, I foresee, will end in a serene sky: time will show. Let them go on in their way, and we will go on in ours. We shall not prevent them by personal abuse; but there is a little bird whispers in my ear that a day is coming when the newspapers will not make men's opinions for them. Some people say, that my opinions on this subject are visionary and speculative; but there is nothing speculative and visionary in the difference between 7d. and 3d. The same little bird whispers that a few months, perhaps, will show if there be."

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*slapping himself congratulatingly.*)

What think ye of that now!—Is that illiberal Conservative courtly doctrine? (*A rush into the gallery, and cries from the Croupier's table of Order! order! above there!*)

—We're no out o' order.—If I had a speaking trumpet, now:—is there such a thing among your trumpets, lads?—I would bawl out to the Lay Elder, to make Mr. Tait place this bit at Aberdeen, to the Chancellor's side of the balance sheet in his next number;—but here they come!—Ye saw how anxious his Lordship was to get *Tait*, at Lanark?*—'Od its another good sign o' him, this liking to see an honest, able publication like yours, Mr. Tait, where he will see the truth told about himself, without malice and without meanness,—that never flattered him, and seldom wronged him—really ye'll own yon warlock's head was no flattery. Let me congratulate you on this night's work—plenty room here,—O man, but I miss Mr. Aytoun.

LAY ELDER.

TAIT'S MAGAZINE, John, for his work's sake, would stand by the Chancellor through good report and through evil,—if he would not destroy himself.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

I daresay he would get the Magazine at Hamilton Palace. Rather than he should want it, I would send him a len' o' our ain,—or he might keep it a'thegither;—though ye may be sure it is rather blackened by the middle o' the month in our club:—he might not be the worse, though, of seeing the thumbed bits,—the marrow o' modern poleeticks,—the reflection of public opinion, as face answereth to face in a glass.

* LANARK.—Within these few weeks past, Lord Brougham, and a number of other celebrated statesmen, have passed through our borough. When his Lordship was here, he called at one of our bookseller's shops, and inquired for Tait's Magazine. The bookseller happened to have none of the number at the time, but presented a few of the Penny Magazines. His Lordship said, "Oh, these are my own," and laid them aside. The bookseller was at first a little surprised; but immediately inquired if he had the honour of being in the presence of the Lord Chancellor. His Lordship rejoined that he was, if he considered it an honour. His Lordship purchased a number of the Church of Scotland Magazine, and some trifling articles, and left the shop. A considerable number of people turned out to see the Chancellor, but there was no public demonstrations.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

LAY ELDER.

You make Mr. Tait blush, John. I have never doubted either the judgment, taste, or genius of Lord Brougham,—his urgent necessity of having his *Tait* early, is only a trait that might have been looked for, wherever he sojourned:—but Mr. Bannerman, holding forth below, is really too bountiful in discourse.—Have you seen Hobhouse yet, John?—we shall have him on his legs in a minute.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Whar's the opera glass? Yon's him is it? near the auld Yerl's right elbow, just rising,—no far from Breadalbane, who is really a sensible, plain-spoken, judicious lad to be a Marquis. [Reconnoitring] And that's Sir John! Well, I have long liked him, though I never saw him before. I even thought the Lon'oner's rather whippy wi' him lately. I cannot report him as a perfect Adonis, Elder,—he is a little ouzelly stieve chieldy;—but wheesht." [During Sir John Cam Hobhouse's speech, Girnel, Sydney Tucker, and the Lay Elder exhibit signs of the most enthusiastic admiration, and make signals to Bailie Christie, Mr. Tait, and different Radicals below, till at last they lean over the croupier, throw out their arms and huzza.]

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*shouting.*)

Sir John for ever! That's the man, too! "A RADICAL REFORMER!" avowed, and one of his Majesty's Ministers! Mr. Ellice also. Give me a shake of your hand, Elder? Who would have thought to see a day like this at an Edinburgh Whig dinner! 'Od man, I could amaist greet! (*Order, order, above there!*) Ay, that's frae the *Clique*, who are looking as sour as as many swine playing on trumps, wi' their bits o' wands o' office trembling in the hands o' them for very anger and fear. Sir Tammas has catched it, though. Hurrah, Sir Tammas, though ye did gang wrang in the case o' "Plain John," ye are comin' right the night. Look, sirs, to the exulting faces around ye!

LAY ELDER.

Did ye note how the whole house kindled and got into a buzz of delight under that electrifying avowal, which I prophesy will not appear in any one Edinburgh paper? What say you to Sir John's health again among ourselves here, in Fiddlers' Hall, as a Radical Reformer?

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL, (*rising in enthusiasm.*)

I'll drink that toast, were it a fathom to the bottom! Onything in the bottle, Mr. Blarney? 'Od I'll be a bottle o' wine myself to the health of the first Radical Reformer I ever heard of in his Majesty's councils,—out o' my ain pouch:—play-up you chaps,—"The rank is but the guinea's stamp." I have a sore miss o' Mr. Aytoun, though:—he should have been here. This meeting is to be a grand political lesson. Had Lord Durham staid away, where would we have been?—in the very mire o' Whiggery.

LAY ELDER.

And I'll call up Bailie Christie, Geordy Milne, and the Deputy. Lingo doesn't know me to-night, and Seesaw and Jobbery look shy; but they will come round. The Dons are all upon the move, though. I suppose it would be contrary to etiquette for Lord Durham, Sir John, and Mr. Ellice, to remain after Earl Grey.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Weel, goodnight and joy be wi' them. But there's a hantle constitutional toasts to drink yet which the Whigs have forgotten; and though Mousie Arago is, I daresay, a very good man, "The cause o' ceevil and religious liberty all over the world," is something better, sirs. No religious *toleration* ye'll notice, but *liberty*, which requires no toleration.

LAY ELDER.

These toasts have been a tough job for the Whigs, John. There would have been a grace in giving Mr. Abercromby the "Peace and Prosperity of Ireland," though Lord Durham did it justice—and a propriety in giving his Lordship the neglected sentiment you have mentioned. But the Pavilion is thinning fast.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Come awa—come awa! we'll put you in the chair, supported by Bailie Christie on the right, and the Deputy

on the left; Sir Tammas shall be Croupier, and get his breath out, supported by mysel' and Mr. Jobbery; I dinna want to quarrel wi' the Whigs, but only to keep them to their tackle. If ye'll play Lord Durham and gie the "lion's marrow" of his speech, I'll give the substance of Sir John Hobhouse's—no, with his birr and spunk, but very passably.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

And what is to be my part, Girnel?

SYDNEY, *smiling.*

You may enact Lord Durham's learned and noble friend.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Come along, Mr. Sydney—ye led me, now I lead you; the best of the night is but coming. We maun seize the reporters of "The Times"—I want to drink with them, and send up our compliments to the Yeditor—(sings)——

As I came in by Glenap
I met wi' an aged woman,
She bade me cheer up my heart.
For the best o' my days were a' comin'.

Ye'll see a Radical Ministry, Elder, or eighteen months gang ower your head——

LAY ELDER.

Or a Whig Ministry acting upon liberal principles—which will please me every whit as well. How delightful and full of promise has been this Whig-devised meeting! Durham, with undaunted energy, striking the key-note; Ellice out-doing Abercromby, and Hobhouse exceeding Ellice!

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

March, gentlemen! down the fiddlers' stairs,
Only to mount again into the Earls' chairs.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder. March to the Watchword of the Age:—THE PENNY MAGAZINE. (*He marches off singing.*)

There's Fraser, Tait, and Blackwood,
The Yellow and the Blue,
The Monthly and the Maryatt,
With the Quarterly Review;
But they must vail their foolscap,
And strike their flags, I ween,
To "The Watchword of the Nation,"
The "Penny Magazine."

There all the phases of the moon
In pictures we discuss,
With specimens from the Cabinet
Of that fruitful genus *Mus.*†
So *The Times* may burn the broad-sheet,
The *True Sun* dim its sheen,
'Fore that glory of our nation,
The "Penny Magazine."

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Take care o' the bread-wunners, you fiddler lads, and come no rap in the dark again the heads o' the departing peerage, or some of our legislators:—they are a' rare Radicals, Elder, save the trumpeter, who is a Whig, and the bassoon, who was a Tory; but he is thinking of changing. (*They all move down the dark passages.*)

† The genus *rat*, according to both the Linnean, and Penny-a-Line-an system.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY (*talking.*)

They are witty rogues, too:—what *air* could be *more* appropriate after a certain tearing Radical speech, than "He's a terrible man John Tod, John Tod;" or "Sleepy Maggy," after another speech; or "Hooly and Fairly," after the Chancellor's harangue.

LAY ELDER.

Then you prompted.

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

No such thing:—take my arm Mr. De Quincey. I conclude we will have the whole scene from your graphic pen.—Mind your linch-pins, John. (*Sings as they proceed.*)

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Look to your linch-pins, and move along sparely.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

Preserve us! what a roaring now!—there's Sir Tammas mounted on a table, haranguing like King Canute to the heedless ocean. I'm afraid the preses of this meeting will have an onerous task;—and here is Mr. Jobbery. What has disturbed you sir?

JOBBERY (*much agitated.*)

You Radicals will be pleased now,—the Movement is in full progress here. Ten gentlemen, myself being one, left by Sir James to keep the peace, took possession, and have been ousted from the chair in five minutes after the noble Earl left it. They heed Sir Thomas no more than an old clothesman.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

They were ousted, because not called to power by the free voice of the people, sir,—not fairly chosen; they are ousted, because they pushed themselves into office, or tricked their neibours out of their seats. Let the Elder but mount the rostrum, and propose TAIT'S MAGAZINE, and the Freedom of the Press, or, The *People*, the legitimate source of all power! and you will see the chaos reduced to order before ye could say twice James Gibson.

(LAY ELDER, *returning from the Pavilion.*)

There is, indeed, great confusion here, John. Our "ain folk," who could keep peace, have all disappeared. We will find them at the Pry Bureau I daresay, at a hot supper, like sensible men,—give me your arm: (*whispers aside,*) I am informed by Blarney that some of the *Clique* have threatened to turn the gas-cock and leave us all in the dark, if we attempt to protract the meeting—and, indeed, we can only weaken the impression of what is past by any farther palaver.

JOHN OF THE GIRNEL.

O, the whigamore villains! and throw the blame o' a' the confusion, and broken dram-glasses, and bloody noses, that might ensue in the dark, upon huz Radicals! That's like them. But we will break through their snares—we have sense and conduct,—

COUNSELLOR BLARNEY.

—that will lead us straight to the hot supper. Come along, John—we shan't part company this night at the *Pry Bureau.*

LAY ELDER.

Three cheers, gentlemen, for Lord Durham, and then all retire.

(Tremendous cheering, in which "our ain folk" lead:—and *Exeunt omnes.*)

***—We are under the necessity of delaying our Literary and Political Registers until next month, when they will be fully given. Among the more important new works which we propose to notice at leisure, are the First and Second Volumes of "Martin's History of the British Colonies, a work of great value and interest; "Gutzlaff's History of China; the last volume of "Crabbe's Poems," containing his unpublished tales; an exceedingly interesting volume by Dr. Holland of Sheffield, entitled "An Inquiry into the Principles of Medicine, in which the subject is treated at once in a popular and philosophical manner, and other books of more than temporary value.

JOHN JOHNSTONE PRINTER, 19, ST. JAMES' SQUARE.